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L. Reynolds J. A.

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HUDIBRAS;

IN

THREE PARTS:

TEN IN THE TIME OF THE LATE WARS.

BY SAMUEL BUTLER, ESQ.

637
WITH

**LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, ANNOTATIONS,
AND AN INDEX.**

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R

TO THE READER.

nascitur non fit, is a sentence of as great antiquity; it being most certain, that acquired learning imaginable is insufficient to complete a poet, without a natural good propensity to so noble and sublime an end we may, without offence, observe, any very learned men, who have been us to be thought poets, have only rendered themselves obnoxious to that satirical in our author wittily invokes :

which made them, though it were in spite of nature and their stars, to write.

On one side, some who have had very much human learning, but were endued with a want of natural wit and parts, have been the most celebrated* poets of the age produced. But as these last are 'Raræ aves', so, when the Muses have not disdain-assistances of other arts and sciences, then blessed with those lasting monuments of wit and learning, which may justly be a kind of eternity upon earth : and our author had his modesty permitted him, might Virgil have said,

regi monumentum ære perennius :

like Ovid,

hoc opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
neque ætas, nec adam abolere vetustas.

The author of this celebrated poem was of great composition : for although he had not the firmness of an academical education, as we may see, it may be perceived, throughout the whole poem, that he had read much, and very well accomplished in the most useful of human learning.

And, in his reflections, speaking of the inequalities belonging to a poet, tells us,

Shakspeare, Dryden, &c

'he must have a genius extraordinary natural gifts; a wit just, fruitful, piercing and universal; an understanding clear and distinct; an imagination neat and pleasing elevation of soul that depends not only on study, but is purely the gift of heaven must be sustained by a lively sense and energy; judgment to consider wisely of things; vivacity for the beautiful expression of the

Now, how justly this character is due to the author we leave to the impartial reader; those of nicer judgment, who had the happiness to be more intimately acquainted with him

The reputation of this incomparable is so thoroughly established in the world, that it would be superfluous, if not impertinent, to endeavour any panegyric upon it. King Charles II. whom the judicious part of mankind readily acknowledge to be a sovereign judge of wit, was so great an admirer of it, that he often pleasantly quote it in his conversation. However, since most men have a curiosity to have some account of such anonymous authors whose compositions have been eminent in poetry or learning, we have, for their information, subjoined a short Life of the Author.

SAMUEL BUTLER

born in the parish of Strensham, in Worcestershire, in 1612, probably in February, as find that he was christened on the 14th day of that month. Of his parents our information is very scanty. They gave him education, however, at the grammar school of Worcester, whence he was removed either to Cambridge or Oxford.

For some time he was clerk to Mr. Jefferys, of Charl-Croomb, in Worcestershire, an eminent justice of the peace; and, while in this gentleman's service, had leisure for study, and amused himself by practising music and painting. He was afterward admitted into the family of the Countess of Kent, where he enjoyed the use of a library, and the conversation of the celebrated scholar. From this house he removed into the family of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's officers, and from what he saw here, is supposed to have conceived the design of ridiculing the maxims of the republican party, and of forming his hero on some peculiarities in the character of Sir Samuel.

At the restoration, he was made secretary to the Earl of Carbury, president of the principality of Wales, who conferred on him the wardship of Ludlow Castle, which Mr. Warton thinks was a very honourable and lucrative post. About this time he married Mrs. Herbert, a lady of some fortune, which, one of his biographers informs us, was lost by bad security.

In 1663, the first three cantos of his *Hudibras* were published, and introduced to the attention of the court by the Earl of Dorset. In the following year, the second part made its appearance; and such was the general popularity of the poem, and the particular favour with which it was received by the king and courtiers, that one expected some special reward would be bestowed on the ingenious author: but, exchanged three hundred guineas which the king is

vi **LIFE OF SAMUEL BUTLER.**

said, upon no very good authority, to have sent to him, we find no trace of any reward or promotion whatever. Discouraging as this treatment was, Butler published the third part in 1678, which still leaves the story imperfect.

He died in 1680, and was buried in the church-yard of Covent Garden. About sixty years afterward, Alderman Barber, the printer, erected a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

After his death three small volumes of his posthumous pieces were published, but among them are many spurious. In 1759, Mr. Thayer, of Manchester, published two volumes, which are indubitably genuine, and consist of prose and verse; but from neither of these publications can we collect any information as to his private life and character. He is said to have made no figure in conversation proportionate to the wit displayed in his immortal poem; and King Charles, who had a curiosity to see him, could never be brought to believe that he wrote *Hudibras*.

Butler has usually been ranked among the unfortunate poets who have been neglected by their age; yet although we can find no proof of royal munificence having been extended to him, there appears no reason to think that he was poor in the most unfavourable sense.

Although the persons and events introduced in *Hudibras* are now forgotten, or known only to historic students, the exquisite humour of this piece is still as keenly relished as when first presented to the public; and much of it has long been introduced into conversation as axioms of wit and sense. It has, indeed, been justly observed by Dr. Nash, that, concerning *Hudibras*, there is but one sentiment: it is universally *allowed to be the first and last poem of its kind the learning, wit, and humour certainly unrivalled.*

HUDIBRAS.

PART I.—CANTO L

Sir Hudibras his passing worth,
The manner how he sally'd forth,
His arms and equipage are shown ;
His horse's virtues and his own.
'Th' adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why ;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk, 5
For dame Religion as for punk ;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Tho' not a man of them knew wherefore ;
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded, 10
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick ;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.
A wight he was whose very sight would 15
Entitle him Mirrour of Knighthood ;
That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To any thing but chivalry ;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right worshipful on shoulder-blade : 20
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant ;

1. Dudgeon. Who made the alterations in the last edition of this poem I know not, but they are certainly sometimes for the worse ; and I cannot believe the author would have changed a word so proper in that place as 'dudgeon' is, for that of 'fury,' as it is in the last edition. To take in dudgeon, is inwardly to resent some injury or affront ; a sort of grumbling in the gizzard, and what is previous to actual fury.

Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
 That could as well bind o'er as swaddle :
 Mighty he was at both of these,
 And styl'd of war as well as peace.
 (So some rats, of amphibious nature,
 Are either for the land or water.)
 But here our author makes a doubt,
 Whether he were more wise or stout.
 Some hold the one, and some the other ;
 But howsoe'er they make a pother,
 The diff'rence was so small, his brain
 Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain ;
 Which made some take him for a tool,
 That knaves do work with, call'd a fool.
 For 't has been held by many, that
 As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
 Complains she thought him but an ass,
 Much more she would Sir Hudibras
 (For that's the name our valiant Knight
 To all his challenges did write.)
 But they're mistaken very much ;
 'Tis plain enough he was no such.
 We grant, altho' he had much wit,
 H' was very shy of using it ;
 As being loth to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about ;
 Unless on holy-days, or so,
 As men their best apparel do.
 Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
 As naturally as pigs squeak :
 That Latin was no more difficile,
 Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle.
 Being rich in both, he never scant'd
 His bounty unto such as wanted :
 But much of either would afford
 To many that had not one word.
 For Hebrew roots, altho' they're found
 To flourish most in barren ground,

94. Bind over to the assizes, as being a justice
 peace in his county, as well as a colonel of
 of foot in the Parliament's army, and a comu

98. Montaigne, in his Essays, supposes him
 him a fool for losing his time in playing with

ad such plenty as suffic'd
 make some think him circumcis'd ;
 truly, so he was perhaps,
 as a proselyte, but for claps.
 was in logic a great critick, 65
 undly skill'd in analytick ;
 ould distinguish and divide
 r 'twixt south and south-west side ;
 ther which he would dispute,
 ite, change hands, and still confute. 70
 undertake to prove, by force
 gument, a man's no horse.
 prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 hat a lord may be an owl,
 f an alderman, a goose a justice, 75
 ooks committee-men and trustees.
 run in debt by disputation,
 ay with ratiocination.
 is by syllogism, true
 od and figure he would do. 80
 hetoric, he could not ope
 outh, but out there flew a trope :

ere again is an alteration without any amendment,
 following lines,

And truly, so he was, perhaps,
 Not as a proselyte, but for claps,
 as changed :

And truly so, perhaps, he was ;
 'Tis many a pious Christian's case.

Heathens had an odd opinion, and have a strange
 why Moses imposed the law of circumcision on the
 which, how untrue soever, I will give the learned
 an account of without translation ; as I find it in the
 ions upon Horace, wrote by my worthy and learned
 fr. William Baxter, the great restorer of the ancient,
 moter of modern learning.

Sat. 9. Sermon. lib. i.—¹ Curtis ; quia pellicula immi-
 it ; quia Moses Rex Judæorum, cujus legibus regun-
 ligentia ————— medicinaliter exsectus est, et ne
 set notabilis, omnes circumcidi volunt. Vet. Schol.
 ————— quæ inscitia Librarij exciderat reposui-
 conjectura, uti et medicinaliter exsectus pro medici-
 ectus quæ nihil erant. Quis miretur ejusmodi con-
 mini Epicureo atque Pagano excidisse ? Jure igitur
 Glareano Diaboli Organum videtur. Etiam Satyra
 hæc habet : Constat omnia miracula certa ratione
 quibus Epicurei prudentissime disputant.
 Mytic is a part of logic that teaches to decline and
 reason, as grammar does words.

And when he happen'd to break off
 P' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
 H' had hard words ready to shew why, 85
 And tell what rules he did it by :
 Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
 You'd think he talk'd like other folk :
 For all a rhetorician's rules
 Teach nothing but to name his tools. 90
 But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his speech,
 In loftiness of sound, was rich ;
 A Babylonish dialect,
 Which learned pedants much affect.
 It was a party-colour'd dress 95
 Of patch'd and pye-ball'd languages :
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
 Like fustian heretofore on satin.
 It had an odd promiscuous tone,
 As if h' had talk'd three parts in one ; 100
 Which made some think, when he did gabble,
 Th' had heard three labourers of Babel ;
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce
 A leash of languages at once.
 This he as volubly would vent 105
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent ;
 And truly to support that charge,
 He had supplies as vast and large :
 For he could coin or counterfeit
 New words with little or no wit : 110
 Words, so debas'd and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on :
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
 The ignorant for current took 'em ;

93. A confusion of languages, such as some of our modern virtuosi used to express themselves in.

103. Cerberus ; a name which our poets give a dog with three heads, which they feigned door-keeper of hell, that caressed the unfortunate souls sent thither, and devoured them that would get out again : yet Hercules tied him up, and made him follow. This dog with three heads, denotes the past, the present, and the time to come, which receive, and, as it were, devour all things. Hercules got the better of him, which shews that his actions are always victorious over time, because he is present in the memory of posterity.

That had the orator, who once 115
 Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
 When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,
 He would have us'd no other ways.
 In Mathematicks he was greater
 Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater : 120
 For he, by geometrick scale,
 Could take the size of pots of ale ;
 Resolve, by signs and tangents, straight,
 If bread or butter wanted weight ;
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day 125
 The clock does strike, by algebra.
 Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
 And had read ev'ry text and gloss over :
 Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
 He understood b' implicit faith : 130
 Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
 For ev'ry why he had a wherefore ;
 Knew more than forty of them do,
 As far as words and terms could go :
 All which he understood by rote, 135
 And, as occasion serv'd, would quote :

115. Demosthenes, who is said to have had a defect in his pronunciation, which he cured by using to speak with little stones in his mouth.

120. Tycho Brahe was an eminent Danish mathematician. Quer. in Collier's Dictionary, or elsewhere.

131. Sceptic. Pyrrho was the chief of the sceptic philosophers, and was at first, as Apollodorus saith, a painter, then became the hearer of Driso, and at last the disciple of Anaxagoras, whom he followed into India, to see the Gymnosophists. He pretended that men did nothing but by custom ; that there was neither honesty nor dishonesty, justice nor injustice, good nor evil. He was very solitary, lived to be ninety years old, was highly esteemed in his country, and created chief priest. He lived in the time of Epicurus and Theophrastus, about the 120th Olympiad. His followers were called Pyrrhonians ; besides which, they were named the Ephetics and Aphoretics, but more generally Sceptics. This sect made their chiefest good to consist in a sedateness of mind, exempt from all passions ; in regulating their opinions, and moderating their passions, which they call Ataxia and Metriopathia ; and in suspending their judgment in regard of good and evil, truth or falsehood, which they call Epechi. Sextus Empiricus, who lived in the second century, under the Emperor Antoninus Pius, writ ten books against the mathematicians or astrologers, and three of the Pyrrhonian opinion. The word is derived from the Greek *quod est, 'considerare, speculari.'*

No matter whether right or wrong,
 They might be either said or sung.
 His notions fitted things so well,
 That which was which he could not tell; 140
 But oftentimes mistook the one
 For th' other, as great clerks have done.
 He could reduce all things to acts,
 And knew their natures by abstracts;
 Where entity and quiddity, 145
 The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly;
 Where truth in person does appear,
 Like words congeal'd in northern air.
 He knew what's what, and that's as high
 As metaphysic wit can fly. 150
 In school-divinity as able
 As he that hight Irrefragable;
 A second Thomas, or, at once
 To name them all, another Dunce:

143. The old philosophers thought to extract notions out of natural things, as chymists do spirits and essences; and, when they had refined them into the nicest subtilties, gave them as insignificant names as those operators do their extractions: But, (as Seneca says) the subtler things are rendered, they are but the nearer to nothing. So are all their definition of things by acts the nearer to nonsense.

147. Some authors have mistaken truth for a real thing, when it is nothing but a right method of putting those notions or images of things (in the understanding of man) into the same state and order that their originals hold in nature; and therefore Aristotle says, 'Unumquodque sicut se habet secundum esse, ita se habet secundum veritatem.' Met. l. ii.

148. Some report, that in Nova Zembla and Greenland, men's words are wont to be frozen in the air, and at the thaw may be heard.

151. Here again is another alteration of three or four lines, as I think, for the worse.

Some specific epithets were added to the title of some famous doctors, as Angelicus, Irrefragabilis, Subtilis, &c. Vide Voesi Etymolog. Baillet Jugemens de Savans, and Possevin's Apparatus.

153. Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican friar, was born in 1224, and studied at Cologne and Paris. He new-modelled the school divinity, and was therefore called the Angelic Doctor, and Eagle of Divines. The most illustrious persons of his time were ambitious of his friendship, and put a high value on his merits, so that they offered him bishoprics, which he refused with as much ardour as others seek after them. He died in the fiftieth year of his age, and was canonized by Pope John XII. We have his works in eighteen volumes, several times printed.
Johannes Duns Scotus was a very learned man, who lived

PART I.—CANTO I.

13

Profound in all the nominal 155
 And real ways beyond them all;
 For he a rope of sand could twist
 As tough as learned Sorbonist;
 And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull
 That's empty when the moon is full; 160
 Such as take lodgings in a head
 That's to be let unfurnished.
 He could raise scruples dark and nice,
 And after solve 'em in a trice;
 As if Divinity had catch'd 165
 The itch on purpose to be scratch'd;
 Or, like a mountebank, did wound
 And stab herself with doubts profound,
 Only to shew with how small pain
 The sores of faith are cur'd again; 170

about the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth century. The English and Scotch strive which of them shall have the honour of his birth. The English say he was born in Northumberland; the Scots allege he was born at Duns, in the Mers, the neighbouring county to Northumberland, and hence was called Duns Scotus. Moreri, Buchanan, and other Scotch historians, are of this opinion, and for proof cite his epitaph:

Scotia me genuit, Anglia suscepit,
 Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet.

He died at Cologne, November 8, 1308. In the supplement to Dr. Cave's *Historia Literaria*, he is said to be extraordinary learned in physics, metaphysics, mathematics, and astronomy; that his fame was so great when at Oxford, that 30,000 scholars came thither to hear his lectures; that when at Paris, his arguments and authority carried it for the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin; so that they appointed a festival on that account, and would admit no scholars to degrees but such as were of this mind. He was a great opposer of Thomas Aquinas's doctrine; and, for being a very acute logician, was called Doctor Subtilis; which was the reason also that an old punster always called him the Lathy Doctor.

138. Sorbon was the first and most considerable college of the university of Paris, founded in the reign of St. Lewis, by Robert Sorbon, which name is sometimes given to the whole university of Paris, which was founded about the year 741, by Charlemagne, at the persuasion of the learned Alcuinus, who was one of the first professors there; since which time it has been very famous. This college has been rebuilt with an extraordinary magnificence, at the charge of Cardinal Richelieu, and contains lodgings for thirty-six doctors, who are called the Society of Sorbon. Those which are received among them before they have received their doctor's degree, are only said to be of the hospitality of Sorbon. *Claud. Henserrus de Acad. Paris. Spondan. in Annal.*

HUDIBRAS.

by woful proof we find
 always leave a scar behind.
 Now the seat of Paradise,
 tell in what degree it lies;

175

as he was dispos'd, could prove it
 the moon, or else above it:
 t Adam dreamt of, when his bride
 e from her closet in his side:
 ether the devil tempted her
 a High-Dutch interpreter:

180

ither of them had a navel:
 so first made music malleable:
 ither the serpent, at the fall,
 d cloven feet or none at all.
 l this without a gloss or comment,
 e could unriddle in a moment,
 a proper terms, such as men smatter,
 When they throw out, and miss the matter.

185

For his religion, it was fit
 To match his learning and his wit:
 'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
 For he was of that stubborn crew
 Of errant saints whom all men grant
 To be the true church militant;
 Such as do build their faith upon
 The holy text of pike and gun;
 Decide all controversies by
 Infalible artillery;

190

And prove their doctrine orthodox
 By apostolic blows and knocks:
 Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
 A godly thorough reformation,

195

173. There is nothing more ridiculous than the va-
 opinions of authors about the seat of Paradise. Sir
 ter Raleigh has taken a great deal of pains to c
 them, in the beginning of his History of the W
 where those who are unsatisfied may be fully inf
 180. Goropius Becanus endeavours to prove
 High Dutch was the language that Adam and Eve
 in Paradise.

181. Adam and Eve being made, and not concei-
 formed in the womb, had no navels, as some
 men have supposed, because they had no need
 182. Music is said to be invented by Pythago
 first found out the proportion of notes from th
 of hammers upon an anvil.

W
 A
 A
 P
 A
 I
 I

Which always must be carry'd on,
 And still be doing, never done :
 As if religion were intended 205
 For nothing else but to be mended.
 A sect whose chief devotion lies
 In odd perverse antipathies ;
 In falling out with that or this,
 And finding somewhat still amiss : 210
 More peevish, cross, and splenetick,
 Than dog distract, or monkey sick ;
 That with more care keep holy-day
 The wrong, than others the right way :
 Compound for sins they are inclin'd to, 215
 By damning those they have no mind to :
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worshipp'd God for spite.
 The self-same thing they will abhor
 One way, and long another for. 220
 Free-will they one way disavow ;
 Another, nothing else allow.
 All piety consists therein
 In them, in other men all sin.
 Rather than fail, they will decry 225
 That which they love most tenderly ;
 Quarrel with minc'd pies, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge :
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
 And blaspheme custard thro' the nose. 230
 Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
 Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon ;
 To whom our Knight, by fast instinct
 Of wit and temper, was so linkt,
 As if hypocrisy and nonsense 235
 Had got th' advowson of his conscience.
 Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
 We mean on th' inside not the outward ;
 That next of all we shall discuss :
 Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus : 240

233. Mahomet had a tame dove that used to pick seeds out of his ear, that it might be thought to whisper and inspire him. His ass was so intimate with him, that the Mahometans believed it carried him to heaven, and stays there with him to bring him back again.

His tawny beard was th' equal grace
 Both of his wisdom and his face;
 In cut and dye so like a tile,
 A sudden view it would beguile:
 The upper part thereof was whey;
 The nether, orange mix'd with gray.
 This hairy meteor did denounce
 The fall of sceptres and of crowns;
 With grisly type did represent
 Declining age of government;
 And tell with hieroglyphick spade,
 Its own grave and the state's were made.
 Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
 In time to make a nation rue;
 Tho' it contributed its own fall,
 To wait upon the publick downfall:
 It was monastick, and did grow
 In holy orders by strict vow;
 Of rule as sullen and severe
 As that of rigid Cordelier.
 'Twas bound to suffer persecution
 And martyrdom with resolution;
 'T' oppose itself against the hate
 And vengeance of th' incensed state;
 In whose defiance it was worn,
 Still ready to be pull'd and torn;
 With red-hot irons to be tortur'd;
 Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd.
 Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,
 As long as monarchy should last;
 But when the state should hap to reel,
 'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
 And fall, as it was consecrate,
 A sacrifice to fall of state;
 Whose thread of life the fatal sisters
 Did twist together with its whiskers,
 And twine so close, that Time should never
 In life or death, their fortunes sever:
 But with his rusty sickle mow
 Both down together at a blow.

257. He made a vow never to cut his beard until
 Parliament had subdued the king. of which orde
fanatic votaries there were many in those times.

Caliacotius from
 7 part of porter's bum
 mental noses, which
 as long as parent breech ; 285
 the date of nock was out,
 the sympathetic snout.
 or rather burthen, shew'd
 p'd with its own load :
 as bore his sire
 oulders thro' the fire, 290
 did bear no less a pack
 buttocks on his back ;
 had almost got the upper-
 head, for want of crupper.
 s equally, he bore 295
 the same bulk before ;
 he had a special care
 ll cramm'd with thrifty fare ;
 t, butter-milk, and curds,
 ountry-house affords ; 300
 vittle, which anon
 shall dilate upon,

tius was an Italian surgeon, that found
 'spair lost and decayed noses.
 otius was chief surgeon to the great duke
 wrote a treatise, *De Curtia Membris*,
 cates to his great master ; wherein he not
 the models of his wonderful operations in
 st members, but gives you cuts of the very
 id ligatures he made use of therein ; from
 hor (*cum poetica licentia*) has taken his

was the son of Anchises and Venus ; a
 ster long travels, came to Italy, and after
 is father-in-law, Latinus, was made king
 d reigned three years. His story is too
 ere, and therefore I refer you to Virgil's
 y being laid in ashes, he took his aged fa-
 upon his back, and rescued him from his
 being too solicitous for his son and house-
 lost his wife Creusa ; which Mr. Dryden,
 a translation, thus expresseth :
 ' dear father ('tis no time to wait,)
 my shoulders with a willing freight.
 ' befalls, your life shall be my care ;
 t, or one deliv'rance, we will share.
 shall lead our little son ; and you,
 in consort, shall our steps pursue.

When of his hose we come to treat,
The cupboard where he kept his meat.

His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not sword, yet cudgel proof;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who fear'd no blows, but such as bruise.

His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen;
To old king Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own.

Thro' they were lin'd with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheese,
And fat black-puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood.

For, as we said, he always chose
To carry vittle in his hose,

That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise :

And when he put a hand but in
The one or t' other magazine,
They stoutly in defence on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood ;

And till th' were storm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt.

And tho' knights-errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,

Because, when thorough deserts vast,
And regions desolate, they past,

Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,

Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their provision on record ;

Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs, but to fight.

'Tis false ; for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal,

On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights din'd.

337. Who this Arthur was, and whether any reigned in Britain, has been doubted heretofore, and by some to this very day. However, the history of him which makes him one of the nine worthies of the world is a subject sufficient for the poet to be pleasant upon.

was no table, some suppose,
 the pair of round trunk hose ;
 he carry'd as much meat
 as all the knights could eat, 344
 wing by their swords and truncheons,
 their breakfasts, or their nuncheons.
 at pass at present, lest
 I forget where we digrest,
 I authors use, to whom
 it, and to th' purpose come. 350
 want sword unto his side,
 undaunted heart, was ty'd ;
 set-hilt, that would hold broth,
 for fight and dinner both.
 elted lead for bullets, 355
 at foes, and sometimes pullets,
 he bore so fell a grutch,
 gave quarter t' any such.
 hant blade, Toledo trusty,
 of fighting, was grown rusty, 360
 to itself, for lack
 dy to hew and hack.
 ful scabbard where it dwelt
 ur of its edge had felt ;
 lower end two handful 365
 oured, 'twas so manful ;
 ich scorn'd to lurk in case,
 rst not shew its face.
 desperate attempts,
 ts, exigents, contempts, 370
 ear'd with courage bolder
 jeant Bum invading shoulder.
 ta'en possession,
 ers too, or made them run.
 ord a dagger had t' his page, 375
 but little for his age ;
 fore waited on him so,
 upon knights-errant do.

capital city of New Castile, in Spain, with
 iopric and primacy It was very famous,
 er things, for tempering the best metal for
 Damascus was, and perhaps may be still.

It was a serviceable dudgeon,
 Either for fighting or for drudging.
 When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
 It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread ;
 Toast cheese or bacon ; tho' it were
 To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care.
 'Twould make clean shoes ; and in the earth
 Set leeks and onions, and so forth.
 It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
 Where this and more it did endure ;
 But left the trade, 'as many more,
 Have lately done on the same score.

In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow,
 Two aged pistols he did stow,
 Among the surplus of such meat
 As in his hose he could not get.
 These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
 To forage when the cocks were bent :
 And sometimes catch 'em with a snap
 As cleverly as th' ablest trap.
 They were upon hard duty still,
 And ev'ry night stood sentinel,
 To guard the magazine i' the hose
 From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.

Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight
 From peaceful home set forth to fight.
 But first with nimble, active force
 He got on th' outside of his horse ;
 For having but one stirrup ty'd
 T' his saddle, on the farther side,
 It was so short h' had much ado
 To reach it with his desp'rate toe :
 But after many strains and heaves,
 He got up to the saddle-eaves,
 From whence he vaulted into th' seat,
 With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
 That he had almost tumbled over
 With his own weight, but did recover,
 By laying hold on tail and mane,
 Which oft he us'd instead of rein.

209. *Oliver Cromwell and Colonel Pride had both brewers.*

now we talk of mountain steed,
 we farther do proceed, 420
 behove us to say something
 at which bore our valiant bumpkin.
 east was sturdy, large, and tall,
 mouth of meal, and eyes of wall.
 ld say eye; for h' had but one, 425
 et agree; tho' some say none.
 as well stay'd; and in his gait
 v'd a grave majestic state.
 or switch no more he skept,
 ended pace than Spaniard whipt; 430
 et so fiery he would bound
 re griev'd to touch the ground:
 Cæsar's horse, who as fame goes
 orns upon his feet and toes,
 ot by half so tender hooft, 435
 od upon the ground so soft.
 s that beast would kneel and stoop
 write) to take his rider up,
 idibras his ('tis well known)
 l often do to set him down. 440
 all not need to say what lack
 ther was upon his back;
 at was hidden under pad,
 reech of Knight, gall'd full as bad.
 utting ribs on both sides shew'd 445
 arroughs he himself had plow'd;
 derneath the skirt of pannel,
 : ev'ry two there was a channel,
 aggling tail hung in the dirt,
 on his rider he would flirt, 450
 his tender side he prick'd,
 arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kick'd;
 idibras wore but one spur;
 ely knowing, could he stir
 ve trot one side of 's horse, 455
 her would not hang an arse.
 uire he had, whose name was Ralph,
 i th' adventure went his half:

ulius Cæsar had a horse with feet like a man's.
 in equo insigni; pedibus prope humanis, et in
 digitorum ungulis fissis. Suet., in Jæl. cap. 61.

Though writers, for more stately tune,
 Do call him *Ralpho* ; 'tis all one ; 460
 And when we can with metre safe,
 We'll call him so ; if not, plain *Ralph*.
 (For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
 With which like ships they steer their courses.)
 An equal stock of wit and valour 465
 He had laid in ; by birth a tailor.
 The mighty *Tyrian* queen that gain'd
 With subtle shreds a tract of land,
 Did leave it with a castle fair
 To his great ancestor, her heir. 470
 From him descended cross-legg'd knights,
 Fam'd for their faith, and warlike fights
 Against the bloody cannibal,
 Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
 This sturdy *Squire* he had, as well 475
 As the bold *Trojan* knight, seen *Hell* ;
 Not with a counterfoited pass
 Of golden bough, but true gold-lace.
 His knowledge was not far behind
 The *Knights*, but of another kind, 480
 And he another way came by't :
 Some call it *Gifts*, and some *New-Light* ;
 A liberal art that costs no pains
 Of study, industry, or brains.
 His wit was sent him for a token, 485
 But in the carriage crack'd and broken.
 Like commendation nine-pence crook'd,
 With—To and from my love—It look'd.
 He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
 To look a gift-horse in the mouth ; 490
 And very wisely would lay forth
 No more upon it than 'twas worth.
 But as he got it freely, so
 He spent it frank and freely too.

467. *Dido*, queen of *Carthage*, who bought as much land as she could compass with an ox's hide, which she cut into small thongs, and cheated the owner of so much ground as served her to build *Carthage* upon.

476. *Aeneas*, whom *Virgil* reports to use a gold bough for a pass to hell ; and tailors call that place *hell* where they put all they steal.

PART I.—CANTO I. 23

ints themselves will sometimes be, 495
s that cost them nothing, free.

ans of this, with hem and cough,
gers to enlighten'd stuff,
ld deep mysteries unriddle
ily as thread a needle. 500

of vagabonds we say,
hey are ne'er beside the way ;
'er men speak by this New Light,
ey are sure to be i' th' right.
lark-lantern of the spirit, 505

none see by but those that bear it :
: that falls down from on high,
ritual trades to cozen by :

is fatuus, that bewitches
ads men into pools and ditches, 510
ke them dip themselves, and sound
ristendom in dirty pond ;
e like wild-fowl for salvation,
h to catch regeneration.

ght inspires and plays upon 515
se of saint like bag-pipe drone,
eaks through hollow empty soul,
ough a trunk or whisp'ring hole,
anguage as no mortal ear
rit'al eaves-droppers can hear : 520

ebus, or some friendly muse,
all poets' song infuse,
they at second-hand rehearse,
eed or bag-pipe, verse for verse.
s Ralph became infallible 525

se or four-legg'd oracle,
cient cup, or modern chair ;
truth point-blank, tho' unaware.
mystic learning, wondrous able
ic Talisman and Cabal, 530

lead the great Geographical Dictionary under
rd.

Talisman is a device to destroy any sort of ver-
casting their images in metal, in a precise mi-
hen the stars are perfectly inclined to do them
in chief they can This has been experienced
modern virtuosi upon rats, mice, and fleas, and
they affirm) to produce the effect with admi-
es.

d Lully interprets cabal, out of the Arabic, to

Whose primitive tradition reaches
 As far as Adam's first green breeches :
 Deep sighted in intelligences,
 Ideas, atoms, influences ;
 And much of terra incognita,
 Th' intelligible world, could say :
 A deep occult Philosopher,
 As learn'd as the wild Irish are,
 Or Sir Agrippa ; for profound
 And solid lying much renown'd.
 He Anthroposophus and Floud,
 And Jacob Behmen understood :
 Knew many an amulet and charm,
 That would do neither good nor harm :
 In Rosy-crucian lore as learned,
 As he that Vere adeptus earned.
 He understood the speech of birds
 As well as they themselves do words ;
 Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
 That speak and think contrary clean :

signify *Scientia superabundans* ; which his commentator, Cornelius Agrippa, by over-magnifying, has derided a very superfluous foppery.

532. The author of *Magia Ademica* endeavours to prove the learning of the ancient Magi to be derived that knowledge which God himself taught Adam in Paradise before the fall.

535. The intelligible world is a kind of *Terræ Fuego*, or *Psittacorum Regio*, &c. discovered on the philosophers, of which they talk like parrots, they do not understand.

538. No nation in the world is more addicted to occult philosophy than the wild Irish are, as appears the whole practice of their lives ; of which see *Car* in his description of Ireland.

539. They who would know more of Sir Cornelius Agrippa, here meant, may consult the *Great Dieties*.

541. Anthroposophus is only a compound Greek word which signifies a man that is wise in the knowledge of men, as is used by some anonymous author to call his true name.

Dr. Floud was a sort of an English Rosy-crucian whose works are extant, and as intelligible as those of Jacob Behmen.

545. The fraternity of the Rosy-crucians is very the sect of the ancient Gnostici, who called themselves so from the excellent learning they pretended to, though they were the most ridiculous sorts of men.

Vere adeptus is one that has commenced in this *notitia extravagance*.

PART I.—CANTO I. 25

ber 'tis of whom they talk,
 cry Rope, and Walk, knave, walk.
 t numbers out of matter,
 eem in a glass, like water ;
 a pow'r to make men wise ; 555
 in blear thick-sighted eyes,
 ce them see in darkest night,
 ho' purblind in the light.
 hese (as he profess'd)
 st Matter seen undress'd : 560
 ' naked all alone,
 rag of form was on.
 too he had descry'd,
 uite thro', or else he ly'd :
 pasteboard which men shew 565
 at fair of Barthol'mew ;
 t grandsire, first o' th' name,
 t and Reformation came ;
 -germans, and right able
 and draw in the rabble. 570
 ation was, some say,
 ger house to Puppet-play.
 retel whats'ever was
 ance to come to pass ;
 great men, alterations, 575
 ttles, inundations,
 hout th' eclipse o' th' sun,
 comet, he hath done,
 ight ; a way as good,
 be understood ; 580
 ore lucky hit than those
 make the stars depose,
 s o' th' post, and falsely charge
 elves what others forge :
 ere consenting to 585
 'in the world men do :
 devil did tempt and sway 'em
 s, and then betray 'em.
 ch a planet's house to know
 and robb'd a house below : 590
 nus, and the Moon,
 . thimble or a spoon ;

And tho' they nothing will confess,
 Yet by their very looks can guess,
 And tell what guilty aspect bodes, 595
 Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods.
 They'll question Mars, and by his look,
 Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloke ;
 Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
 Those thieves which he himself did teach. 600
 They'll find i' th' physiognomies
 O' th' planets, all men's destinies ;
 Like him that took the doctor's bill,
 And swallow'd it instead o' th' pill :
 Cast the nativity o' th' question, 605
 And from positions to be guess'd on,
 As sure as if they knew the moment
 Of native's birth tell what will come on't.
 They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
 To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs ; 610
 And tell what crisis does divine
 The rot in sheep, or mange in swine :
 In men, what gives or cures the itch ;
 What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich ;
 What gains or loses, hangs or saves ; 615
 What makes men great, what fools or knaves,
 But not what wise ; for only of those
 The stars (they say) cannot dispose,
 No more than can the astrologians ;
 There they say right, and like true Trojans. 620
 This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
 The other course, of which we spoke.
 Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endu'd
 With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd.
 Never did trusty Squire with Knight, 625
 Or Knight with Squire, e'er jump more right.
 Their arms and equipage did fit,
 As well as virtues, parts, and wit.
 Their valours too were of a rate ;
 And out they sally'd at the gate. 530
 Few miles on horseback had they jogged,
 But Fortune unto them turn'd dogged ;
 For they a sad adventure met,
 Of which anon we mean to treat ;

PART I.—CANTO I.

27

e we venture to unfold 635
 rements so resolv'd and bold,
 ould, as learned poets use,
 the assistance of some muse :
 ver, critics count it sillier
 jugglers talking to familiar. 640
 ink 'tis no great matter which ;
 re all alike ; yet we shall pitch
 e that fits our purpose most,
 therefore thus do we accost :
 u that with ale, or viler liquors, 645
 inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickers,
 rce them, tho' it was in spite
 ure and their stars, to write ;
 as we find in sullen writs,
 ross-grain'd works of modern wits, 650
 ranity, opinion, want,
 onder of the ignorant,
 raises of the author, penn'd
 self, or wit-ensuring friend ;
 ch of picture in the front, 655
 ways and wicked rhyme upon't ;
 it is left o' th' forked hill,
 ke men scribble without skill ;
 make a post spite of fate,
 ach all people to translate, 660
 ut of languages in which
 nderstand no part of speech ;
 me but this once, I 'mplore,
 shall trouble thee no more.
 estern clime there is a town, 665
 ee that dwell therein well known ;
 ore there needs no more be said here ;
 to them refer our reader ;
 evity is very good,
 w' are, or are not, understood. 670
 s town people did repair,
 ys of market, or of fair,

This Vickers was a man of as great interest and
 ty in the late Reformation as Pryn or Withers,
 ble a poet. He translated Virgil's *Æneids* into
 ble travesty in earnest, as the French *Scaroon*
 urlesque, and was only outdone in his way by
 the author of *Oceana*.

And to crack'd fiddle, and horse tabor,
In merriment did drudge and labour.
But now a sport more formidable
Had rak'd together village rabble ;
'Twas an old way of recreating,
Which learned butchers call bear-baiting :
A bold advent'rous exercise,
With ancient heroes in high prize :
For authors do affirm it came
From Isthmean or Nemean game :
Others derive it from the bear
That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,
And round about the pole does make
A circle like a bear at stake,
That at the chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the rabble-rout.
For after solemn proclamation,
In the bear's name (as is the fashion,
According to the law of arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms,)
That none presume to come so near
As forty foot of stake of bear,
If any yet be so fool-hardy,
T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy
If they come wounded off, and lame,
No honour's got by such a maim ;
Altho' the bear gain much, b'ing bound
In honour to make good his ground,
When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,
If any press upon him, who 'tis ;
But lets them know, at their own cost,
That he intends to keep his post.
This to prevent, and other harms,
Which always wait on feats of arms
(For in the hurry of a fray
'Tis hard to keep out of harms way,)
Thither the Knight his course did steer,
To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear ;
As he believ'd he was bound to do
In conscience, and commission too ;

PART I.—CANTO I.

29

before thus bespoke the Squire :
 at are wisely mounted higher
 nstables in curule wit, 715
 a tribunal bench we sit,
 culators should foresee,
 iars of authority,
 d mischiefs farther than
 letarian tything-men : 720
 efore being inform'd by bruit,
 r and bear are to dispute ;
 late men fighting name,
 they often prove the same
 re the first does hap to be, 725
 does coincidere ;))
 n in nobis, have thought good,
 th' expense of Christian blood,
 if we by mediation
 and accommodation, 730
 the quarrel and compose
 dy duel without blows.
 our liberties, our lives,
 i, religion, and our wives,
 at once to lie at stake 735
 nant and the Cause's sake ?
 at quarrel dogs and bears,
 us we, must venture theirs ?
 l, by Jesuits invented,
 ounsel is fomented ; 740
 a Machiavelian plot
 ery nare olfact it not,))
 esign in't, to divide
 -affected that confide,
 g brother against brother, 745
 and curry one another.
 not enemies, plus satis,
 e et angue pejus, hate us ?

is speech is set down as it was delivered by the
 his own words ; but since it is below the
 heroical poetry to admit of humour, but all
 bliged to speak wisely alike, and too much of
 gant a folly would become tedious and im-
 the rest of his harangues have only his sense
 in other words, unless in some few places,
 own words could not be so well avoided.

And shall we turn our fangs and claws
 Upon our own selves, without cause? 7
 That some occult design doth lie
 In bloody cynarctomachy,
 Is plain enough to him that knows
 How saints lead brothers by the nose.
 I wish myself a pseudo-prophet, 7
 But sure some mischief will come of it;
 Unless by providential wit,
 Or force, we averruncate it.
 For what design, what interest,
 Can beast have to encounter beast? 7
 They fight for no espoused cause,
 Frail privilege, fundamental laws,
 Nor for a thorough reformation,
 For covenant, nor protestation,
 Nor liberty of consciences, 7
 Nor Lords and Commons' ordinances;
 Nor for the church, nor for church-lands,
 To get them in their own no-hands;
 Nor evil counsellors to bring
 To justice that seduce the king; 7
 Nor for the worship of us men,
 Though we have done as much for them.
 Th' Egyptians worshipp'd dogs, and for
 Their faith made internecine war.
 Others ador'd a rat, and some 7
 For that church suffer'd martyrdom.
 The Indians fought for the truth
 Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth,

752. Cynarctomachy signifies nothing in the world but a fight between dogs and bears; though both learned and ignorant agree that in such words very good knowledge is contained: and our Knight, as one, or more of those, was of the same opinion.

758. Another of the same kind, which, though it appears ever so learned and profound, means nothing else but the weeding of corn.

778. The History of the White Elephant and the Monkey's Tooth, which the Indians adored, is written by Mons. le Blanc. This monkey's tooth was taken from the Portuguese from those that worshipped it; and though they offered a vast ransom for it, yet the Christians were persuaded by their priests rather to burn it. But as soon as the fire was kindled, all the people were not able to endure the horrible stink that came

many, to defend that faith,
 hit it out, mordicus, to death. 780
 o beast ever was so slight,
 an, as for his God, to fight.
 have more wit, alas! and know
 selves and us better than so.
 er, who only do infuse 785
 age in them like Boute-feus;
 ur example that instils
 m th' infection of our illa.
 s some late philosophers
 well observ'd, beasts that converse 790
 man take after him, as hogs
 igs all th' year, and bitches degu.
 o, by our example cattle
 to give one another battle.
 ad in Nero's time the heathen, 795
 they destroy'd the Christian brethren,
 w them in the skins of bears,
 hen set dogs about their ears:
 thence, no doubt, th' invention came
 s lewd antichristian game. 800
 this, quoth Ralpho, Verily
 oint seems very plain to me.
 n antichristian game,
 ful both in thing and name.
 for the name: the word bear-baiting 805
 al, and of man's creating:
 rtainly there's no such word
 the Scripture on record;
 fore unlawful, and a sin:
 o is (secondly) the thing. 810
 assembly 'tis, that can
 re be prov'd by Scripture than
 icial, classic, national;
 human creature-cobwebs all.
 ly, it is idolatrous; 815
 hen men run a whoring thus

high seamen use to compose that kind of grana-
 ch they call stinkards.

Boute-feus is a French word, and therefore it
 incivil to suppose any English person (especially
 ity) ignorant of it, or so ill-bred as to need an ex-
 2.

With their inventions, whatsoe'er
The thing be, whether dog or bear,
It is idolatrous and pagan,
No less than worshipping of Dagon.

Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat :
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate ;
For though the thesis which thou lay'st
Be true ad amussim, as thou say'st
(For that bear-bating should appear
Jure divino lawfuller
Than synods are, thou dost deny,
Totidem verbis : so do I ;)
Yet there's a fallacy in this ;
For if by sly homœosis,
Tussis pro crepitu, an art
Under a cough to slur a f—t,
Thou wouldst sophistically imply
Both are unlawful, I deny.

And I (quoth Ralpho) do not doubt
But bear-baiting may be made out,
In gospel-times, as lawful as is
Provincial or parochial classis ;
And that both are so near of kin,
And like in all, as well as sin,
That put them in a bag and shake 'em,
Yourself o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,
And not know which is which, unless
You measure by their wickedness :
For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
O' th' two is worst ; tho' I name neither.

Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'st much,
But art not able to keep touch,
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,
Id est to make a leek a cabbage ;
Thou wilt at best but suck a bull,
Or shear swine, all cry and no wool ;
For what can synods have at all
With bear that's analogical ?
Or what relation has debating
Of church-affairs with bear-baiting ?
A just comparison still is
Of things ejusdem generis ;

PART I.—CANTO I. 33

what genius rightly doth
 and comprehend them both? 860
 , both of us may
 pass for bears as they ;
 re animals no less,
 different specieses.
 who, this is no fit place 865
 to argue out the case :
 the field is not far off,
 we must give the world a proof
 not words, and such as suit
 manner of dispute ; 870
 versy that affords
 for arguments, not words ;
 we must manage at a rate
 as and conduct adequate
 our place and fame doth promise, 875
 he godly expect from us.
 they be deceiv'd, unless
 arriv'd and outed by success ;
 the mark no mortal wit,
 : hand, can always hit : 880
 soe'er we perpetrate,
 at row, we're steer'd by Fate,
 success oft disinherits,
 ous causes, noblest merits.
 tions are not always true sons 885
 and mighty resolutions ;
 re bold'st attempts bring forth
 ill equal to their worth ;
 times fail, and in their stead
 and cowardice succeed. 890
 ave no great cause to doubt ;
 ons still have borne us out ;
 ho' they're known to be so ample,
 not copy from example.
 t the only persons durst 895
 this province, nor the first.
 rn clime a valrous knight
 om kill his bear in fight,
 and a fiddler ; we have both
 the objects of our wrath, 900

And equal fame and glory from
 Th' attempt or victory to come.
 'Tis sung, there is a valiant Mamaluke
 In foreign land, yclep'd——
 To whom we have been oft compar'd 905
 For person, parts, address, and beard ;
 Both equally reputed stout,
 And in the same cause both have fought ;
 He oft in such attempts as these
 Came off with glory and success ; 910
 Nor will we fail in th' execution,
 For want of equal resolution.
 Honour is like a widow, won
 With brisk attempt and putting on ;
 With ent'ring manfully, and urging ; 915
 Not slow approaches, like a virgin.
 'Tis said, as erst the Phrygian knight,
 So ours with rusty steel did smite

903. Mamaluke is the name of the militia of the sultans of Egypt. It signified a servant or soldier. They were commonly captives taken from among the Christians, and instructed in military discipline, and did not marry. Their power was great; for besides that the sultans was chosen out of their body, they disposed of the most important offices of the kingdom. They were formidable about two hundred years; till at last Selim, sultan of the Turks, routed them, and killed their sultan near Aleppo, 1516, and so put an end to the empire of Mamalukes, which had lasted 267 years.

No question but the rhyme to Mamaluke was meant Sir Samuel Luke, of whom in the preface.

913. Our English proverbs are not impertinent to this purpose :

He that woos a maid must seldom come in her sight.
 But he that woos a widow, must woo her day and night.
 He that woos a maid must feign, lie, and flatter ;
 But he that woos a widow, must down with his breeches
 and at her.

This proverb being somewhat immodest, Mr. Ray says he would not have it inserted in his collection, but that he met with it in a little book, entitled the Quakers' Spiritual Court proclaimed; written by Nathaniel Smith, student in Physic; wherein the author mentions it as counsel given him by Hilkiah Bedford, an eminent Quaker in London, who would have had him to have married a rich widow, in whose house he lodged. In case he could get her, this Nathaniel Smith had promised Hilkiah a chamber gratis. The whole narrative is worth the reading.

PART I.—CANTO II.

35

His Trojan horse, and just as much
 He mended pace upon the touch ; 920
 But from his empty stomach groan'd
 Just as that hollow beast did sound,
 And angry answer'd from behind,
 With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.
 So have I seen with armed heel, 925
 A wight bestride a common-weal ;
 While still the more he kick'd and spur'd
 The less the sullen jade had stirr'd.

CANTO II.

The catalogue and character
 Of th' enemies' best men of war ;
 Whom, in a bold harangue, the Knight
 Defies, and challenges to fight.
 H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
 And takes the Fiddler prisoner,
 Conveys him to enchanted castle ;
 There shuts him fast in wooden bastile.

THERE was an ancient sage philosopher,
 That had read Alexander Ross over,
 And swore the world, as he could prove,
 Was made of fighting and of love :
 Just so Romances are, for what else 5
 Is in them all, but love and battles ?
 O' th' first of these we've no great matter
 To treat of, but a world o' th' latter ;
 In which to do the injur'd right
 We mean, in what concerns just fight. 10
 Certes our authors are to blame,
 For to make some well-sounding name
 A pattern fit for modern knights
 To copy out in frays and fights ;
 Like those that a whole street do raze 15
 To build a palace in the place.
 They never care how many others
 They kill, without regard of mothers,
 Or wives, or children, so they can
 Make up some fierce, dead-doing man, 20
 Compos'd of many ingredient valours,
 Just like the manhood of nine tailors.

So a wild Tartar, when he spies
 A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
 If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit 21
 His wit, his beauty, and his spirit ;
 As if just so much he enjoy'd
 As in another is destroy'd.
 For when a giant's slain in fight,
 And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright, 31
 It is a heavy case no doubt,
 A man should have his brains beat out
 Because he's tall, and has large bones ;
 As men kill beavers for their stones.
 But as for our part, we shall tell 34
 The naked truth of what befel ;
 And as an equal friend to both
 The Knight and Bear, but more to troth,
 With neither faction shall take part,
 But give to each his due desert ; 41
 And never coin a formal lie on't,
 To make the Knight o'ercome the giant.
 This b'ing profest, we've hopes enough,
 And now go on where we left off.
 They rode - but authors having not 44
 Determin'd whether pace or trot
 (That is to say, whether tullutation,
 As they do term 't, or succussation,) 46
 We leave it, and go on, as now
 Suppose they did, no matter how ; 51
 Yet some from subtle hints have got
 Mysterious light, it was a trot :
 But let that pass : they now begun
 To spur their living engines on.
 For as whipp'd tops, and bandy'd balls, 54
 The learned hold, are animals ;
 So horses they affirm to be
 Mere engines made by geometry ;
 And were invented first from engines,
 As Indian Britons were from Penguins. 60

47 Tullutation and succussation are only Latin words for ambling and trotting, though I believe both were natural amongst the old Romans ; since I never read they made use of the trammel or any other art, to pace their horses.

60. The American Indians call a great bird they l

hem be : and, as I was saying,
 air live engines ply'd, not staying
 y reach'd the fatal champaign,
 h' enemy did then encamp on ;
 Pharsalian plain, where battle 65
 e wag'd 'twixt puissant cattle
 ce auxiliary men,
 ne to aid their brethren,
 w began to take the field,
 ht from ridge of steed beheld. 70
 ur modern wits behold,
 l a pick-back on the old,
 rther off, much farther he,
 n his aged beast could see ;
 sufficient to descry 75
 res of the enemy ;
 re he bids the Squire ride farther,
 ve their numbers, and their order ;
 en their motions he had known,
 t know how to fit his own. 80
 ile he stopp'd his willing steed,
 mself for martial deed.
 ds of metal he prepar'd,
 o give blows or to ward :
 and steel, both of great force, 85
 for better or for worse.
 h-charg'd pistols he did fit well,
 ut from life-preserving vittle.
 ing prim'd, with force he labour'd
 's sword from retentive scabbard ; 90
 er many a painful pluck,
 sty durance he bail'd tuck.
 ook himself, to see that prowess
 ard of his arms sat loose :
 s'd upon his desp'rate foot, 95
 p-side, he gaz'd about,

site head, a penguin ; which signifies the same
 e British tongue : from whence (with other
 he same kind) some authors have endeavour-
 e, that the Americans are originally derived
 Britons.

ursalia is a city of Thessaly, famous for the
 y Julius Cæsar against Pompey the Great,
 ighbouring plains, in the 607th year of Rome,
 ead Lucan's Pharsalia.

Portending blood, like blazing star,
 The beacon of approaching war.
 Ralpho rode on with no less speed
 Than Hugo in the forest did ; 1
 But far more in returning made ;
 For now the foe he had survey'd,
 Rang'd as to him they did appear,
 With van, main battle, wings, and rear.
 I' th' head of all this warlike rabble 10
 Crowdero march'd, expert and able.
 Instead of trumpet and of drum,
 That makes the warrior's stomach come,
 Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer
 By thunder turn'd to vinegar, 11
 (For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
 Who has not a month's mind to combat?)
 A squeaking engine he apply'd
 Unto his neck, on north-east side,
 Just where the hangman does dispose, 11
 To special friends, the knot of noose :
 For 'tis great grace, when statesmen straight
 Dispatch a friend, let others wait.
 His warped ear hung o'er the strings,
 Which was but souse to chitterlings : 15
 For guts, some write, ere they are sodden,
 Are fit for music, or for pudden ;
 From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
 Of minstrelsy by string or wind.
 His grisly beard was long and thick, 19
 With which he strung his fiddle-stick ;
 For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe
 For what on his own chin did grow.
 Chiron, the four-legg'd bard, had both
 A beard and tail of his own growth ; 13
 And yet by authors 'tis averr'd,
 He made use only of his beard.

139. Chiron, a Centaur, son to Saturn and Philyra living in the mountains, where, being much given to hunting, he became very knowing in the virtues of plants, and one of the most famous physicians of his time. He imparted his skill to Æsculapius, and was afterward Apollo's governor, until being wounded by Hercules, and desiring to die, Jupiter placed him in heaven where he forms the sign of Sagittarius or the Archer.

In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth
 Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth ;
 Where bulls do choose the boldest king, 135
 And ruler, o'er the men of string,
 (As once in Persia, 'tis said,
 Kings were proclaim'd by a horse that neigh'd ;)
 He bravely venturing at a crown,
 By chance of war was beaten down, 140
 And wounded sore. His leg then broke,
 Had got a deputy of oak :
 For when a shin in fight is cropp'd,
 The knee with one of timber 's propp'd,
 Esteem'd more honourable than the other, 145
 And takes place, though the younger brother.

Next march'd brave Orsin famous for
 Wise conduct, and success in war :
 A skilful leader, stout, severe,
 Now marshal to the champion bear. 150
 With trunchion, tipp'd with iron head,
 The warrior to the lists he led ;
 With solemn march and stately pace,
 But far more grave and solemn face ;
 Grave as the Emperor of Pegu, 155
 Or Spanish Potentate, Don Diego.
 This leader was of knowledge great,
 Either for charge or for retreat.
 He knew when to fall on pell-mell ;
 To fall back and retreat as well. 160
 So lawyers, lost the bear defendant,
 And plaintiff dog, should make an end on't,
 Do stave and tail with writs of error,
 Reverse of judgment, and demurrer,
 To let them breathe a while, and then 165
 Cry whoop, and set them on agen.
 As Romulus a wolf did rear,
 So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,
 That fed him with the purchas'd prey
 Of many a fierce and bloody fray ; 170

123. The whole history of this ancient ceremony you may read at large in Dr. Plot's *History of Staffordshire*, under the town Tutbury.

155. For the history of Pegu, read Mandelstam and Olearius's *Travels*.

Bred up where discipline most rare is,
 In military Garden Paris.
 For soldiers heretofore did grow
 In gardens just as weeds do now,
 Until some splay-foot politicians 175
 T' Apollo offer'd up petitions
 For licensing a new invention
 They'd found out of an antique engine,
 To root out all the weeds that grow
 In public gardens at a blow, 180
 And leave th' herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,
 My friends, that is not to be done.
 Not done ! quoth statesmen ; yes, an't please ye,
 When it's once known, you'll say 'tis easy.
 Why then let 's know it, quoth Apollo : 185
 We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.
 A drum ! (quoth Phœbus ;) troth, that's true ;
 A pretty invention, quaint and new.
 But though of voice and instrument
 We are the undoubted president, 190
 We such loud music don't profess ;
 The devil's master of that office,
 Where it must pass ; if 't be a drum,
 He'll sign it with Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.
 To him apply yourselves, and he 195
 Will soon dispatch you for his fee.
 They did so ; but it prov'd so ill,
 Th' had better let 'em grow there still.
 But to resume what we discoursing
 Were on before, that is, stout Orsin : 200
 That which so oft, by sundry writers,
 Has been applied t' almost all fighters,
 More justly may b' ascrib'd to this
 Than any other warrior, (viz.)
 None ever acted both parts bolder, 205
 Both of a chieftain and a soldier.
 He was of great descent, and high
 For splendour and antiquity ;
 And from celestial origine
 Deriv'd himself in a right line : 210

172. *Paris Garden*, in Southwark, took its name from the possessor.

Not as the ancient heroes did,
 Who, that their base births might be hid
 (Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
 And that they came in at a windore,)
 Made Jupiter himself, and others 215
 O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,
 To get on them a race of champions
 (Of which old Homer first made lampoons.)
 Arctophylax, in northern sphere,
 Was his undoubted ancestor : 220
 From him his great forefathers came,
 And in all ages bore his name.
 Learned he was in med'c'nal lore ;
 For by his side a pouch he wore,
 Replete with strange hermetic powder, 225
 That wounds nine miles point-blank would sol-
 By skilful chemist, with great cost, [der,
 Extracted from a rotten post ;
 But of a heav'nlier influence
 Than that which mountebanks dispense : 230
 Though by Promethean fire made,
 As they do quack that drive that trade.
 For as when slovens do amiss
 At others' doors, by stool or piss,
 The learned write, a red-hot spit 235
 B'ing prudently apply'd to it,

231. Promethean fire. Prometheus was the son of Iapetus, and brother of Atlas. concerning whom the poets have feigned, that having first formed men of the earth and water, he stole fire from heaven to put life into them ; and that having thereby displeased Jupiter, he commanded Vulcan to tie him to Mount Caucasus with iron chains, and that a vulture should prey upon his liver continually : but the truth of the story is, that Prometheus was an astrologer, and constant in observing the stars upon that mountain ; and that, among other things, he found the art of making fire, either by the means of a flint, or by contracting the sun-beams in a glass. Bochart will have Magog, in the Scripture, to be the Prometheus of the Pagans

He here and before sarcastically derides those who were great admirers of the sympathetic powder and weapon salve, which were in great repute in those days, and much promoted by the great Sir Kenelm Digby, who wrote a treatise ex professo on that subject, and, I believe, thought what he wrote to be true, which since has been almost exploded out of the world.

Will convey mischief from the dung
Unto the part that did the wrong,
So this did healing ; and as sure
As that did mischief, this could cure.

Thus virtuous Orsin was endu'd
With learning, conduct, fortitude,
Incomparable : and as the prince
Of poets, Homer, sung long since,
A skilful leech is better far
Than half an hundred men of war,
So he appear'd ; and by his skill,
No less than dint of sword, could kill.

The gallant Bruin march'd next him,
With visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin ;
Clad in a mantle della guerre
Of rough impenetrable fur ;
And in his nose, like Indian king,
He wore, for ornament, a ring ;
About his neck a threefold gorget,
As rough as trebled leathern target ;
Armed, as heralds, cant, and langued ;
Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged.
For as the teeth in beasts of prey
Are swords, with which they fight in fray ;
So swords, in men of war, are teeth,
Which they do eat their vittle with.
He was by birth, some authors write,
A Russian ; some, a Muscovite ;
And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,
Of whom we in diurnals read,
That serve to fill up pages here,
As with their bodies ditches there.
Scrimansky was his cousin-german,
With whom he serv'd, and fed on vermin ;
And when these fail'd, he'd suck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws ;

267. Cossacks are a people that live near Poland. This name was given them for their extraordinary nimbleness ; for cosa, or kosa, in the Polish tongue, signifies a goat. He that would know more of them, read *Le Laboureur* and *Thuldenus*.

ough his countrymen, the Huns, 275
 w their meat between their bums
 ' horses' backs o'er which they straddle,
 'ry man ate up his saddle ;
 not half so nice as they,
 it raw when 't came in's way. 280
 l trac'd countries far and near,
 han Le Blanc the traveller ;
 rites, he spous'd in India,
 le house, a lady gay,
 t on her a race of worthies, 285
 it as any upon earth is.
 any a fight for him between
 and Orsin oft had been ;
 riving to deserve the crown
 v'd citizen ; the one 290
 rd his bear ; the other fought
 his dog ; both made more stout
 ral spurs of neighbourhood,
 -fellow-membership, and blood ;
 lgol, mortal foe to cows, 295
 ot ought of him but blows ;
 iard and heavy, such as he
 it, repaid with usury.
 'algal was of courage stout,
 nquish'd oft'ner than he fought : 300
 o labour sweat, and toil,
 e a champion shone with oil.
 any a widow his keen blade,
 ny fatherless had made.
 y a boar and huge dun-cow 305
 e another Guy, o'erthrow ;
 y with him in fight compar'd,
 e the boar or dun-cow far'd.

the custom of the Huns is described by Ammianus-
 marcellinus, ' Hunni semicruda cujusvis Peccoris
 cunctur, quam inter femora sua et equorum
 sertam, calefacient brevi.' P. 686.

The story of Le Blanc, of a bear that married a
 fighter, is no more strange than many others, in
 fables, that pass with allowance ; for if they
 tell nothing but what is possible, or probable.
 It appears to have lost their labour, and observed
 it what they might have done as well at home.

With greater troops of sheep h' had fought
 Than Ajax or bold Don Quixote : 310
 And many a serpent of fell kind,
 With wings before and stings behind,
 Subdu'd, as poets say, long ago,
 Bold Sir George, St. George, did the dragon.
 Nor engine, nor device polemic, 315
 Disease, nor doctor epidemic,
 Tho' stor'd with deletery med'cines
 (Which whosoever took is dead since),
 E'er sent so vast a colony
 To both the under worlds as he : 320
 For he was of that noble trade
 That demi-gods and heroes made,
 Slaughter and knocking on the head,
 The trade to which they all were bred ;
 And is, like others, glorious when 325
 'Tis great and large, but base if mean :
 The former rides in triumph for it,
 The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,
 For daring to profane a thing
 So sacred with vile bungling. 33

Next these the brave Magnano came ;
 Magnano, great in martial fame.
 Yet when with Orsin he wag'd fight,
 'Tis sung, he got but little by 't.
 Yet he was fierce as forest boar,
 Whose spoils upon his back he wore,
 As thick as Ajax' seven-fold shield,
 Which o'er his brazen arms he held :
 But brass was feeble to resist
 The fury of his armed fist ;
 Nor could the hard'st ir'n hold out
 Against his blows, but they would througl
 In magic he was deeply read
 As he that made the brazen head
 Profoundly skill'd in the black art,
 As English Merlin for his heart ;
 But far more skilful in the spheres
 Than he was at the sieve and shears.

343. Roger Bacon and Merlin. See Collins
tionary.

PART I.—CANTO II. 45

Id transform himself in colour
 the devil as a collier ; 350
 as hypocrites in show
 true saints, or crow to crow.
 like engines he was author,
 for quick dispatch of slaughter :
 anon, blunderbuss, and saker, 355
 th' inventor of, and maker :
 impet, and the kettle-drum,
 th from his invention come.
 the first that e'er did teach
 ce, and how to stop, a breach. 360
 he bore with iron pike ;
 half would thrust, the other strike ;
 when their forces he had join'd,
 n'd to turn his parts behind.
 'rulla lov'd ; Trulla, more bright 365
 urnish'd armour of her knight :
 virago, stout and tall
 of France, or English Mall,
 erils both of wind and limb,
 hick and thin, she follow'd him, 370
 ' adventure h' undertook,
 ver him or it forsook :
 ch of wall, or hedge surprise,
 r'd i' th' hazard and the prize :
 ing quarters up, or forage, 375
 d herself with matchless courage ;
 d about in fight more busily
 r' Amazonian dame Penthesile.
 though some critics here cry shame,
 y our authors are to blame, 380
 pite of all philosophers,
 old no females stout but bears,
 retofore did so abhor
 omen should pretend to war,

Two notorious women ; the last was known
 he name of Mall Cutpurse.
 'enthesile, queen of the Amazons, succeeded
 She carried succours to the Trojans, and af-
 iving given noble proofs of her bravery, was killed
 les. Pliny saith, it was she that invented the
 e. If any one desire to know more of the
 s, let him read Mr. Sanson.

They would not suffer the stout'st dame 385
 To swear by Hercules's name)
 Make feeble ladies in their works,
 To fight like termagants and Turks ;
 To lay their native arms aside,
 Their modesty, and ride astride ; 390
 To run a-tilt at men, and wield
 Their naked tools in open field ;
 As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,
 And she that would have been the mistress
 Of Gondibert ; but he had grace, 395
 And rather took a country lass ;
 They say, 'tis false, without all sense,
 But of pernicious consequence
 To government which they suppose
 Can never be upheld in prose ; 400
 Strip Nature naked to the skin,
 You'll find about her no such thing.
 It may be so ; yet what we tell
 Of Trulla that's improbable,

385. The old Romans had particular oaths for men and women to swear by ; and therefore Macrobius says, ' Viri per Castorem non jurabant antiquitus, nec Mulieres per Herculem ; Ædèpol autem juramentum erat tum mulleribus quam viris commune,' &c.

393. Two formidable women at arms, in romances, that were cudgelled into love by their gallants.

395. Gondibert is a *figuèd* name, made use of by Sir William d'Avenant in his famous epic poem, so called ; wherein you may find also that of his mistress. This poem was designed by the author to be an imitation of the English drama : it being divided into five books, as the other is into five acts ; the cantos to be parallel of the scenes, with this difference, that this is delivered *narratively*, the other *dialoguewise*. It was ushered into the world by a large preface written by Mr. Hobbes, and by the pens of two of our best poets, viz. Mr. Waller and Mr. Cowley, which one would have thought might have proved a sufficient defence and protection against snarling critics. Notwithstanding which, four eminent wits of that age (two of which were Sir John Denham and Mr. Donne) published several copies of verses to Sir William's discredit, under this title, *Certain Verses written by several of the Author's Friends, to be reprinted with the second edition of Gondibert* in 8vo. Lond. 1653. These verses were as wittily answered by the author, under this title, *The incomparable poem of Gondibert vindicated from the Wit Combat of four Esquires, Chusias, Damas-tas, Sancho, and Jack-Pudding* ; printed in 8vo. Lond. 1655. Vide Langbain's Account of Dramatic Poets

PART I.—CANTO II.

47

Shall be dispos'd by those who've seen't 405
Or, what's as good, produc'd in print :
And if they will not take our word,
We'll prove it true upon record.

The upright Cerdon next advanc't,
Of all his race the valiant'st : 410

Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song,
Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong :
He rais'd the low and fortify'd
The weak against the strongest side :
Ill has he read, that never hit 415

On him in Muses' deathless writ.
He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That through a bull-hide shield would pierce,
And cut it in a thousand pieces,
Tho' tougher than the Knight of Greece, his
With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor 421

Was comrade in the ten years' war :
For when the restless Greeks sat down
So many years before Troy town,
And were renown'd, as Homer writes, 425

For well sol'd boots no less than fights,
They ow'd that glory only to
His ancestor that made them so.
Fast friend he was to Reformation,
Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion. 430

Next rectifier of wry law,
And would make three to cure one flaw.
Learned he was, and could take note,
Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote.
But preaching was his chiefest talent, 435

Or argument, in which b'ing valiant,
He us'd to lay about and stickle,
Like ram or bull, at conventicle :
For disputants, like rams and bulls,
Do fight with arms that spring from skulls. 440

Last Colon came, bold man of war,
Destin'd to blows by fatal star ;
Right expert in command of horse,
But cruel, and without remorse.
That which of Centaur long ago 445
Was said, and has been wrested to

Some other knights, was true of this ;
He and his horse were of a piece.
One spirit did inform them both ;
The self-same vigour, fury, wroth ;
Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had a harder heart :
Although his horse had been of those
That fed on man's flesh, as fame goes.
Strange food for horse ! and yet, alas !
It may be true, for flesh is grass.
Sturdy he was, and no less able
Than Hercules to clean a stable ;
As great a drover, and as great
A critic too, in hog or neat.
He ripp'd the womb up of his mother,
Dame Tellus, 'cause she wanted fother
And provender wherewith to feed
Himself, and his less cruel steed.
It was a question, whether he
Or 's horse were of a family
More worshipful : 'till antiquaries
(After th' had almost por'd out their eyes)
Did very learnedly decide
The business on the horse's side ;
And prov'd not only horse, but cows,
Nay, pigs, were of the elder house :
For beasts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.
These worthies were the chief that led
The combatants, each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage,
Ready and longing to engage.
The numerous rabble was drawn out
Of sev'ral counties round about,
From villages remote, and shires,
Of east and western hemispheres :
From foreign parishes and regions,
Of different manners, speech, religions,
Came men and mastiffs ; some to fight
For fame and honour, some for sight.
And now the field of death, the lists,
Were enter'd by antagonists,

PART I.—CANTO II.

49

blood was ready to be broach'd,
 Hudibras in haste approach'd, 490
 Squire and weapons, to attack 'em ;
 at thus from his horse bespake 'em :
 at rage, O citizens ! what fury
 you to these dire actions hurry ?
 æstrum, what phrenetic mobd, 495
 you thus lavish of your blood,
 the proud Vies your trophies boast,
 reveng'd walks —— ghost ?
 towns, what garrisons might you
 hazard of this blood subdue, 500
 now y' are bent to throw away
 a, untriumphable fray !
 saints in civil bloodshed wallow
 its, and let the Cause lie fallow ?
 cause for which we fought and swore 505
 lly, shall we now give o'er ?
 because quarrels still are seen
 aths and swearings to begin,
 lemn League and Covenant
 em a mere God-dam-me rant ; 510
 a, that took it, and have fought,
 d as drunkards that fall out.
 we make war for the king
 t himself, the self-same thing,
 will not stick to swear, we do 515
 d and for religion too :
 ear-baiting we allow,
 good can Reformation do ?
 od and treasure that's laid out
 wn away, and goes for nought. 520
 se the fruits o' th' Protestation,
 prototype of Reformation,
 all the saints, and some, since martyrs,
 a their hats like wedding garters,

æstrum is not only a Greek word for madness
 flies also a gad-bee or horse-fly, that torments
 the summer, and makes them run about as if
 e mad.

Some few days after the king had accused the
 bers of treason in the House of Commons,
 wds of the rabble came down to Westminster-
 printed copies of the Protestation tied to their
 favours.

When 'twas resolv'd by either House
 Six Members quarrel to espouse?
 Did they for this draw down the rabble,
 With zeal and noises formidable,
 And make all cries about the town
 Join throats to cry the bishops down?
 Who having round begirt the palace
 (As once a month they do the gallows,)
 As members gave the sign about,
 Set up their throats with hideous shout.
 When tinkers bawl'd aloud to settle
 Church discipline, for patching kettle:
 No sow-gelder did blow his horn
 To geld a cat, but cry'd Reform.
 The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,
 And trudg'd away, to cry, No bishop.
 The mousetrap-men laid save-alls by,
 And 'gainst ev'l counsellors did cry.
 Bothers left old clothes in the lurch,
 And fell to turn and patch the church.
 Some cry'd the Covenant instead
 Of pudden-pies and ginger-bread;
 And some for brooms, old boots and shoes,
 Bawl'd out to purge the Commons' House
 Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry,
 A gospel-preaching ministry;
 And some, for old suits, coats, or cloak,
 No surplices nor Service-book.
 A strange harmonious inclination
 Of all degrees to Reformation.
 And is this all? Is this the end
 To which these carr'ings on did tend?
 Hath public faith, like a young heir,
 For this ta'en up all sorts of ware,

525. The six members were the Lord Kimbolton Pym, Mr. Hollis, Mr. Hampden, Sir Arthur Has and Mr. Stroud, whom the king ordered to be apprehended, and their papers seized; charging them of tiding with the Scots, and favouring the late tumults the House voted against the arrest of their persons; whereupon the king having preferred an against those members, he went with his guard to House to demand them: but they, having notice, drew.

run int' every tradesman's book,
 both turn'd bankrupts, and are broke? 560
 aunts for this bring in their plate,
 crowd as if they came too late?
 when they thought the Cause had need on't,
 y was he that could be rid on't.
 hey coin piss-pots, bowls, and flagons, 565
 fficers of horse and dragoons;
 into pikes and musqueteers
 p beakers, cups, and porringers?
 mble, bodkin, and a spoon,
 tart up living men as soon 570
 the furnace they were thrown,
 like the dragon's teeth b'ing sown.
 was the Cause of gold and plate,
 rethren's off'rings, consecrate,
 th' Hebrew calf, and down before it 575
 aunts fell prostrate to adore it:
 y the wicked—and will you
 that sarcasmus scandal true,
 unning after dogs and bears,
 s more unclean than calves or steers? 580
 pow'rful preachers ply'd their tongues,
 aid themselves out and their lungs;
 all means, both direct and sinister,
 power of gospel-preaching minister?
 they invented tones to win 585
 women, and make them draw in
 nen, as Indians with a female
 elephant inveigle the male?
 they told Prov'dence what it must do,
 n to avoid, and whom to trust to? 590
 ver'd th' enemy's design,
 which way best to countermine?
 rib'd what ways it hath to work,
 will ne'er advance the kirk?
 it the news o' th' last express, 595
 after good or bad success
 prayers, not so like petitions
 ertures and propositions

Abusive or insulting had been better; but our
 at believed the learned languages more convenient
 lestand in than his own mother-tongue.

(Such as the army did present
 To their creator, th' Parliament,)
 In which they freely will confess
 They will not, cannot, acquiesce,
 Unless the work be carry'd on
 In the same way they have begun,
 By setting church and common-weal
 All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
 On which the saints were all agog,
 And all this for a bear and dog?
 The Parliament drew up petitions
 To 'tself, and sent them, like commissior
 To well-affected persons down,
 In ev'ry city and great town,
 With pow'r to levy horse and men,
 Only to bring them back agen;
 For this did many, many a mile,
 Ride manfully in rank and file,
 With papers in their hats, that shew'd
 As if they to the pillory rode.
 Have all these courses, these efforts,
 Been try'd by people of all sorts,
 Velis et remis, omnibus nervis,
 And all t' advance the Cause's service?
 And shall all now be thrown away
 In petulant intestine fray?
 Shall we that in the Cov'nant swore,
 Each man of us to run before
 Another, still in Reformation,
 Give dogs and bears a dispensation?
 How will dissenting brethren relish it?
 What will malignants say? videlicet,
 'That each man swore to do his best,
 To damn and perjure all the rest!
 And bid the devil take the hin'most,
 Which at this race is like to win most.
 They 'll say our bus'ness, to reform
 The church and state, is but a worm;
 For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,
 To an unknown church-discipline,
 What is it else, but before-hand
 T' engage, and after understand?

hen we swore to carry on
 resent Reformation,
 ling to the purest mode.
 rches best reform'd abroad,
 did we else but make a vow 645
 we know not what, nor how?
 three of us will agree
 or what churches these should be;
 indeed the self-same case
 heirs that swore *et cæteras*: 650
 French league, in which men vow'd
 it to the last drop of blood.
 slanders will be thrown upon
 use and work we carry on,
 ermit men to run headlong 655
 bitances fit for bedlam,
 than gospel-walking times,
 slightest sins are greatest crimes.
 the matter so shall handle,
 remove that odious scandal, 660
 e of King and Parliament,
 e ye all no more foment
 id, but keep the peace between
 rethren and your countrymen;
 those places straight repair 665
 your respective dwellings are.
 that purpose first surrender
 idler, as the prime offender,
 endiary vile, that is chief
 and engineer of mischief; 670
 he Convocation, in one of the short Parlia-
 at ushered in the long one (as dwarfs are wont
 ghts errant,) made an oath to be taken by the
 observing canonical obedience; in which they
 their brethren, out of the abundance of their
 zes, to swear articles with, &c.
 ie holy league in France, designed and made for
 ation of the Protestant religion, was the origi-
 of which the solemn league and covenant here
 (the difference only of circumstances) most faith-
 ascribed. Nor did the success of both differ more
 nent and purpose; for after the destruction of
 bers of people of all sorts, both ended with the
 'twokings, whom they had both sworn to defend:
 r covenanters swore every man to run one be-
 er, in the way of reformation, so did the French,
 r league, to fight to the last drop of blood.

That makes division between friends,
 For profane and malignant ends.
 He, and that engine of vile noise,
 On which illegally he plays,
 Shall (dictum factum) both be brought 675
 To condign punishment, as they ought.
 This must be done ; and I would fain see
 Mortal so sturdy as to gainsay :
 For then I'll take another course,
 And soon reduce you all by force. 680
 This said, he clapp'd his hand on sword,
 To shew he meant to keep his word.

But Talgol, who had long suppress
 Inflamed wrath in glowing breast,
 Which now began to rage and burn as 685
 Implacably as flame in furnace,
 Thus answer'd him :—Thou vermin wretched
 As e'er in measled pork was hatched ;
 Thou tail of worship, that dost grow
 On rump of justice as of cow ; 690
 How dar'st thou, with that sullen luggage
 O' th'self, old ir'n, and other baggage,
 With which thy steed of bones and leather
 Has broke his wind in halting hither ;
 How durst th', I say, adventure thus . 695
 T' oppose thy lumber against us ?
 Could thine impertinence find out
 No work t' employ itself about,
 Where thou, secure from wooden blow,
 Thy busy vanity might'st shew ? 700
 Was no dispute a-foot between
 The caterwauling brethren ?
 No subtle question rais'd among
 Those out-o'-their wits, and those i' th' wrong ?
 No prize between those combatants 705
 O' th' times, the land and water saints ;
 Where thou might'st strickle without hazard
 Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard ;
 And not for want of bus'ness come
 To us to be so troublesome, 7
 To interrupt our better sort
 Of disputants, and spoil our sport ?

here no felony, no bawd,
 urse, no burglary abroad?
 den pig, nor plunder'd goose, 715
 thee up from breaking loose?
 unlicens'd, broken hedge,
 hich thou statute might'st allege,
 ep thee busy from foul evil,
 hame due to thee from the devil? 720
 o committee sit, where he
 cut out journey-work for thee?
 st th' a task with subornation,
 tch up sale and sequestration;
 eat, with holiness and zeal, 725
 rties, and the common weal?
 better had it been for thee,
 I kept thee where th' art us'd to be;
 t th' on bus'ness any whither,
 had never brought thee hither. 730
 th' hast brain enough in skull
 ep itself in lodging whole,
 ot provoke the rage of stones
 dgeles to thy hide and bones,
 le, and vanish, while thou may'st, 735
 I'll not promise if thou stay'st.
 the Knight grew high in wroth,
 fting hands and eyes up both,
 times he smote on stomach stout,
 whence at length these words broke out:
 I for this entitled Sir, 740
 irt with trusty sword and spur,
 me and honour to wage battle,
 o be brav'd by foe to cattle?
 I that pride that makes thee swell 745
 thou dost blown-up veal;
 I thy tricks and sleights to cheat,
 all thy carrion for good meat;
 I thy magic to repair
 'd old age in tough lean ware; 750
 nat'ral death appear thy work,
 top the gangrene in stale pork;
 I that force that makes thee proud,
 se by bullock ne'er withstood;

Though arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives, 755
 And axes made to hew down lives,
 Shall save or help thee to evade
 The hand of Justice, or his blade,
 Which I, her sword-bearer do carry,
 For civil deed and military. 760
 Nor shall those words of venom base,
 Which thou hast from their native place,
 Thy stomach pump'd to fling on me,
 Go unreveng'd, though I am free :
 Thou down the same throat shalt devour 'em,
 Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em. 765
 Nor shall it e'er be said, that wight
 With gantlet blue, and bases white,
 And round blunt truncheon by his side,
 So great a man at arms defy'd 770
 With words far bitter than wormwood,
 That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.
 Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal ;
 But men with hands as thou shalt feel.
 This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd 775
 His gun-shot, that in holsters watch'd ;
 And bending cock, he levell'd full
 Against th' outside of Talgol's skull :
 Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,
 Nor henceforth cow nor bullock murder. 780
 But Pallas came in shape of rust,
 And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust
 Her Gorgon shield, which made the cock
 Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to stock.
 Meanwhile fierce Talgol, gath'ring might, 785
 With rugged truncheon charg'd the Knight ;
 But he with petronel upheav'd,
 Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd.
 The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
 Not us'd to such a kind of fight, 790
 And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
 Knock'd down and stunn'd by mortal stripe.
 Then Hudibras, with furious haste,
 Drew out his sword ; yet not so fast,
 But Talgol first, with hardy thwack, 795
 Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back.

n his nut-brown sword was out.
 mach huge he laid about,
 ng many a wound upon
 al foe, the truncheon. 800
 ty cudgel did oppose
 unst dead-doing blows,
 d its leader from fell bane,
 1 reveng'd itself again.
 gh the sword (some understood) 805
 had much the odds of wood,
 othing so; both sides were balanc'd
 , none knew which was valiant'st :
 d with honour b'ing engag'd,
 lacably enrag'd, 810
 iron hew and mangle sore,
 ounds and bruises honour more.
 both knights were out of breath,
 he hot pursuit of death ;
 l the rest amaz'd stood still, 815
 g which should take or kill.
 libras observ'd ; and fretting
 t should be so long a getting,
 up all his force into
 , and that into one blow. 820
 ol wisely avoided it
 ng sleight ; for had it hit,
 r part of him the blow
 as sure as that below.
 hile th' incomparable Colon, 825
 s friend, began to fall on.
 ph encounter'd, and straight grew
 combat 'twixt them two :
 rm'd with metal, th' other with wood ;
 or bruise, and that for blood. 830
 ny a stiff thwack, many a bang,
 b-tree and old iron rang ;
 ne that saw them could divine
 1 side conquest would incline,
 gnano, who did envy 835
 , should with so many men vie,
 , stratagem of brain,
 d what force could ne'er attain ;

For he, by foul hap, having found
 Where thistles grew on barren ground, 840
 In haste he drew his weapon out,
 And having cropp'd them from the root,
 He clapp'd them underneath the tail
 Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail.
 The angry beast did straight resent 845
 The wrong done to his fundament;
 Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
 As if h' had been beside his sense,
 Striving to disengage from thistle,
 That gall'd him sorely under his tail: 850
 Instead of which, he threw the pack
 Of Squire and baggage from his back;
 And blund'ring still with smarting rump,
 He gave the Knight's steed such a thump
 As made him reel. The Knight did stoop, 855
 And sat on further side aslope.
 This Talgol viewing, who had now
 By sleight escap'd the fatal blow,
 He rally'd, and again fell to't;
 For catching foe by nearer foot, 860
 He lifted with such might and strength,
 As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
 And dash'd his brains (if any) out:
 But Mars, that still protects the stout,
 In pudding-time came to his aid, 865
 And under him the bear convey'd;
 The bear, upon whose soft fur-gown
 The Knight with all his weight fell down.
 The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,
 And headlong Knight, from bruise or wound:
 Like feather-bed betwixt a wall 870
 And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.
 As Sancho on a blanket fell,
 And had no hurt, ours far'd as well
 In body; though his mighty spirit, 875
 B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
 The bear was in a greater fright,
 Beat down and worsted by the Knight.
 He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
 To shake off bondage from his mouth. 880

ath inflam'd boil'd o'er, and from
 ws of death he threw the foam :
 n stranger postures threw him,
 ore than herald ever drew him.
 e the earth which he had sav'd 885
 quelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd,
 ex'd the more because the harms
 t were 'gainst the law of arms :
 en he always took to be
 ends, and dogs the enemy : 890
 ever so much hurt had done him,
 own side did fall'ing on him.
 v'd him to the guts that they
 om h' had fought so many a fray,
 rv'd with loss of blood so long, 895
 l offer such inhuman wrong ;
 ; of unsoldier-like condition :
 ich he flung down his commission ;
 id about him, till his nose
 thrall of ring and cord broke loose. 900
 s he felt himself enlarg'd,
 gh thickest of his foes he charg'd,
 ade way through th' amazed crew ;
 he o'erran, and some o'erthrew,
 ok none ; for by hasty flight 905
 ove t' escape pursuit of Knight ;
 whom he fled with as much haste
 read as he the rabble chas'd.
 e he fled, and so did they ;
 und his fear a several way. 910
 wdero only kept the field ;
 rring from the place he held,
 h beaten down and wounded sore,
 iddle, and a leg that bore
 de of him ; not that of bone, 915
 ach its better, th' wooden one.
 ing Hudibras lie strow'd
 the ground, like log of wood,
 ight of fall, supposed wound,
 es of urine, in a swoond. 920
 e he snatch'd the wooden limb,
 ert i' th' ankle lay by him,

And fitting it for sudden fight,
 Straight drew it up t' attack the Knight;
 For getting up on stump and huckle, 925
 He with the foe began to buckle;
 Vowing to be reveng'd for breach
 Of crowd and skin upon the wretch,
 Sole author of all detriment
 He and his fiddle underwent. 930

But Ralpho (who had now begun
 T' adventure resurrection
 From heavy squelch, and had got up
 Upon his legs, with sprained crup)
 Looking about, beheld pernicion 935
 Approaching Knight from fell musician.
 He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled
 When he was falling off his steed
 (As rats do from a falling house,)
 To hide itself from rage of blows; 940
 And, wing'd with speed and fury, flew
 To rescue Knight from black and blue;
 Which ere he could achieve, his sconce
 The leg encounter'd twice and once;
 And now 'twas rais'd to smite agen, 945
 When Ralpho thrust himself between.
 He took the blow upon his arm,
 To shield the Knight from further harm;
 And, joining wrath with force, bestow'd
 On th' wooden member such a load, 950
 That down it fell, and with it bore
 Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.
 To him the Squire right nimbly run,
 And setting conquering foot upon
 His trunk, thus spoke: What desp'rate frenzy
 Made thee (thou whelp of sin!) to fancy 956
 Thyself, and all that coward rabble,
 T' encounter us in battle able?
 How durst th', I say, oppose thy curship
 'Gainst arms, authority and worship? 960
*And Hudibras or me provoke,
 Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,
 And th' other half of thee as good
 To bear out blows, as that of wood?*

PART I.—CANTO II.

61

Could not the whipping-post prevail, 965
 With all its rhet'ric, nor the jail,
 To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,
 And ankle free from iron gin?
 Which now thou shalt—But first our care
 Must see how Hudibras doth fare. 970
 This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,
 And set him on his bum upright.
 To rouse him from lethargic dump,
 He tweak'd his nose; with gentle thump
 Knock'd on his breast, as if't had been 975
 To raise the spirits lodg'd within.
 They, waken'd with the noise, did fly
 From inward room to window eye;
 And gently opening lid, the casement,
 Look'd out, but yet with some amazement. 980
 This gladded Ralpho much to see,
 Who thus bespoke the Knight: quoth he,
 Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,
 A self-denying conqueror;
 As high, victorious, and great, 985
 As e'er fought for the churches yet.
 If you will give yourself but leave
 To make out what y' already have;
 That's victory. The foe, for dread
 Of your nine-worthiness, is fled; 990
 All, save Crowdero, for whose sake
 You did th' espous'd cause undertake;
 And he lies pris'ner at your feet,
 To be dispos'd as you think meet;
 Either for life, or death, or sale, 995
 The gallows, or perpetual jail;
 For one wink of your pow'rful eye
 Must sentence him to live or die.
 His fiddle is your proper purchase,
 Won in the service of the churches: 1000
 And by your doom must be allow'd
 To be, or be no more, a crowd.
 For though success did not confer
 Just title on the conqueror;
 Though dispensations were not strong 1005
 Conclusions whether right or wrong;

Although out-going did confirm,
 And owning were but a mere term;
 Yet as the wicked have no right
 To th' creature, though usurp'd by might, 1010
 The property is in the saint,
 From whom th' injuriously detain 't;
 Of him they hold their luxuries,
 Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,
 Their riots, revels, masks, delights, 1015
 Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites;
 All which the saints have title to,
 And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due.
 What we take from them is no more
 Than what was ours by right before; 1020
 For we are their true landlords still,
 And they our tenants but at will.
 At this the Knight began to rouse,
 And by degrees grow valorous,
 He star'd about, and seeing none 1025
 Of all his foes remain but one,
 He snatch'd his weapon, that lay near him,
 And from the ground began to rear him;
 Vowing to make Crowdero pay
 For all the rest that ran away. 1030
 But Ralpho now, in colder blood,
 His fury mildly thus withstood:
 Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit
 Is rais'd too high: this slave does merit
 To be the hangman's business, sooner 1035
 Than from your hand to have the honour
 Of his destruction. I, that am
 A nothingness in deed and name,
 Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcass,
 Or ill intreat his fiddle or case: 1040
 Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
 In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?
 Will you employ your conq'ring sword
 To break a fiddle and your word?
 For though I fought, and overcame, 1045
 And quarter gave, 'twas in your name,
 For great commanders only own
 What's prosperous by the soldier done,

e, where you have pow'r to kill,
 s your pow'r above your will ; 1050
 at your will and pow'r have less
 both might have of selfishness.
 ow'r which, now alive, with dread
 mbles at, if he were dead
 no more keep the slave in awe, 1055
 if you were a knight of straw :
 ath wou'd then be his conqueror,
 u, and free him from that terror.
 r from his life accrue,
 our from his death, to you, 1060
 e policy and honour too,
 as you resolv'd to do ;
 ir, 'twould wrong your valour much,
 it needs or fears a crutch.
 conquerors greater glory gain 1065
 s in triumph led, than slain :
 urels that adorn their brows
 ll'd from living, not dead boughs,
 ving foes : the greatest fame
 ple slain can be but lame. 1070
 lf him's already slain,
 her is not worth your pain ;
 nour can but on one side light,
 ship did, when y' were dubb'd knight,
 fore I think it better far 1075
 p him prisoner of war,
 t him fast in bonds abide,
 rt of justice to be try'd ;
 , if he appear so bold and crafty,
 may be danger in his safety. 1080
 member there dislike
 e, or to his beard have pique ;
 is death will save or yield
 ge or fright, it is reveal'd,
 h he has quarter, ne'er the less 1085
 e power to hang him when you please.
 as been often done by some
 great conq'rors, you know whom ;
 is by most of us been held
 justice, and to some reveal'd : 1090

For words and promises, that yoke
 The conqueror, are quickly broke;
 Like Samson's cuffs, though by his own
 Direction and advice put on.
 For if we should fight for the Cause 10
 By rules of military laws,
 And only do what they call just,
 The Cause would quickly fall to dust.
 This we among ourselves may speak;
 But to the wicked, or the weak, 15
 We must be cautious to declare
 Perfection-truths, such as these are.

This said, the high, outrageous mettle
 Of Knight began to cool and settle.
 He lik'd the Squire's advice, and soon 1
 Resolv'd to see the business done;
 And therefore charg'd him first to bind
 Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
 And to its former place and use
 The wooden member to reduce; 1
 But force it take an oath before,
 Ne'er to bear arms against him more.

Ralpho dispatched with speedy haste,
 And having ty'd Crowdero fast,
 He gave Sir Knight the end of cord, 1
 To lead the captive of his sword
 In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,
 And them to further service brought.
 The Squire in state rode on before,
 And on his nut-brown whinyard bore 1
 The trophy-fiddle and the case,
 I caning on shoulder like a mace.
 The Knight himself did after ride,
 Leading Crowdero by his side;
 And tow'd him if he lagg'd behind, 1
 Like boat against the tide and wind.
 Thus grave and solemn they march'd on
 Until quite thro' the town th' had gone;
 At further end of which there stands
 An ancient castle, that commands 1
 Th' adjacent parts: in all the fabric
 You shall not see one stone nor a brick:

But all of wood ; by pow'rful spell
 Of magic made impregnable.
 There's neither iron-bar nor gate, 1135
 Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate,
 And yet men durance there abide,
 In dungeon scarce three inches wide ;
 With roof so low, that under it
 They never stand, but lie or sit ; 1140
 And yet so foul, that whose 's in,
 Is to the middle-leg in prison ;
 In circle magical confin'd,
 With walls of subtle air and wind,
 Which none are able to break through, 1145
 Until they're freed by head of borough.
 Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous Knight
 And bold Squire from their steeds alight
 At th' owtward wall, near which there stands
 A bastile, built to imprison hands ; — 1150
 By strange enchantment made to fetter
 The lesser parts, and free the greater ;
 For though the body may creep through,
 The hands in grate are fast enough :
 And when a circle 'bout the wrist 1155
 Is made by beadle exorcist,
 The body feels the spur and switch,
 As if 'twere ridden post by witch
 At twenty miles an hour pace,
 And yet ne'er stirs out of the place. 1160
 On top of this there is a spire,
 On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire
 The fiddle and its spoils, the case,
 In manner of a trophy place.
 That done, they ope the trap-door gate, 1165
 And let Crowdero down thereat ;
 Crowdero making doleful face,
 Like hermit poor in pensive place.
 To dungeon they the wretch commit,
 And the survivor of his feet : 1170
 But th' other, that had broke the peace
 And head of knighthood they release ;
 Though a delinquent false and forged,
 Yet, being a stranger he's enlarged,

While his comrade, that did no hurt, 1
 Is clapp'd up fast in prison for't.
 So Justice, while she winks at crimes,
 Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

CANTO III.

The scatter'd rout return and rally,
 Surround the place ; the Knight doth sally,
 And is made pris'ner : then they seize
 Th' enchanted fort by storm, release
 Crowdero, and put th' Squire in's place,
 I should have first said Hudibras.

Ah me ! what perils do environ
 The man that meddles with cold iron ;
 What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
 Do dog him still with after-claps !
 For though dame Fortune seem to smile
 And leer upon him for awhile,
 She'll after show him, in the nick
 Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
 This any man may sing or say,
 I' th' ditty call'd, What if a Day ?
 For Hudibras, who thought h' had won
 The field, as certain as a gun ;
 And, having routed the whole troop,
 With victory was cock-a-hoop ;
 Thinking h' had done enough to purchase
 Thanksgiving-day among the churches,
 Wherein his mettle, and brave worth,
 Might be explain'd by Holder-forth,
 And register'd, by fame eternal,
 In deathless pages of diurnal ;
 Found in few minutes, to his cost,
 He did but count without his host ;
 And that a turnstile is more certain
 Than, in events of war, dame Fortune.

For now the late faint hearted rout,
 O'erthrown, and scatter'd round about,
 Chas'd by the horror of their fear,
From bloody fray of Knight and Bear

PART I.—CANTO III.

67

(All but the dogs, who, in pursuit
Of the Knight's victory, stood to't,
And most ignobly fought to get
The honour of his blood and sweat,)
Seing the coast was free and clear
O' th' conquer'd and the conqueror,
Took heart again, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to stand it out :
For by this time the routed Bear,
Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a safe retreat,
Like a bold chieftain, fac'd about ;
But wisely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haste
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd ;
Retiring still, until he found
H' had got the advantage of the ground ;
And then as valiantly made head
To check the foe, and forthwith fled ;
Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick
Of warrior stout and politic,
Until, in spite of hot pursuit,
He gain'd a pass, to hold dispute
On better terms, and stop the course
Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole body to recoil ;
But still their numbers so increas'd,
He found himself at length oppress'd ;
And all evasions so uncertain,
To save himself for better fortune,
That he resolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And sell his hide and carcase at
A price as high and desperate
As e'er he could. This resolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himself among
The enemy, i' th' greatest throng ;
But what could single valour do
Against so numerous a foe

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Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' odds were such.
But one against a multitude
Is more than mortal can make good :
For while one party he oppos'd,
His rear was suddenly inclosed ;
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight against a foe so great.
For now the mastiffs, charging home,
To blows and handy gripes were come :
While manfully himself he bore,
And setting his right foot before,
He rais'd himself, to show how tall
His person was above them all.
This equal shame and envy stirr'd
In th' enemy, that one should beard
So many warriors, and so stout,
As he had done, and stav'd it out,
Disdaining to lay down his arms,
And yield on honourable terms.
Enraged thus, some in the rear
Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where,
Till down he fell ; yet falling fought,
And, being down, still laid about ;
As Widdrington, in doleful dumps,
Is said to fight upon his stumps.
But all, alas ! had been in vain,
And he inevitably slain,
If Trulla and Cerdon, in the nick,
To rescue him had not been quick ;
For Trulla, who was light of foot
As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot,
(But not so light as to be borne
Upon the ears of standing corn,
Or trip it o'er the water quicker
Than witches, when their staves they liquo
As some report,) was got among
The foremost of the martial throng :
There pitying the vanquish'd bear,
She call'd to Cerdon, who stood near,
Viewing the bloody fight ; to whom,
Shall we (quoth she) stand still hum-drum,

And see stout Bruin all alone,
 By numbers basely overthrown?
 Such feats already h' had achiev'd, 115
 In story not to be believed;
 And 'twould to us be shame enough,
 Not to attempt to fetch him off.
 I would (quoth he) venture a limb
 To second thee, and rescue him; 120
 But then we must about it straight,
 Or else our aid will come too late.
 Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
 And therefore cannot long hold out.
 This said, they wav'd their weapons round 125
 About their heads, to clear the ground;
 And joining forces, laid about
 So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
 Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,
 As if the devil drove, to run. 130
 Meanwhile th' approach'd the place where Bruin
 Was now engag'd to mortal ruin.
 The conqu'ring foe they soon assail'd;
 First Trulla stav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,
 Until their mastiffs loos'd their hold: 135
 And yet, alas! do what they could,
 The worsted bear came off with store
 Of bloody wounds, but all before:
 For as Achilles, dipt in pond,
 Was anabaptiz'd free from wound, 140
 Made proof against dead-doing steel
 All over, but the Pagan heel;
 So did our champion's arms defend
 All of him, but the other end,
 His head and ears, which, in the martial 145
 Encounter, lost a leathern parcel:
 For as an Austrian archduke once
 Had one ear (which in ducatoons
 Is half the coin) in battle par'd
 Close to his head, so Bruin far'd; 150

124. Staving and trailing are terms of art used in the Bear-Garden, and signify there only the parting of dogs and bears: though they are used metaphorically in several other professions for moderating; as law, divinity, hectoring, &c.

But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side;
 Like scriv'ner newly crucifi'd;
 Or like the late corrected leathern
 Ears of the circumcised brethren.
 But gentle Trulla into th' ring 15
 He wore in's nose, convey'd a string,
 With which she march'd before, and led
 The warrior to a grassy bed,
 As authors write, in a cool shade,
 Which eglantine and roses made; 16
 Close by a softly murm'ring stream,
 Where lovers us'd to loll and dream.
 There leaving him to his repose,
 Secured from pursuit of foes,
 And wanting nothing but a song, 16
 And a well-tun'd theorbo hung
 Upon a bough, to ease the pain
 His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain,
 They both drew up, to march in quest
 Of his great leader and the rest. 17
 For Orsin (who was more renown'd
 For stout maintaining of his ground
 In standing fight, than for pursuit,
 As being not so quick of foot)
 Was not long able to keep pace 17
 With others that pursu'd the chase;
 But found himself left far behind,
 Both out of heart and out of wind:
 Griev'd to behold his bear pursu'd
 So basely by a multitude; 18
 And like to fall, not by the prowess,
 But numbers of his coward foes.
 He rag'd and kept as heavy a coil as
 Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas;
 Forcing the valleys to repeat 18
 The accents of his sad regret.
 He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
 For loss of his dear crony bear;

153. Pryn, Bastwick, and Burton, who laid down
 their ears as proxies for their profession of the godly
 party, not long after maintained their right and title to
 the pillory to be as good and lawful as theirs who first
 of all took possession of it in their names.

PART I.—CANTO III.

71

Echo, from the hollow ground,
 leful wailings did resound 190
 vistfully, by many times,
 n small poets splay-foot rhymes,
 aake her, in their rueful stories,
 iver to int'rogatories,
 ost unconscionably depose 195
 ngs of which she nothing knows;
 hen she has said all she can say,
 rested to the lover's fancy.
 he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
 ou fled? to my—Echo, Ruin. 200
 ght th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step
 ar. Quoth Echo, Marry guep.
 t I here to take thy part?
 what has quail'd thy stubborn heart?
 hese bones rattled, and this head 205
 en in thy quarrel bled?
 d I ever winch or grudge it,
 y dear sake. Quoth she, Mum budget.
 st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish
 urn'dst thy back? Quoth Echo, Pish. 210
 r from those th' hadst overcome
 cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.
 hat a vengeance makes thee fly
 me, too, as thine enemy?
 hou hast no thought of me, 215
 hat I have endur'd for thee,
 ame and honour might prevail
 ep thee thus from turning tail:
 ho would grudge to spend his blood in
 our's cause? Quoth she, A puddin. 220
 aid, his grief to anger turn'd,
 t in his manly stomach burn'd;
 of revenge, and wrath, in place
 row, 'now began to blaze.
 w'd the authors of his wo 225
 d equal vengeance undergo;
 ith their bones and flesh pay dear
 hat he suffer'd, and his bear.
 'ing resolv'd, with equal speed
 age he hasted to proceed 230

To action straight; and giving o'er
 To search for Bruin any more,
 He went in quest of Hubibras,
 To find him out, where'er he was :
 And, if he were above ground vow'd 235
 He'd ferret him, lurk where he would.

But scarce had he a furlong on
 This resolute adventure gone,
 When he encounter'd with that crew
 Whom Hudibras did late subdue. 240

Honour, revenge, contempt, and shame,
 Did equally their breasts inflame.
 'Mong these the fierce Magnano was,
 And Talgol, foe to Hudibras ;
 Cerdon and Colon, warriors stout, 245

And resolute, as ever fought ;
 Whom furious Orsin thus bespoke :
 Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook
 The vile affront that paltry ass,
 And feeble scoundrel Hudibras, 250

With that more paltry ragamuffin,
 Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
 Have put upon us like tame cattle,
 As if th' had routed us in battle !

For my part, it shall ne'er be said, 255
 I for the washing gave my head :

Nor did I turn my back for fear
 O' th' rascals, but loes of my bear,
 Which now I'm like to undergo ;

For whether those fell wounds, or no, 260
 He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
 Is more than all my skill can foretel ;

Nor do I know what is become
 Of him, more than the pope of Rome.
 But if I can but find them out 265

That caus'd it (as I shall, no doubt,
 Where'er th' in Mugger-mugger lurk)
 I'll make them rue their handy-work,
 And wish that they had rather dar'd
 To pull the devil by the beard. 270

Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orsin, th' hast
 Great reason to do as thou say'st,

o has ev'ry body here,
 ll as thou hast or thy bear.
 may do as they see good; 275
 this twig be made of wood
 will hold tack, I'll make the fur
 out the ears of that old cur;
 r' other mongrel vermin, Ralph,
 rav'd us all in his behalf. 280
 ear is safe, and out of peril,
 gh lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill;
 and Trulla made a shift
 p him out at a dead lift;
 aving brought him bravely off, 285
 left him where he's safe enough:
 let him rest; for if we stay,
 aves may hap to get away.
 s said, they all engag'd to join
 forces in the same design; 290
 urtherwith put themselves in search
 dibras upon their march.
 e leave we them awhile, to tell
 the victorious Knight befel:
 ch, Crowdero being fast 295
 geon shut, we left him last.
 phant laurels seem'd to grow
 ere so green as on his brow;
 with which, as well as tir'd
 conquering toil he now retir'd 300
 a neighb'ring castle by,
 at his body, and apply
 ed'cines to each glorious bruise
 t in fight, reds, blacks, and blues;
 ollify the uneasy pang 305
 ry honourable bang,
 b'ing by skilful midwife drest,
 d him down to take his rest.
 l in vain. H' had got a hurt
 inside, of a deadlier sort, 310
 ipid made, who took his stand
 a widow's jointure land
 e, in all his am'rous battles,
 rantage finds like goods and chattels.)

Drew home his bow, and, aiming right, 35
 Let fly an arrow at the Knight :
 The shaft against a rib did glance,
 And gall'd him in the purtenance ;
 But time had somewhat 'suag'd his pain,
 After he found his suit in vain. 32
 For that proud dame, for whom his soul
 Was burnt in 's belly like a coal
 (That belly which so oft did ake
 And suffer griping for her sake,
 Till purging comfits and ants'-eggs 32
 Had almost brought him off his legs,)
 Us'd him so like a base rascallion,
 That old Pyg—(what d' y' call him) malion,
 That cut his mistress out of stone,
 Had not so hard a hearted one. 33
 She had a thousand Jadish tricks,
 Worse than a mule that flings and kicks ;
 'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,
 As insolent as strange and mad ;
 She could love none, but only such 33
 As scorn'd and hated her as much.
 'Twas a strange riddle of a lady :
 Not love, if any lov'd her ! Hey-dey !
 So cowards never use their might,
 But against such as will not fight ; 34
 So some diseases have been found
 Only to seize upon the sound.
 He that gets her by heart, must say her
 The back way, like a witch's prayer.
 Meanwhile the Knight had no small task 34
 To compass what he durst not ask.
 He loves, but dares not make the motion ;
 Her ignorance is his devotion ;

328. Pygmalion, king of Tyre, was the son of Ma-
 genus, or Mechres, whom he succeeded, and lived !
 years, whereof he reigned 47. Dido, his sister, was
 have governed with him, but it was pretended the sul-
 jects thought it not convenient. She married Sichæu
 who was the king's uncle, and very rich ; wherefore he
 put him to death ; and Dido soon after departed the kin-
 dom. Poets say, Pygmalion was punished for the hatred
 he bore to women with the love he had to a statue.

PART I.—CANTO III. 75

tiff vile, that, for misdeed,
 ith his face to rump of steed, 350
 ng scull, he's fain to love,
 e way, and another move;
 tumbler, that does play
 e, and look another way,
 seize upon the cony; 355
 e does by matrimony:
 n vain; her subtle snout
 kly wind his meaning out;
 he return'd with too much scorn
 r man of honour borne: 360
 h he bore, until the distress
 r'd from his spiteful mistress
 his stomach; and the pain
 ndur'd from her disdain,
 o regret so resolute, 365
 resolv'd to waive his suit,
 er to renounce her quite,
 while play least in sight.
 olution b'ing put on,
 some months, and more had done, 370
 g brought so nigh by fate,
 ory he achiev'd so late
 his thoughts agog, and ope
 o discontinu'd hope,
 m'd to promise he might win 375
 e too, now his hand was in;
 t his valour, and the honour
 ewly gain'd, might work upon her.
 asons made his mouth to water
 rous longings to be at her. 380
 he, unto himself, Who knows
 brave conquest o'er my foes
 ch her heart, and make that stoop,
 now have forc'd the troop?
 g can oppugn love, 385
 ue invious ways can prove,
 ay he not confide to do
 ngs both love and virtue too?
 i bring'st valour too and wit:
 ngs that seldom fail to hit. 390

Valour's a mouse-trap, wit a gin,
Which women oft are taken in.
Then, Hudibras, why should'st thou fear
To be, that art a conqueror?

Fortune th' audacious doth juvare, 395
But lets the timidous miscarry.

Then while the honour thou hast got
Is spick and span new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely, thou hadst best,
And trust thy fortune with the rest. 400

Such thoughts as these the Knight did keep,
More than his bangs or fleas, from sleep.

And as an owl, that in a barn
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,
Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes, 405
As if he slept, until he spies

The little beast within his reach,
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch ;
So from his couch the Knight did start
To seize upon the widow's heart ; 410

Crying with hasty tone, and hoarse,
Ralpho, dispatch ; to horse, to horse.
And 'twas but time ; for now the rout,
We left engag'd to seek him out,
By speedy marches, were advanc'd 415
Up to the fort, where he ensconc'd ;
And all the avenues had possess
About the place, from east to west.

That done, a while they made a halt,
To view the ground, and where t' assault : 420

Then call'd a council, which was best,
By siege or onslaught, to invest
The enemy ; and 'twas agreed
By storm and onslaught to proceed.
This b'ing resolv'd, in comely sort 425

They now drew up t' attack the fort :
When Hudibras, about to enter
Upon another-gates adventure,
To Ralpho call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching storm. 430
Whether dame Fortune, or the care
Of angel bad or tutelar,

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Did arm, or thrust him on a danger
 To which he was an utter stranger,
 That foresight might, or might not, blot 435
 The glory he had newly got ;
 Or to his shame it might be said,
 They took him napping in his bed ;
 To them we leave it to expound,
 That deal in sciences profound. 440

His courser scarce he had bestrid,
 And Ralpho that on which he rid,
 When setting ope the postern gate,
 Which they thought best to sally at,
 The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd, 445
 Ready to charge them in the field.

This somewhat startled the bold Knight,
 Surpris'd with th' unexpected sight :
 The bruises of his bones and flesh
 He thought began to smart afresh ; 450

Till recollecting wonted courage,
 His fear was soon converted to rage,
 And thus he spoke : The coward foe
 Whom we but now gave quarter to,
 Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears 455
 As if they had outrun their fears.

The glory we did lately get,
 The Fates command us to repeat ;
 And to their wills we must succumb,
 Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom. 460

This is the same numeric crew
 Which we so lately did subdue ;
 The self-same individuals that
 Did run as mice do from a cat,
 When we courageously did wield 465
 Our martial weapons in the field,

To tug for victory ; and when
 We shall our shining blades agen
 Brandish in terror o'er our heads,
 They'll straight resume their wonted dreads. 470

Fear is an ague, that forsakes
 And haunts by fits those whom it takes ;
 And they'll opine they feel the pain
 And blows they felt to-day again.

Then let us boldly charge them home, 475
And make no doubt to overcome.

This said, his courage to inflame,
He call'd upon his mistress' name.
His pistol next he cock'd anew,
And out his nut-brown whinyard drew ; 480
And, placing Ralpho in the front,
Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt,
As expert warriors use : then ply'd
With iron heel his courser's side,
Conveying sympathetic speed 485
From heel of Knight to heel of steed.

Meanwhile the foe, with equal rage
And speed, advancing to engage ;
Both parties now were drawn so close,
Almost to come to handy-blows : 490

When Orsin first let fly a stone
At Ralpho ; not so huge a one
As that which Diomed did maul
Æneas on the bum withal ;
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd, 495
T' have sent him to another world,

Whether above ground, or below,
Which saints twice dipt are destin'd to.
The danger startled the bold Squire,
And made him some few steps retire ; 500
But Hudibras advanc'd to 's aid,
And rous'd his spirits, half dismay'd.

He, wisely doubting lest the shot
Of th' enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a distance gall, press'd close, 505
To come pell-mell to handy-blows,

And, that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd still in an oblique line ;
But prudently forbore to fire,
Till breast to breast he had got nigher, 510

As expert warriors use to do
When hand to hand they charge their foe.
This order the advent'rous Knight,
Most soldier-like, observ'd in fight,
When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle, 515
And for the foe began to stickle.

The more shame for her goodyship,
 To give so near a friend the slip.
 For Colon choosing out a stone,
 Levell'd so right, it thump'd upon 520
 His manly paunch with such a force,
 As almost beat him off his horse.
 He lost his whinyard, and the rein;
 But laying fast hold of the mane,
 Preserv'd his seat : and as a goose 525
 In death contracts his talons close,
 So did the Knight, and with one claw
 The trigger of his pistol draw.
 The gun went off : and as it was
 Still fatal to stout Hudibras, 530
 In all his feats of arms, when least
 He dreamt of it, to prosper best,
 So now he far'd : the shot, let fly
 At random 'mong the enemy,
 Pierc'd Talgol's gaberdine, and grazing 535
 Upon his shoulder, in the passing
 Lodg'd in Magnano's brass habergeon,
 Who straight, A surgeon ! cry'd, a surgeon !
 He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
 Did Murther ! Murther ! Murther ! yell. 540
 This startled their whole body so,
 That if the Knight had not let go
 His arms, but been in warlike plight,
 H' had won (the second time) the fight;
 As, if the Squire had but fall'n on, 545
 He had inevitably done :
 But he, diverted with the care
 Of Hudibras his hurt, forbore
 To press th' advantage of his fortune,
 While danger did the rest dishearten : 550
 For he with Cerdon b'ing engag'd
 In close encounter, they both wag'd
 The fight so well, 'twas hard to say
 Which side was like to get the day.
 And now the busy work of death 555
 Had tir'd them, so th' agreed to breathe,
 Preparing to renew the fight,
 When the disaster of the Knight,

And th' other party, did divert
 Their fell intent, and forc'd them part. 560
 Ralpho press'd up to Hudibras,
 And Cerdon where Magnano was ;
 Each striving to confirm his party
 With stout encouragements and hearty.
 Quoth Ralpho. Courage, valiant Sir, 565
 And let revenge and honour stir
 Your spirits up : once more fall on,
 The shatter'd foe begins to run :
 For if but half so well you knew
 To use your victory as subdue, 570
 They durst not, after such a blow
 As you have given them, face us now ;
 But from so formidable a soldier
 Had fled like crows when they smell powder.
 Thrice have they seen your sword aloft 575
 Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft ;
 But if you let them recollect
 Their spirits, now dismay'd and check'd,
 You'll have a harder game to play
 Than yet y' have had to get the day. 580
 Thus spoke the stout Squire ; but was heard
 By Hudibras with small regard.
 His thoughts were fuller of the bang
 He lately took, than Ralph's harangue ;
 To which he answer'd, Cruel Fate 585
 Tells me thy counsel comes too late.
 The knotted blood within my hose,
 That from my wounded body flows,
 With mortal crisis doth portend
 My days to appropinque an end. 590
 I am for action now unfit,
 Either of fortitude or wit :
 Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,
 Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.
 I am not apt, upon a wound, 595
 Or trivial basting, to despond :
 Yet I'd be loth my days to curtail :
 For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
 Or that we'd time enough as yet
 To make an hon'able retreat, 600

e the best course : but if they find
 r, and leave our arms behind
 em to seize on, the dishonour,
 anger too, is such, I'll sooner
 to it boldly, and take quarter, 605
 them see I am no starter.
 the trade of war, no feat
 ler than a brave retreat :
 ose that run away, and fly,
 place at least of th' enemy. 610
 s said, the Squire with active speed,
 ounted from his bony steed,
 ze the arms, which, by mischance,
 om the bold Knight in a trance.
 being found out, and restor'd 615
 idibras, their natural lord,
 an may say, with might and main
 sted to get up again.
 he essay'd to mount aloft,
 y his weighty bum, as oft 620
 s pull'd back, till having found
 vantage of the rising ground,
 r he led his warlike steed,
 aving plac'd him right, with speed
 'd again to scale the beast ; 625
 Orsin, who had newly dress'd
 oody scar upon the shoulder
 lgol with Promethean powder,
 ow was searching for the shot
 aid Magnano on the spot, 630
 l the sturdy Squire aforesaid
 ing to climb up his horse' side.
 t his cure, and laying hold
 is arms, with courage bold,
 out, 'Tis now no time to dally, 635
 emy begin to rally ;
 , that are unhurt and whole,
 n, and happy man be's dole.
 s said, like to a thunderbolt,
 w with fury to th' assault, 640
 ng the enemy to attack
 he reach'd his horse's back.

Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his beast with active vau'ting,
Wriggling his body to recover 645
His seat, and cast his right leg over ;
When Orsin, rushing in, bestow'd
On horse and man so heavy a load,
The beast was startled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run, 650
Bearing the tough Squire like a sack,
Or stout king Richard, on his back ;
Till stumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and cast into a swoon.
Meanwhile the Knight began to rouse 655
The sparkles of his wonted prowess :
He thrust his hand into his hose,
And found, both by his eyes and nose,
'Twas only choler, and not blood,
That from his wounded body flow'd. 660
This, with the hazard of the Squire,
Inflam'd him with spiteful ire :
Courageously he fac'd about,
And drew his other pistol out,
And now had half way bent the cock, 665
When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock,
With sturdy truncheon, 'thwart his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm :
Then stoutly pressing on with speed,
Assay'd to pull him off his steed. 670
The Knight his sword had only left,
With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
Or at the least cropt off a limb,
But Orsin came, and rescu'd him.
He, with his lance, attack'd the Knight 675
Upon his quarters opposite :
But as a bark, that in foul weather,
Toss'd by two adverse winds together,
Is bruis'd, and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to ; 680
So far'd the Knight between two foes,
And knew not which of them t' oppose ;
Till Orsin, charging with his lance
At Hudibras, by spiteful chance

PART I.—CANTO III.

83

erdon such a bang, as stunn'd
 id him flat upon the ground.
 the Knight began to cheer up,
 aising up himself on stirrup,
 out, Victoria ! lie thou there,
 shall straight dispatch another, 690
 r thee company in death ;
 st I'll halt a while, and breathe :
 ll he might ; for Orsin, griev'd
 wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,
 o relieve him with his lore, 695
 are the hurt he gave before.
 while the Knight had wheel'd about,
 athe himself, and next find out
 vantage of the ground, where best
 ght the ruffled foe infest. 700
 ing resolv'd, he spurr'd his steed,
 at Orsin with full speed,
 he was busy in the care
 don's wound, and unaware ;
 was quick, and had already 705
 he part apply'd remedy ;
 eeing th' enemy prepar'd,
 up, and stood upon his guard.
 like a warrior right expert
 ilful in the martial art. 710
 btle Knight straight made a halt,
 dg'd it best to stay th' assault,
 e had reliev'd the Squire,
 en in order to retire ;
 occasion should invite, 715
 orces join'd renew the fight.
 , by this time disentranc'd,
 his bum himself advanc'd,
 h sorely bruis'd ; his limbs all o'er
 uthless bangs were stiff and sore. 720
 fain he would have got upon
 t again, to get him gone,
 Hudibras to aid him came :
 he (and call'd him by his name,)
 re ! the day at length is ours ; 725
 e once more, as conquerors,

Have both the field and honour won :

The foe is profligate, and run.

I mean all such as can ; for some

This hand hath sent to their long home ; 730

And some lie sprawling on the ground,

With many a gash and bloody wound.

Cæsar himself could never say

He got two victories in a day,

As I have done, that can say, Twice I 735

In one day, Veni, Vidi, Vici.

The foe's so numerous, that we

Cannot so often vincere

As they perire, and yet enow

Be left to strike an after-blow ; 740

Then, lest they rally, and once more

Put us to fight the bus'ness o'er,

Get up, and mount thy steed : Dispatch,

And let us both their motions watch.

Quoth Ralph, I should not, if I were 745

In case for action, now be here :

Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd

An arse, for fear of being bang'd.

It was for you I got these harms,

Advent'ring to fetch off your arms. 750

The blows and drubs I have receiv'd

Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd

My limbs of strength. Unless you stoop,

And reach your hand to pull me up,

I shall lie here, and be a prey 755

To those who now are run away.

That thou shalt not (quoth Hudibras ;)

We read the ancients held it was

More honourable far, servare

Civem, than slay an adversary : 760

The one we oft to-day have done,

The other shall dispatch anon :

And though th' art of a different church,

I will not leave thee in the lurch.

This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher, 765

And steer'd him gently towards the Squire ;

Then bowing down his body, stretch'd

His hand out, and at Ralpho reach'd ;

PART I.—CANTO III. 65

Trulla, whom he did not mind,
 'd him like lightening behind. 770
 ad been long in search about
 ano's wound, to find it out ;
 ould find none, nor where the shot,
 ad so startled him, was got :
 aving found the worst was past, 775
 ll to her own work at last,
 illage of the prisoners,
 in all feats of arms was hers ;
 ow to plunder Ralph she flew,
 Hudibras his hard fate drew 780
 scour him ; for, as he bow'd
 lp him up, she laid a load
 ws so heavy, and plac'd so well,
 oth' side, that down he fell.
 scoundrel base (quoth she,) or die : 785
 fe is mine, and liberty :
 thou think'st I took thee tardy,
 ar'st presume to be so hardy,
 thy fortune o'er afresh,
 ive my title to thy flesh ; 790
 rms and baggage, now my right ;
 f thou hast the heart to try 't,
 d thee back thyself a while,
 ace more, for that carcass vile,
 upon tick.—Quoth Hudibras, 795
 offer'st nobly, valiant lass,
 shall take thee at thy word.
 at me rise and take my sword ;
 word which has so oft this day
 gh squadrons of my foes made way, 800
 me to other worlds dispatch'd,
 ith a feeble spinster match'd,
 lish with blood ignoble stain'd,
 ich no honour's to be gain'd.
 thou'lt take m' advice in this, 805
 ler whilst thou may'st, what 'tis
 errupt a victor's course,
 oasing such a trivial force :
 with conquest I come off
 hat I shall do, sure enough,) 810

HUDIBRAS.

u canst not have, nor grace,
 rms, in such a case ;
 I now do offer freely.
 th she) thou coxcomb silly
 er hand upon her breech, 815
 w much she priz'd his speech,) ,
 ounsel from a foe ;
 t force me to it, do.
 ould again be said,
 e once more won thy head, 820
 apping. unprepar'd,
 take thee to thy guard.
 she to her tackle fell,
 Knight let fall a peal
 fierce, and press'd so home, 825
 r'd, and follow'd 's bum.
 quoth she) or yield to mercy :
 ting arsie-versie
 thy turn.—This stirr'd his spleen
 he danger he was in, 830
 e felt, or was to feel,
 ' already made him reel.
 pight, revenge, and shame,
 his stomach came,
 it so, he rais'd his arm 835
 ead, and rain'd a storm
 terrible and thick,
 nt to hash her quick.
 n her truncheon took them,
 ue diversion broke them, 840
 opportunity
 ack with usury,
 she fail'd not of; for now
 with one dead-doing blow
 decide the fight, 845
 h quick and cunning sleight
 the force and weight
 upon it was so great,
 vay'd him to the ground.
 e th' advantage found, 850
 ew ; and seconding
 nade thrust the heavy swing,

did him flat upon his side ;
 mounting on his trunk astride,
 she, I told thee what would come 855
 thy vapouring, base scum.
 Will the law of arms allow
 to have grace and quarter now ?
 Or thou rather break thy word,
 to stain thine honour, than thy sword ? 860
 Or of war to damn his soul,
 solely breaking his parole ;
 Or then, before the fight, th' hadst vow'd
 to give no quarter in cold blood :
 Now thou hast got me for a Tartar, 865
 Like me 'gainst my will take quarter,
 Or lost not put me to the sword,
 Or wouldst fly from thy word ?
 Both Hudibras, The day's thine own ;
 And thy stars have cast me down ; 870
 Our urels are transplanted now,
 Flourish on thy conquering brow ;
 As of honour 's great enough,
 Need'st not brand it with a scoff :
 Arms may eclipse thine own, 875
 Cannot blur my lost renown.
 Not now in Fortune's power ;
 What is down can fall no lower.
 Ancient heroes were illustrious
 Being benign, and not blustrous, 880
 Not at a vanquished foe : their swords
 Sharp and trenchant, not their words ;
 Did in fight but cut work out
 To play their courtesies about.
 With she, Although thou hast deserv'd, 885
 For lubberdegullion, to be serv'd
 Who didst vow to deal with me,
 Who hadst got the victory ;
 Shall rather act a part
 To suits my fame than thy desert. 890
 Arms, thy liberty, beside
 That's on th' outside of thy hide,
 Given by military law,
 Which I will not bate one straw :

HUDIBRAS.

life and limbs, once more, 895
 ly forfeit, I restore.

libras, It is too late
 at or stipulate :

ommand'st, I must obey :
 om I expugn'd to-day 900
 party, I let go,

m life and freedom too :
 d bear, upon their parole,
 pris'ners in this quarrel.

, Whether thou or they 905
 er run away,

me : but was't not thou
 owdero quarter too ?

om, in irons bound,
 hrew'st into Lob's pound, 910

lies, and with regret
 owels rage and fret.

carcase shall redeem
 be exchange'd for him.

ie Knight did straight submit, 915
 veapon at her feet.

o'd his gabardine,
 id himself resign.

nd forthwith divesting
 at she wore, said jesting 920

d wear it for my sake ;

o'er his sturdy back,
 ench, we conquer'd once,
 aws for pantaloons,

is and port-cannons were some of the
 s wherein we aped the French.

is Insula satus Britannica

insolens fastidiet suam,

imix laboret fingere,

ri Gallicas ineptias,

hallo ego hunc opinor ebrium ;

Britanno, ut Gallus esse nititur

bete, fiat ex Gallo Capus.

Thomas More.

er in Phrygia, rising out of the moun-
 , and discharging itself into the river
 of which is of that admirable quality,
 erately drank, it purges the brain, and
 but largely drank, it makes men fran-

PART I.—CANTO III. 89

length of breeches, and the gathers, 925
 annons, periwigs, and feathers ;
 the proud insulting lass
 and dighted Hudibras.
 while the other champions, yerst
 y of the fight disperst, 930
 when Trulla won the day,
 re in th' honour and the prey,
 t of Hudibras his hide
 engeance to be satisfy'd ;
 now they were about to pour 935
 im in a wooden show'r ;
 ulla thrust herself between,
 iding o'er his back agen,
 ndish'd o'er her head his sword,
 w'd they should not break her word :
 ! giv'n him quarter, and her blood 941
 rs should make that quarter good ;
 was bound, by law of arms,
 him safe from farther harms,
 eon deep Crowdero, cast 945
 libras, as yet lay fast ;
 to the hard and ruthless stones,
 at heart made perpetual moans :
 e resolv'd that Hudibras
 ransom, and supply his place. 950
 stopp'd their fury, and the basting
 towards Hudibras was hasting.
 ough it was but just and right
 hat she had achiev'd in fight
 ould dispose of how she pleas'd ; 955
 ro ought to be releas'd :
 ould that any way be done
 as this she pitch'd upon :
 o a better could imagine ?
 erefore they resolv'd t' engage in. 960
 ight and Squire first they made
 om the ground where they were laid :
 ounted both upon their horses,
 h their faces to the arses ;
 d Hudibras's beast, 965
 d gol that which Ralpho prest,

HUDIBRAS.

stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
 lon, waited as a guard on ;
 ring Trulla in the rear,
 ' arms of either prisoner. 970
 roud order and array
 it themselves upon the way,
 to reach th' enchanted castle,
 stout Crowdero in durance lay still.
 with greater speed than shows 975
 mph over conquer'd foes
 t' allow, or than the bears
 ants borne before lord mayors
 it to use, they soon arriv'd
 , soldier-like contriv'd ; 980
 rching in a warlike posture,
 r battle as for muster.
 ight and Squire they first unhorse,
 ading 'gainst the fort their force,
 l advanc'd, and round about 985
 ne magical redoubt.
 led up in this adventure,
 de way for the rest to enter ;
 vas skilful in black art,
 than he that built the fort ; 990
 h an iron mace laid flat
 h, which straight all enter'd at,
 he wooden dungeon found
 ro laid upon the ground.
 y release from durance base : 995
 l t' his fiddle and his case,
 erty, his thirsty rage
 scious vengeance to assuage :
 o sooner was at large,
 lla straight brought on the charge,
 he self-same limbo put 1001
 ight and Squire where he was shut ;
 leaving them in Hockley i' th' Hole,
 ings and durance to condole,
 l and conjur'd into narrow 1005
 ted mansion to know sorrow,
 ame order and array
 hey advanc'd, they march'd away.

PART I.—CANTO III. 91

bras, who scorn'd to stoop
 ie, or be said to droop, 1010
 p himself with ends of verse,
 gs of philosophers.
 ie, Th' one half of man, his mind,
 s, unconfin'd,
 ot be laid by the heels, 1015
 the other moiety feels.
 straint or liberty
 es men prisoners or free ;
 bations that possess
 or æquanimities. 1020
 e world was not half so wide
 der, when he cry'd,
 e had but one to subdue,
 altry narrow tub to
 who is not said 1025
 : that ever I could read)
 put finger i' th' eye, and sob,
 had ne'er another tub.
 its made two sev'ral kinds
 s in heroic minds ; 1030
 and the passive valiant ;
 h are *pari libra* gallant :
 o give blows, and to carry,
 re equi-necessary :
 eats, the passive stout 1035
 s found to stand it out
 rately, and to outdo
 'gainst the conqu'ring foe.
 ith blacks and blues are suggill'd,
 vulgar say, are cudgell'd ; 1040
 valiant, and dares fight,
 ubb'd, can lose no honour by't.
 lease for lives to come,
 ot be extended from
 tenant ; 'tis a chattel 1045
 forfeited in battle.
 in the field is slain,
 ed of honour lain,
 beaten may be said
 onour's truckle-bed. 1050

For as we see th' eclipsed sun
 By mortals is more gaz'd upon,
 Than when, adorn'd with all his light,
 He shines in serene sky most bright ;
 So valour, in a low estate, 1055
 Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know
 We may by being beaten grow ;
 But none, that see how here we sit,
 Will judge us overgrown with wit. 1060
 As gifted brethren, preaching by
 A carnal hour-glass, do imply,
 Illumination can convey
 Into them what they have to say,
 But not how much ; so well enough 1065
 Know you to charge, but not draw off :
 For who, without a cap and bauble,
 Having subdu'd a bear and rabble,
 And might with honour have come off,
 Would put it to a second proof? 1070
 A politic exploit, right fit
 For Presbyterian zeal and wit.

Quoth Hudibras, That cuckoo's tone,
 Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon.
 When thou at any thing would'st rail, 1075
 Thou mak'st Presbytery the scale
 To take the height on't, and explain
 To what degree it is profane :
 Whats'ever will not with (thy what d'ye call)
 Thy light jump right, thou call'st synodical ;
 As if Presbytery were the standard 1081
 To size whats'ever 's to be slander'd.
 Dost not remember how this day
 Thou to my beard was bold to say,
 That thou couldst prove bear-beating equal
 With synods orthodox and legal? 1086
 Do if thou can'st, for I deny't.
 And dare thee to't with all thy light.

Quoth Ralpho, Truly that is no
 Hard matter for a man to do, 1090
 That has but any guts in 's brains,
 And cou'd believe it worth his pains ;

But since you dare and urge me to it,
You'll find I've light enough to do it.

Synods are mystical bear-gardens, 1095

Where elders, deputies, churchwardens,

And other members of the court,

Manage the Babylonish sport ;

For prolocutor, scribe, and bear-ward,

Do differ only in a mere word ; 1100

Both are but sev'ral synagogues

Of carnal men, and bears, and dogs :

Both anti-christian assemblies,

To mischief bent, far as in them lies ;

Both stave and tail with fierce contests, 1105

The one with men, the other beasts.

The diff'rence is, the one fights with

The tongue, the other with the teeth ;

And that they bait but bears in this,

In th' other, souls and consciences ; 1110

Where saints themselves are brought to stake

For gospel-light, and conscience' sake ;

Expos'd to Scribes and Presbyters,

Instead of mastiff dogs and curs,

Than whom th' have less humanity ; 1115

For these at souls of men will fly.

This to the prophet did appear,

Who in a vision saw a bear,

Prefiguring the beastly rage

Of church-rule in this latter age : 1120

As is demonstrated at full

By him that baited the Pope's bull.

Bears nat'rally are beasts of prey,

That live by rapine ; so do they.

What are their orders, constitutions, 1125

Church-censures, curses, absolutions,

But sev'ral mystic chains they make,

To tie poor Christians to the stake,

And then set heathen officers,

Instead of dogs, about their ears ? 1130

For to prohibit and dispense ;

To find out, or to make offence ;

1122. A learned divine in King James's time wrote a polemic work against the Pope, and gave it that unlucky nickname of *The Pope's Bull baited*.

HUDIBRAS.

sell and heaven to dispose ;
 play with souls at fast and loose ;
 set what characters they please,
 1135
 d mullets on sin or godliness ;
 duce the church to gospel-order,
 rapine, sacrilege, and murder ;
 o make Presbytery supreme,
 and kings themselves submit to them ;
 1140
 and force all people, though against
 their consciences, to turn saints ;
 Must prove a pretty thriving trade,
 1145
 When saints monopolists are made :
 When pious frauds, and holy shifts,
 Are dispensations and gifts,
 Their godliness becomes mere ware,
 And ev'ry synod but a fair.
 Synods are whelps of th' Inquisition,
 1150
 A mongrel breed of like pernicious ;
 And growing up, became the sires
 Of scribes, commissioners, and triers ;
 Whose bus'ness is, by cunning sleight,
 To cast a figure for men's light ;
 To find, in lines of beard and face,
 1155
 The physiognomy of grace ;
 And, by the sound and twang of nose,
 If all be sound within disclose,
 Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,
 As men try pipkins by their ringing ;
 By black caps, underlaid with white,
 Give certain guess at inward light.
 Which serjeants at the gospel wear,
 To make the spiritual calling clear ;
 The handkerchief about the neck
 (Canonical cravat of Smeck,
 1160

1166. Smectymnus was a club of five parliam-
 holders-forth ; the characters of whose names ;
 lent were by themselves expressed in that sense
 insignificant word. They wore handkerchief
 their necks for a mark of distinction (as the o-
 the parliament army then did), which afterw
 generated into carnal cravats. About the beg
 the long parliament, in the year 1641, these fi
 a book against episcopacy and the Common
 which they all subscribed their names ; bein
 Marshal, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young

From whom the institution came,
 When church and state they set on flame,
 And worn by them as badges then
 Of spiritual warfaring men) 1170
 Judge rightly if regeneration
 Be of the newest cut in fashion.
 Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
 That grace is founded in dominion.
 Great piety consists in pride ; 1175
 To rule is to be sanctified :
 To domineer, and to control,
 Both o'er the body and the soul,
 Is the most perfect discipline
 Of church-rule, and by right divine. 1180
 Bel and the Dragon's chaplains were
 More moderate than these by far :
 For they (poor knaves) were glad to cheat,
 To get their wives and children meat ;
 But these will not be fobb'd off so ; 1185
 They must have wealth and power too,
 Or else with blood and desolation
 They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.

Sure these themselves from primitive
 And heathen priesthood do derive, 1190
 When butchers were the only clerks,
 Elders and presbyters of kirks ;
 Whose directory was to kill ;
 And some believe it is so still.
 The only diff'rence is, that then 1195
 They slaughter'd only beasts, now men.
 For then to sacrifice a bullock,
 Or now and then a child to Moloch,

Newcomen, and William Spurstow, and from thence
 they and their followers were called Smectymnians.
 They are remarkable for another pious book, which
 they wrote some time after that, entitled *The King's
 Cabinet Unlocked*, wherein all the chaste and endear-
 ing expressions, in the letters that passed between his
 majesty King Charles I. and his royal consort, are by
 these painful labourers in the devil's vineyard turned
 into burlesque and ridicule. Their books were answer-
 ed with as much calmness and genteelness of expression,
 and as much learning and honesty, by the Rev. Mr. Sy-
 monds, then a deprived clergyman, as theirs was ~~stuffed~~
 with malice, spleen, and rascally invectives.

They count a vile abomination,
 But not to slaughter a whole nation. 1
 Presbytery does but translate
 The papacy to a free state ;
 A commonwealth of Popery,
 Where ev'ry village is a see
 As well as Rome, and must maintain 1
 A tithe-pig metropolitan ;
 Where ev'ry presbyter and deacon
 Commands the keys for cheese and bacon ;
 And ev'ry hamlet's governed
 By 's Holiness, the church's head ;
 More haughty and severe in 's place, 2
 Than Gregory or Boniface.
 Such church must (surely) be a monster
 With many heads : for if we conster
 What in th' Apocalypse we find, 1
 According to th' apostle's mind,
 'Tis that the whore of Babylon
 With many heads did ride upon ;
 Which heads denote the sinful tribe
 Of deacon, priest, lay-elder, scribe. 1
 Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,
 Whose little finger is as heavy
 As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelate,
 And bishop-secular. This zealot
 Is of a mongrel, diverse kind ;
 Cleric before, and lay behind ;
 A lawless linseywoolsey brother,
 Half of one order, half another ;
 A creature of amphibious nature,
 On land a beast, a fish in water ;
 That always preys on grace or sin ;
 A sheep without, a wolf within.
 This fierce inquisitor has chief
 Dominion over men's belief
 And manners ; can pronounce a saint
 Idolatrous or ignorant,
 When superciliously he sifts
 Through coarsest boulder others' gifts ;
 For all men live and judge amiss,
 Whose talents jump not just with his. 1

lay on gifts with hands, and place
 allest noddle light and grace,
 manufacture of the kirk,
 pastors are but th' handy-work
 mechanic paws, instilling 1245
 ity in them by feeling;
 whence they start up chosen vessels,
 by contact, as men get measles.
 cardinals, they say, do grope
 other end the new-made pope. 1250
 d, hold, quoth Hudibras; soft fire,
 py, does make sweet malt. Good Squire,
 a lente, not too fast;
 aste (the proverb says) makes waste.
 uirks and cavils thou dost make 1255
 lse, and built upon mistake:
 shall bring you, with your pack
 llacies, t' elenchi back;
 out your arguments in mood
 igure to be understood. 1260
 ce you, by right ratiocination,
 ave your vitiligtation,

This relates to the story of Pope Joan, who was John VIII. Platina saith she was of English extraction, but born at Mentz; who, having disguised herself a man, travelled with her paramour to Athens, she made such progress in learning, that coming one day, she met with few that could equal her; soon the death of Pope Leo IV. she was chosen to succeed him; but being got with child by one of her doctors, her travail came upon her between the Colosseum and St. Clement's, as she was going to the latter Church, and died upon the place, having sat there one month, and four days, and was buried without any pomp. He owns that, for the shame of the popes decline going through this street to the river; and that, to avoid the like error, when any is placed in the Porphyry Chair, his genitals are cut off by the youngest deacon, through a hole made for the purpose; but he supposes the reason of that to be, that he has in mind that he is a man, and obnoxious to the censures of nature, whence he will have the seat called *Sedes Stercoraria*.

Vitiligtation is a word the Knight was passionately in love with, and never failed to use it upon all occasions; and therefore to omit it, when it fell in the way, had argued too great a neglect of his learning and of his wit, though it means no more than a perverse humour or jesting.

And make you keep to th' question close,
And argue dialecticos.

The question then, to state it first,
Is, which is better, or which worst,
Synods or bears? Bears I avow
To be the worst, and synods thou.
But to make good th' assertion,
Thou say'st they're really all one.
If so, not worse; for if th' are idem,
Why then, tantundem dat tantidem.
For if they are the same, by course,
Neither is better, neither worse.
But I deny they are the same,
More than a maggot and I am.
That both are animalia
I grant, but not rationalia :
For though they do agree in kind,
Specific difference we find;
And can no more make bears of these,
Than prove my horse is Socrates.
That synods are bear-gardens too,
Thou dost affirm : but I say, No :
And thus I prove it in a word ;
Whats'ever assembly's not impow'r'd
To censure, curse, absolve, and ordain
Can be no synod : but bear-garden
Has no such pow'r ; ergo, 'tis none :
And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown.

But yet we are beside the question
Which thou didst raise the first contest on
For that was, Whether bears are better
Than synod-men ? I say, Negatur.
That bears are beasts, and synods men,
Is held by all : they're better then ;
For bears and dogs on four legs go,
As beasts, but synod-men on two.
'Tis true, they all have teeth and nails ;
But prove that synod-men have tails ;
Or that a rugged, shaggy fur
Grows o'er the hide of presbyter ;
Or that his snout and spacious ears
Do hold proportion with a bear's.

PART I.—CANTO III.

99

's a savage beast, of all 1305
 gly and unnatural ;
 'd without form, until the dam
 k'd it into shape and frame :
 thy light can ne'er evict,
 ver synod man was lick'd, 1310
 ight to any other fashion
 is own will and inclination.
 thou dost farther yet in this
 n thyself and sense ; that is,
 would'st have presbyters to go 1315
 ars and dogs, and bear-wards too ;
 age chimera of beasts and men,
 ip of pieces heterogene ;
 s in nature never met
 am subjecto yet. 1320
 her arguments are all
 ures, hypothetical,
 o but beg, and we may choose
 to grant them, or refuse.
 thou hast said, which I know when 1325
 here thou stol'st from other men,
 by 'tis plain thy light and gifts
 but plagiary shifts ;
 the same that Ranter said,
 urging with me, broke my head, 1330
 re a handful of my beard :
 lf-same cavils then I heard,
 b'ing in hot dispute about
 ontroversy, we fell out :
 hat thou know'st I answer'd then, 1335
 urve to answer thee agen.
 th Ralpho, Nothing but th' abuse
 an learning you produce ;
 ng, that cobweb of the brain,
 e, erroneous, and vain ; 1340
 e of knowledge, as replete
 ers are with fraud and cheat ;
 t' incumber gifts and wit,
 nder both for nothing fit ;
 light unactive, dull, and troubled, 1345
 ttle David in Saul's doublet :

1296267

A cheat that scholars put upon
 Other men's reason and their own ;
 A fort of error, to ensconce
 Absurdity and ignorance ; 1350
 That renders all the avenues
 To truth impervious and abstruse,
 By making plain things, in debate,
 By art perplex'd and intricate :
 For nothing goes for sense or light, 1355
 That will not with old rules jump right :
 As if rules were not in the schools
 Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.
 This Pagan heathenish invention
 Is good for nothing but contention. 1360
 For as, in sword and buckler fight,
 All blows do on the target light ;
 So when men argue, the great'st part
 O' th' contest falls on terms of art,
 Until the fustian stuff be spent, 1365
 And then they fall to th' argument.
 Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou hast
 Outrun the constable at last :
 For thou art fallen on a new
 Dispute, as senseless as untrue, 1370
 But to the former opposite
 And contrary as black to white ;
 Mere desparata ; that concerning
 Presbytery ; this, human learning ;
 Two things s' averse, they never yet 1375
 But in thy rambling fancy met.
 But I shall take a fit occasion
 T' evince thee by ratiocination,
 Some other time, in place more proper
 Than this we're in ; therefore lets stop here,
 And rest our weary'd bones a while, 1381
 Already tir'd with other toil.

1373. Disparata are things separate and unlike, from the Latin word dispare.

PART II.—CANTO I.

The Knight, by damnable magician,
 Being cast illegally in prison,
 Love brings his action on the case,
 And lays it upon Hudibras.
 How he receives the Lady's visit,
 And cunningly solicits his suit,
 Which he defers; yet on parole
 Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.

BUT now t' observe romantic method,
 Let bloody steel awhile be sheathed;
 And all those harsh and rugged sounds
 Of bastinadoes, cuts, and wounds,
 Exchang'd to Love's more gentle style, 5
 To let our reader breathe a while:
 In which, that we may be as brief as
 Is possible, by way of preface,
 Is't not enough to make one strange,
 That some men's fancies should ne'er change,10
 But make all people do and say
 The same things still the self-same way?
 Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,
 And knights pursuing like a whirlwind:
 Others make all their knights, in fits 15
 Of jealousy, to lose their wits;
 Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,
 Th' are forthwith cur'd of their caprices.
 Some always thrive in their amours,
 By pulling plaisters off their sores: 20
 As cripples do to get an alms,
 Just so do they, and win their dames.
 Some force whole regions, in despite
 O' geography, to change their site;
 Make former times shake hands with latter,25
 And that which was before come after.

1. The beginning of this Second Part may perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who do not know that it was written on purpose in imitation of Virgil, who begins the IVth Book of his *Æneids* in the very same manner, 'At Regina gravi,' &c. And this is enough to satisfy the curiosity of those who believe that invention and fancy ought to be measured (like cases in law) by precedents, or else they are in the power of the critic.

But those that write in rhyme, still make
 The one verse for the other's sake ;
 For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
 I think's sufficient at one time. 30

But we forget in what sad plight
 We whilom left the captive Knight
 And pensive Squire, both bruis'd in body,
 And conjur'd into safe custody.
 Tir'd with dispute and speaking Latin, 35
 As well as basting and bear-baiting,
 And desperate of any course,
 To free himself by wit or force,
 His only solace was, that now
 His dog-bolt fortune was so low, 40
 That either it must quickly end,
 Or turn about again, and mend ;
 In which he found th' event, no less
 Than other times, beside his guess.

There is a tall long-sided dame, 45
 (But wondrous light,) ycleped Fame,
 That, like a thin cameleon, boards
 Herself on air, and eats her words ;
 Upon her shoulders wings she wears
 Like hanging sleeves lin'd through with ears, 50
 And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,
 Made good by deep mythologist :
 With these she through the welkin flies,
 And sometimes carries truth, oft lies ;
 With letters hung, like eastern pigeons, 55
 And mercuries of farthest regions ;
 Diurnals writ for regulation
 Of lying, to inform the nation ;
 And by their public use to bring down
 The rate of whetstones in the kingdom. 60
 About her neck a packet-mail,
 Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,
 Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
 And cows of monsters brought to bed ;
 Of hail-stones big as pullets' eggs, 65
 And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs ;
 A blazing-star seen in the west,
By six or seven men at least.

PART II.—CANTO I.

103

Two trumpets she doth sound at once,
But both of clean contrary tones ; **70**

But whether both in the same wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not ; only this can tell,
The one sounds vilely, th' other well ;
And therefore vulgar authors name **75**
Th' one Good, th' other Evil, Fame.

This tattling gossip knew too well
What mischief Hudibras befel,
And straight the spiteful tidings bears
Of all to th' unkind widow's ears. **80**

Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud,
To see bawds carted through the crowd,
Or funerals with stately pomp
March slowly on in solemn dump,
As she laugh'd out, until her back, **85**
As well as sides, was like to crack.

She vow'd she would go see the sight,
And visit the distressed Knight ;
To do the office of a neighbour,
And be a gossip at his labour ; **90**

And from his wooden jail, the stocks,
To set at large his fetter-locks ;
And by exchange, parole, or ransom,
To free him from th' enchanted mansion,
This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood **95**

And usher, implements abroad
Which ladies wear, beside a slender
Young waiting-damsel to attend her.
All which appearing, on she went,
To find the Knight in limbo pent : **100**

And 'twas not long before she found
Him, and the stout Squire, in the pound ;
Both coupled in enchanted tether,
By farther leg behind together.

For as he sat upon his rump. **105**
His head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees, his hands apply'd

Unto his ears on either side,
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl ; **110**

She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's circle, on the sudden,
As spirits do t' a conjuror,
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.

No sooner did the Knight perceive her, 115

But straight he fell into a fever,
Inflam'd all over with disgrace,
To be seen by her in such a place ;
Which made him hang his head, and scowl,
And wink and goggle like an owl. 120

He felt his brains begin to swim,
When thus the dame accosted him :

This place (quo' she) they say's enchanted,
And with delinquent spirits haunted,
That here are ty'd in chains, and scourg'd, 125
Until their guilty crimes be purg'd :

Look, there are two of them appear,
Like persons I have seen somewhere.
Some having mistaken blocks and posts
For spectres, apparitions, ghosts, 130

With saucer eyes, and horns ; and some
Have heard the devil beat a drum ;
But if our eyes are not false glasses,
That give a wrong account of faces,
That beard and I should be acquainted, 135
Before 'twas conjur'd or enchanted ;

For though it be disfigur'd somewhat,
As if't had lately been in combat,
It did belong to a worthy knight,
Howe'er this goblin has come by't. 140

When Hudibras the lady heard
Discoursing thus upon his beard,
And speak with such respect and honour
Both of the beard and the beard's owner,
He thought it best to set as good 145

A face upon it as he cou'd,
And thus he spoke : Lady, your bright
And radiant eyes are in the right :
The beard's th' identic beard you knew,
The same numerically true ; 150
Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
But its proprietor himself.

O heavens! quoth she, can that be true?
 I do begin to fear 'tis you :
 Not by your individual whiskers, 155
 But by your dialect and discourse,
 That never spoke to man or beast
 In notions vulgarly exprest.
 But what malignant star, alas!
 Has brought you both to this sad pass? 160
 Quoth he, The fortune of the war,
 Which I am less afflicted for,
 Than to be seen with beard and face,
 By you in such a homely case.
 Quoth she, Those need not be asham'd 165
 For being honourably maim'd ;
 If he that is in battle conquer'd
 Have any title to his own beard,
 Though yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,
 It does your visage more adorn 170
 Than if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd, and lan-
 And cut square by the Russian standard. [der'd,
 A torn beard's like a tatter'd ensign,
 That's bravest which there are most rents in.
 That petticoat about your shoulders 175
 Does not so well become a soldier's ;
 And I'm afraid they are worse handled,
 Although i' th' rear, your beard the van led ;
 And those uneasy bruises make
 My heart for company to ake, 180
 To see so worshipful a friend
 I' th' pillory set, at the wrong end.
 Quoth Hudibras, This thing call'd pain
 Is (as the learned Stoics maintain)
 Not bad simpliciter, nor good, 185
 But merely as 'tis understood.
 Sense is deceitful, and many feign
 As well in counterfeiting pain
 As other gross phenomenas,
 In which it oft mistakes the case. 190
 But since th' immortal intellect
 (That's free from error and defect,
 Whose objects still persist the same)
 Is free from outward bruise and maim,

Which nought external can expose
 To gross material bangs or blows,
 It follows we can ne'er be sure
 Whether we pain or not endure ;
 And just so far are sore and griev'd,
 As by the fancy is believ'd.
 Some have been wounded with conceit,
 And died of mere opinion straight ;
 Others, tho' wounded sore in reason,
 Felt no contusion, nor discretion.
 A Saxon duke did grow so fat,
 The mice (as histories relate)
 Eat grots and labyrinths to dwell in
 His postic parts, without his feeling :
 Then how is't possible a kick
 Should e'er reach that way to the quick ?

Quoth she, I grant it is in vain
 For one that's basted to feel pain,
 Because the pangs his bones endure
 Contribute nothing to the cure :
 Yet honour hurt is wont to rage
 With pain no med'cine can assuage.

Quoth he, That honour's very squeamish
 That takes a basting for a blemish ;
 For what's more hon'able than scars,
 Or skin to tatters rent in wars ?
 Some have been beaten till they know
 What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow ;
 Some kick'd until they can feel whether
 A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather ;
 And yet have met, after long running,
 With some whom they have taught that c
 The farthest way about t' o'ercome, [ni
 In th' end does prove the nearest home.
 By laws of learned duellists,
 They that are bruis'd with wood or fists, !
 And think one beating may for once
 Suffice, are cowards and paltrons :
 But if they dare engage t' a second,
 They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.

205. The history of the Duke of Saxony is not
strange as that of a bishop, his countryman, who
quite eaten up with rats and mice.

PART II.—CANTO I. 107

Th' old Romans freedom did bestow, 235
Our princes worship, with a blow.

King Pyrrhus cur'd his splenetic
And testy courtiers with a kick.
The Negus, when some mighty lord
Or potentate's to be restor'd, 240

And pardon'd for some great offence,
With which he's willing to dispense,
First has him laid upon his belly,
Then beaten back and side to a jelly;
That done, he rises, humbly bows, 245
And gives thanks for the princely blows;
Departs not meanly proud, and boasting
Of his magnificent rib-roasting.

The beaten soldier proves most manful,
That, like his sword, endures the anvil, 250
And justly's held more formidable,
The more his valour's malleable :

But he that fears a bastinado
Will run away from his own shadow :
And though I'm now in durance fast, 255
By our own party basely cast,
Ransom, exchange, parole refus'd,
And worse than by the en'my us'd :
In close catasta shut, past hope
Of wit or valour to elope ; 260

As beards the nearer that they tend
To th' earth still grow more revorend ,
And cannons shoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their breeches ;
I'll make this low dejected fate 265
Advance me to a greater height.

Quoth she, Y' have almost made me in love
With that which did my pity move.
Great wits and valours, like great states,
Do sometimes sink with their own weights : 270

237. Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, as Pliny says, had this occult quality in his toe, '*Pollicis in dextro pede tactu lenoris medebatur,*' l. 7. c. 11.

260. Catasta is but a pair of stocks in English. But heroical poetry must not admit of any vulgar word (especially of paltry signification,) and therefore some of our modern authors are fain to import foreign words from abroad, that were never before heard of in our language.

Th' extremes of glory and of shame,
 Like east and west, become the same :
 No Indian prince has to his palace
 More foll'wers than a thief to th' gallows.
 But if a beating seem so brave, 275
 What glories must a whipping have?
 Such great achievements cannot fail
 To cast salt on a woman's tail :
 For if I thought your nat'ral talent
 Of passive courage were so gallant, 280
 As you strain hard to have it thought,
 I could grow amorous, and dote.

When Hudibras this language heard,
 He prick'd up's ears, and strok'd his beard :
 Thought he, this is the lucky hour ; 285
 Wines work when vines are in the flow'r.
 This crisis then I'll set my rest on,
 And put her boldly to the question.

Madam, what you would seem to doubt,
 Shall be to all the world made out, 290
 How I've been drubb'd, and with what spirit
 And magnanimity I bear it ;
 And if you doubt it to be true,
 I'll stake myself down against you :
 And if I fail in love or troth, 295
 Be you the winner, and take both.

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers
 Say, fools for arguments use wagers ;
 And though I prais'd your valour, yet
 I did not mean to baulk your wit ; 300
 Which if you have, you must needs know
 What I have told you before now,
 And you b' experiment have prov'd,
 I cannot love where I'm belov'd.

Quoth Hudibras, 'tis a caprich 305
 Beyond th' infliction of a witch ;
 So cheats to play with those still aim
 That do not understand the game.
 Love in your heart as idly burns
 As fire in antique Roman urns, 310
 To warm the dead, and vainly light
Those only that see nothing by't.

PART II.—CANTO I.

109

Have you not power to entertain,
And render love for love again ;
As no man can draw in his breath 315
At once, and force out air beneath ?
Or do you love yourself so much,
To bear all rivals else a grutch ?
What fate can lay a greater curse
Than you upon yourself would force ? 320
For wedlock without love, some say,
Is but a lock without a key.
It is a kind of rape to marry
One that neglects, or cares not for ye :
For what does make it ravishment, 325
But b'ing against the mind's consent ?
A rape that is the more inhuman
For being acted by a woman.
Why are you fair, but to entice us
To love you, that you may despise us ? 330
But though you cannot love, you say,
Out of your own fanatic way,
Why should you not at least allow
Those that love you to do so too ?
For, as you fly me, and pursue 335
Love more averse so I do you ;
And am by your own doctrine taught
To practise what you call a fau't.
Quoth she, If what you say is true,
You must fly me as I do you ; 340
But 'tis not what we do but say,
In love and preaching that must sway.
Quoth he, To bid me not to love,
Is to forbid my pulse to move,
My beard to grow, my ears to prick up, 345
Or (when I'm in a fit) to hiccup :
Command me to piss out the moon,
And 'twill as easily be done.
Love's power's too great to be withstood
By feeble human flesh and blood. 350
'Twas he that brought upon his knees
The hec'ring, kill-cow Hercules ;
Transform'd his leager-lion's skin
T' a petticoat, and made him spin ;

Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle
 T' a feeble distaff and a spindle.
 'Twas he that made emp'rors gallants
 To their own sisters and their aunts ;
 Set popes and cardinals agog,
 To play with pages at leap-frog.
 'Twas he that gave our senate purges,
 And flux'd the house of many a burgess ;
 Made those that represent the nation
 Submit, and suffer amputation ;
 And all the grandees o' th' cabal
 Adjourn to tubs at spring and fall.
 He mounted synod-men, and rode 'em
 To Dirty Lane and little Sodom ;
 Made 'em curvet like Spanish jenets,
 And take the ring at Madam ——
 'Twas he that made Saint Francis do
 More than the devil could tempt him to,
 In cold and frosty weather grow
 Enamour'd of a wife of snow ;
 And though she were of rigid temper,
 With melting flames accost and tempt her ;
 Which after in enjoyment quenching,
 He hung a garland on his engine.

Quoth she, if love hath these effects,
 Why is it not forbid our sex ?
 Why is't not damn'd and interdicted,
 For diabolical and wicked ?
 And sung, as out of tune, against,
 As Turk and pope are by the saints ?
 I find I've greater reason for it,
 Than I believ'd before, t' abhor it.

Quoth Hudibras, These sad effects
 Spring from your hea'thenish neglects
 Of Love's great pow'r, which he returns
 Upon yourselves with equal scorns ;

371. The ancient writers of the lives of saints w
 of the same sort of people who first writ of knight-
 rantry ; and as in the one they rendered the brave
 tions of some great persons ridiculous, by their prodi-
 ous lies, and sottish way of describing them, so th
 have abused the piety of some devout persons, by i
 posing such stories on them as this upon St. Francis

And those who worthy lovers slight,
 Plagues with prepost'rous appetite.
 This made the beauteous queen of Crete
 To take a town-bull for her sweet,
 And from her greatness stoop so low, 395
 To be the rival of a cow :

Others to prostitute their great hearts,
 To be baboons' and monkeys' sweethearts ;
 Some with the dev'l himself in league grow,
 By's representative a Negro. 400

'Twas this made vestal maid love-sick,
 And venture to be bury'd quick :
 Some by their fathers, and their brothers,
 To be made mistresses and mothers.

'Tis this that proudest dames enamours 405
 On lacqueys and valets de chambres ;
 Their haughty stomachs overcomes,
 And makes 'em stoop to dirty grooms ;
 To slight the world, and to disparage
 Claps, issue, infamy, and marriage. 410

Quoth she, These judgments are severe,
 Yet such as I should rather bear
 Than trust men with their oaths, or prove
 Their faith and secresy in love.

Says he, There is as weighty reason 415
 For secresy in love as treason.

Love is a burglarer, a felon,
 That at the windore-eye does steal in,
 To rob the heart, and with his prey
 Steals out again a closer way, 420

Which whosoever can discover,
 He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer,
 Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles
 In men as nat'rally as in charcoals,
 Which sooty chemists stop in holes, 425
 When out of wood they extract coals :
 So lovers should their passions choke,
 That, tho' they burn, they may not smoke.

393. The history of Pasiphae is common enough : only this may be observed, that though she brought the bull a son and heir, yet the husband was fain to father it, as appears by the name ; perhaps, because being an island, he was within the four seas when the infant was begotten.

'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole
 And dragg'd beasts backward into's hole : 430
 So Love does lovers, and us men
 Draws by the tails into his den,
 That no impression may discover,
 And trace t' his cave the wary lover.
 But if you doubt I should reveal 435
 What you entrust me under seal,
 I'll prove myself as close and virtuous
 As your own secretary Albertus.

Quoth she, I grant you may be close
 In hiding what your aims propose. 440
 Love-passions are like parables,
 By which men still mean something else.
 Though love be all the world's pretence,
 Money's the mythologic sense ;
 'The real substance of the shadow, 445
 Which all address and courtship's made to.

Thought he, I understand your play,
 And how to quit you your own way :
 He that will win his dame must do
 As Love does when he bends his bow ; 450
 With one hand thrust the lady from,
 And with the other pull her home.
 I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great
 Provocative to am'rous heat :
 It is all philtres, and high diet, 455
 That makes love rampant, and to fly out :
 'Tis beauty always in the flower,
 That buds and blossoms at fourscore :
 'Tis that by which the sun and moon
 At their own weapons are outdone : 460
 That makes knights-errant fall in trances,
 And lay about 'em in romances :
 'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
 That men divine and sacred call :
 For what is worth in any thing, 465
 But so much money as 'twill bring ?
 Or what but riches is there known,
 Which man can solely call his own ;

438. Albertus Magnus was a Swedish bishop, who wrote a very learned work, 'De Secretis Mullerum.'

In which no creature goes his half,
Unless it be to squint and laugh? 470

I do confess with goods and land,
I'd have a wife at second-hand ;
And such you are. Nor is't your person
My stomach's set so sharp and fierce on ;
But 'tis (your better part) your riches, 475
That my enamour'd heart bewitches.

Let me your fortune but possess,
And settle your person how you please :
Or make it o'er in trust to th' devil ;
You'll find me reasonable and civil. 480

Quoth she, I like this plainness better
Than false mock-passion, speech, or letter,
Or any feat of qualm or sowning,
But hanging of yourself, or drowning.
Your only way with me to break 485
Your mind, is breaking of your neck ;
For as when merchants break, o'erthrown
Like nine-pins, they strike others down,
So that would break my heart, which done,
My tempting fortune is your own. 490

These are but trifles ; ev'ry lover
Will damn himself over and over,
And greater matters undertake
For a less worthy mistress' sake :
Yet th' are the only way to prove 495
Th' unfeign'd realities of love :
For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,
The devil's in him if he feigns.

Quoth Hudibras, This way's too rough
For mere experiment and proof : 500
It is no jesting trivial matter,
To swing i' th' air, or dounce in water,
And, like a water-witch, try love ;
That's to destroy, and not to prove :
As if a man should be dissected 505
To find what part is disaffected.
Your better way is to make over,
In trust, your fortune to your lover,

470. Pliny in his Natural History, affirms, that, '*Uni animalium homini oculi depravantur, unde cognomina Strabonum et Pectorum.*' Lib. 2.

Trust is a trial; if it break,
 'Tis not so desperate as a neck. 51
 Beside, th' experiment's more certain;
 Men venture necks to gain a fortune:
 The soldier does it ev'ry day
 (Eight to the week) for six-pence pay:
 Your pettifoggers damn their souls, 51
 To share with knaves in cheating fools:
 And merchants, vent'ring through the main,
 Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain.
 This is the way I advise you to:
 Trust me, and see what I will do. 52

Quoth she, I should be loth to run
 Myself all th' hazard, and you none;
 Which must be done, unless some deed
 Of yours aforesaid do precede.
 Give yourself one gentle swing, 52
 For trial, and I'll cut the string:
 Or give that rev'rend head a maul,
 Or two, or three, against a wall,
 To show you are a man of mettle,
 And I'll engage myself to settle. 53

Quoth he, My head's not made of brass,
 As Friar Bacon's noddle was,
 Nor (like the Indian's skull) so tough,
 That authors say, 'twas musket-proof;
 As it had need to be, to enter, 53
 As yet, on any new adventure:
 You see what bangs it has endur'd,
 That would, before new feats be cur'd:
 But if that's all you stand upon,
 Here, strike me luck, it shall be done. 54

Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone
 As you suppose: two words t' a bargain:

532. The tradition of Friar Bacon and the Brazen Head is very commonly known; and, considering the times he lived in, is not much more strange than what another great philosopher of his name has delivered up of a ring that being tied in a string, and held like a pendulum the middle of a silver bowl, will vibrate of itself, & tell exactly against the sides of the divining cup, & the same thing with, Time is, time was, &c.

533. American Indians, among whom (the same *thors affirm*) there are others whose skulls are so soft *use their own words*, 'Ut digito perforari possunt.'

That may be done, and time enough,
 When you have given downright proof :
 And yet 'tis no fantastic pique 545
 I have to love, nor coy dislike :
 'Tis no implicit, nice aversion
 To your conversation, mien, or person,
 But a just fear, lest you should prove
 False and perfidious in love : 550
 For if I thought you could be true,
 I could love twice as much as you.
 Quoth he, My faith, as adamant
 As chains of destiny, I'll maintain :
 True as Apollo ever spoke, 555
 Or oracle from heart of oak :
 And if you'll give my flame but vent,
 Now in close hugger-mugger pent,
 And shine upon me but benignly,
 With that one and that other piganey, 560
 The sun and day shall sooner part,
 Than love of you shake off my heart ;
 The sun, that shall no more dispense
 His own, but your bright influence.
 I'll carve your name on barks of trees, 565
 With true-love's-knots and flourishes,
 That shall infuse eternal spring,
 And everlasting flourishing ;
 Drink ev'ry letter on't in stum,
 And make it brisk champagne become : 570
 Where'er you tread, your foot shall set
 The primrose and the violet :
 All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,
 Shall borrow from your breath their odours :
 Nature her charter shall renew, 575
 And take all lives of things from you ;
 The world depend upon your eye,
 And when you frown upon it, die :
 Only our loves shall still survive,
 New worlds and natures to outlive, 580
 And, like to heralds' moons, remain
 All crescents, without change or wane.

556. Jupiter's oracle in Epirus, near the city of Dodona, 'Ubi nemus erat Jovi sacrum. Quercum totum, in quo Jovis Dodonæ templum fuisse narratur.'

Hold, hold, quoth she; no more of this,
Sir Knight; you take your aim amiss:
For you will find it a hard chapter
To catch me with poetic rapture,
In which your mastery of art
Doth shew itself, and not your heart:
Nor will you raise in mine combustion
By dint of high heroic fustian.
She that with poetry is won,
Is but a desk to write upon;
And what men say of her, they mean
No more than on the thing they lean.
Some with Arabian spices strive
'T' embalm her cruelly alive;
Or season her, as French cooks use
Their haut-gouts, bouillies, or ragouts:
Use her so barbarously ill,
To grind her lips upon a mill,
Until the facet doublet doth
Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth:
Her mouth compar'd to an oyster's, with
A row of pearl in't—'stead of teeth.
Others make posies of her cheeks,
Where red and whitest colours mix;
In which the lily, and the rose,
For Indian lake and ceruse goes.
'The sun and moon by her bright eyes
Eclips'd and darken'd in the skies,
Are but black patches, that she wears,
Cut into suns, and moons, and stars:
By which astrologers, as well
As those in heav'n above, can tell
What strange events they do foreshow
Unto her under-world below.
Her voice, the music of the spheres,
So loud, it deafens mortals' ears,
As wise philosophers have thought;
And that's the cause we hear it not.
This has been done by some, who those
Th' ador'd in rhyme would kick in prose;
And in those ribbons would have hung,
Of which melodiously they sung;

That have the hard fate to write best
Of those still that deserve it least ;
It matters not how false or forc'd,
So the best things be said o' th' worst :
It goes for nothing when 'tis said ;
Only the arrow's drawn to th' head, 630
Whether it be a swan or goose
They level at : so shepherds use
To set the same mark on the hip
Both of their sound and rotten sheep :
For wits, that carry low or wide, 635
Must be aim'd higher, or beside
The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh,
But when they take their aim awry.
But I do wonder you should choose
This way t' attack me with your Muse, 640
As one cut out to pass your tricks on,
With fulhams of poetic fiction ;
I rather hop'd I should no more
Hear from you o' th' gallanting score :
For hard dry-bastings us'd to prove 645
The readiest remedies of love ;
Next a dry-diet ; but if those fail,
Yet this uneasy loop-hol'd jail,
In which y' are hamper'd by the fetlock,
Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock : 650
Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here,
If that may serve you for a cooler ;
T' allay your mettle, all agog
Upon a wife, the heavier clog :
Nor rather thank your gentler fate, 655
That for a bruis'd or broken pate
Has freed you from those knobs that grow
Much harder on the marry'd brow ;
But if no dread can cool your courage,
From vent'ring on that dragon, marriage, 660
Yet give me quarter, and advance
To nobler aims your puissance :
Level at beauty and at wit ;
The fairest mark is easiest hit.
Quoth Hudibras, I'm beforehand 665
In that already, with your command ;

For where does beauty and high wit
But in your constellation meet?

Quoth she, What does a match imply,
But likeness and equality?

I know you cannot think me fit
To be th' yoke-fellow of your wit;
Nor take one of so mean deserts,
To be the partner of your parts;
A grace, which, if I cou'd believe,
I've not the conscience to receive.

That conscience, quoth Hudibras,
Is misinform'd: I'll state the case:
A man may be a legal donor
Of any thing whereof he's owner,
And may confer it where he lists,
I' th' judgment of all casuists;
Then wit, and parts, and valour, may
Be ali'nated, and made away,
By those that are proprietors,
As I may give or sell my horse.

Quoth she, I grant the case is true,
And proper 'twixt your horse and you;
But whether I may take as well
As you may give away or sell?
Buyers, you know, are bid beware;
And worse than thieves receivers are.
How shall I answer hue and cry,
For a roan-gelding, twelve hands high,
All spurr'd and switch'd, a lock on 's hoof,
A sorrel mane? Can I bring proof
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were
And in the open market toll'd for?
Or should I take you for a stray,
You must be kept a year and day
(Ere I can own you) here i' th' pound,
Where, if y' are sought, you may be found
And in the meantime I must pay
For all your provender and hay.

Quoth he, It stands me much upon
T' enervate this objection,
And prove myself, by topic clear,
No gelding, as you would infer.

Loss of virility's averr'd
 To be the cause of loss of beard, 710
 That does (like embryo in the womb)
 Abortive on the chin become.
 This first a woman did invent,
 In envy of man's ornament;
 Semiramis of Babylon, 715
 Who first of all cut men o' th' stone,
 To mar their beards, and lay foundation
 Of sow-geldering operation.
 Look on this beard, and tell me whether
 Eunuchs wear such, or geldings either? 720
 Next it appears I am no horse;
 That I can argue and discourse;
 Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.
 Quoth she, That nothing will avail;
 For some philosophers of late here, 725
 Write men have four legs by nature,
 And that 'tis custom makes them go
 Erron'ously upon but two;
 As 'twas in Germany made good
 B' a boy that lost himself in a wood, 730
 And growing down t' a man, was wont
 With wolves upon all four to hunt.
 As for your reasons drawn from tails,
 We cannot say they're true or false,
 Till you explain yourself, and shew, 735
 B' experiment, 'tis so or no.
 Quoth he, If you'll join issue on't,
 I'll give you satisfactory account;
 So you will promise, if you lose,
 To settle all, and be my spouse. 740

715. Semiramis, queen of Assyria, is said to be the first that invented eunuchs. 'Semiramis teneros mares castravit omnium prima.' Am. Marcel. l. 34. p. 12. Which is something strange in a lady of her constitution, who is said to have received horses into her embraces; but that, perhaps, may be the reason why she afterwards thought men not worth the while.

725. Sir K. D. in his Book of Bodies, who has this story of the German Boy, which he endeavours to make good by several natural reasons; by which those who have the dexterity to believe what they please may be fully satisfied of the probability of it.

That never shall be done (quoth she)
To one that wants a tail, by me :
For tails by nature sure were meant,
As well as beards for ornament :
And though the vulgar count them homely,
In men or beast they are so comely,
So jantee, alamode, and handsome,
I'll never marry man that wants one ;
And till you can demonstrate plain,
You have one equal to your mane,
I'll be torn piecemeal by a horse,
Ere I'll take you for better or worse.
The Prince of Cambay's daily food
Is asp, and basilisk, and toad,
Which makes him have so strong a breath,
Each night he stinks a queen to death ;
Yet I shall rather lie in 's arms
Than yours, on any other terms.

Quoth he, What nature can afford
I shall produce, upon my word ;
And if she ever gave that boon
To man, I'll prove that I have one ;
I mean by postulate illation,
When you shall offer just occasion :
But since y' have yet deny'd to give
My heart, your pris'ner, a reprieve,
But make it sink down to my heel,
Let that at least your pity feel ;
And, for the sufferings of your martyr,
Give its poor entertainer quarter ;
And, by discharge or mainprize, grant
Deliv'ry from this base restraint.

Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg
Stuck in a hole here like a peg ;
And if I knew which way to do't,
(Your honour safe) I'd let you out.
That dames by jail delivery
Of errant-knights have been set free,
When by enchantment they have been,
And sometimes for it, too, laid in,
Is that which knights are bound to do
By order, oath, and honour too :

For what are they renown'd and famous else,
 But aiding of distressed damosels?
 But for a lady, no ways errant, 785
 To free a knight, we have no warrant
 In any authentical romance,
 Or classic author yet of France;
 And I'd be loth to have you break
 An ancient custom for a freak, 790
 Or innovation introduce
 In place of things of antique use,
 To free your heels by any course,
 'That might b' unwholesome to your spurs;
 Which, if I should consent unto, 795
 It is not in my pow'r to do;
 For 'tis a service must be done ye
 With solemn previous ceremony,
 Which always has been us'd t' untie
 The charms of those who here do lie : 800
 For as the ancients heretofore
 To Honour's temple had no door
 But that which through Virtue's lay,
 So from this dungeon there's no way
 To honour'd freedom, but by passing 905
 That other virtuous school of lashing,
 Where knights are kept in narrow lists,
 With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists;
 In which they for a while are tenants,
 And for their ladies suffer penance : 810
 Whipping, that's Virtue's governess,
 Tut'ress of arts and sciences;
 That mends the gross mistakes of Nature,
 And puts new life into dull matter;
 That lays foundation for renown, 815
 And all the honours of the gown.
 This suffer'd, they are set at large,
 And freed with hon'rab'le discharge.
 Then in their robes the penitentials
 Are straight presented with credentials, 820
 And in their way attended on
 By magistrates of ev'ry town :
 And, all respect and charges paid,
 They're to their ancient seats convey'd.

Now if you'll venture, for my sake,
 To try the toughness of your back,
 And suffer (as the rest have done)
 The laying of a whipping on
 (And may you prosper in your suit,
 As you with equal vigour do't,)
 I here engage myself to loose ye,
 And free your heels from Caperdewsie.
 But since our sex's modesty
 Will not allow I should be by,
 Bring me, on oath, a fair account,
 And honour too, when you have done't,
 And I'll admit you to the place
 You claim as due in my good grace.
 If matrimony and hanging go
 By dest'ny, why not whipping too?
 What med'cine else can cure the fits
 Of lovers when they lose their wits?
 Love is a boy by poets styl'd;
 Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.
 A Persian emperor whipp'd his grannam,
 The sea, his mother Venus came on;
 And hence some rev'rend men approve
 Of rosemary in making love.
 As skilful coopers hoop their tubs
 With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs,
 Why may not whipping have as good
 A grace? perform'd in time and mood,
 With comely movement, and by art,
 Raise passion in a lady's heart?
 It is an easier way to make
 Love by, than that which many take.
 Who would not rather suffer whipping,
 Than swallow toasts of bits of ribbon?
 Make wicked versos, treats, and faces,
 And spell names over with beer-glasses;
 Be under vows to hang and die
 Love's sacrifice, and all a lie?
 With China-oranges, and tarts,
 And whining plays, lay baits for hearts?

845. Xerxes, who used to whip the seas and
 'In eorum atque Eurum solitus sævire flagellis.'
Sat. 10.

Bribe chamber-maids, with love and money, 865
 To break no roguish jests upon ye?
 For lilies limn'd on cheeks, and roses,
 With painted perfumes, hazard noses?
 Or, vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
 Do penance in a paper lantern? 870
 All this you may compound for now,
 By suffering what I offer you;
 Which is no more than has been done
 By knights for ladies long ago.
 Did not the great La Mancha do so 875
 For the Infanta del Toboso?
 Did not th' illustrious Bassa make
 Himself a slave for Miss's sake?
 And with bull's pizzle, for her love,
 Was taw'd as gentle as a glove? 880
 Was not young Florio sent (to cool
 His flame for Biancafiore) to school,
 Where pedant made his pathic bum
 For her sake suffer martyrdom?
 Did not a certain lady whip 885
 Of late her husband's own lordship?
 And though a grandee of the house,
 Claw'd him with fundamental blows;
 Ty'd him stark naked to a bed-post,
 And fir'd his hide, as if sh' had rid post; 890
 And after in the sessions-court,
 Where whipping's judg'd, had honour for't;
 This swear you will perform and then
 I'll set you from the enchanted den,
 And the magician's circle clear. 895
 Quoth he, I do profess and swear,
 And will perform what you enjoin,
 Or may I never see you mine.
 Amen (quoth she;) then turn'd about,
 And bid her Squire let him out. 900
 But ere an artist could be found
 To undo the charms another bound,
 The sun grew low, and left the skies,
 Put down (some write) by ladies' eyes.
 The moon pull'd off her veil of light, 905
 That hides her face by day from sight

(Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
That's both her lustre and her shade,)
And in the lantern of the night
With shining horns hung out her light;
For darkness is the proper sphere,
Where all false glories use t' appear.
The twinkling stars began to muster,
And glitter with their borrow'd lustre,
While sleep the weary'd world reliev'd,
By counterfeiting death reviv'd.
His whipping penance till the morn
Our vot'ry thought it best t' adjourn,
And not to carry on a work
Of such importance in the dark,
With erring haste, but rather stay,
And do't in the open face of day;
And in the mean time go in quest
Of next retreat to take his rest.

CANTO II.

The Knight and Squire, in hot dispute,
Within an ace of falling out,
Are parted with a sudden fright
Of strange alarm, and stranger sight;
With which adventuring to stickle,
They're sent away in nasty pickle.

'Tis strange how some men's tempers set
(Like bawd and brandy) with dispute,
That for their own opinions stand fast
Only to have them claw'd and canvast;
That keep their consciences in cases,
As fiddlers do their crowds and bases,
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent
To play a fit for argument;
Make true and false, unjust and just,
Of no use but to be discust;
Dispute, and set a paradox
Like a strait boot upon the stocks,
And stretch it more unmercifully
Than Helmont, Montaigne, White, or J

So th' ancient Stoics, in their porch, 15
 With fierce dispute maintain'd their church ;
 Beat out their brains in fight and study,
 To prove that virtue is a body ;
 That bonum is an animal,
 Made good with stout polemic brawl ; 20
 In which some hundreds on the place
 Were slain outright ; and many a face
 Retrench'd of nosé, and eyes, and beard,
 To maintain what their sect averr'd.
 All which the Knight and Squire, in wrath, 25
 Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith ;
 Each striving to make good his own,
 As by the sequel shall be shown.

The sun had long since, in the lap
 Of Thetis, taken out his nap, 30
 And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
 From black to red began to turn,
 When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aking
 'Twixt sleeping kept all night and waking,
 Began to rub his drowsy eyes, 35
 And from his couch prepar'd to rise,
 Resolving to dispatch the deed
 He vow'd to do with trusty speed :
 But first, with knocking loud, and bawling,
 He rous'd the Squire, in truckle lolling : 40
 And, after many circumstances,
 Which vulgar authors, in romances,
 Do use to spend their time and wits on,
 To make impertinent description,
 They got (with much ado) to horse, 45
 And to the castle bent their course,
 In which he to the dame before
 To suffer whipping duly swore ;

15. ' In porticu (Stoicorum Schola Athenis) discipulorum seditonibus mille quadringenti triginta cives interfecti sunt.' Diog. Laert. in vita Zenonis, p. 383. Those old virtuosos were better proficient in these exercises than modern, who seldom improve higher than cuffing and kicking.

19. Bonum is such a kind of animal as our modern virtuosos from Don Quixote will have windmills, under sail, to be. The same authors are of opinion, that all ships are fishes while they are afloat ; but when they are run on ground, or laid up in the dock, become ships again.

Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,
 To carry on the work in earnest, 50
 He stopp'd, and paus'd upon the sudden,
 And with a serious forehead plodding,
 Sprung a new scruple in his head,
 Which first he scratch'd, and after said—
 Whether it be direct infringing 55
 An oath, if I should wave this swingeing,
 And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,
 And so b' equivocation swear,
 Or whether it be a lesser sin
 'To be forsworn than act the thing, 60
 Are deep and subtle points, which must,
 T' inform my conscience, be discuss;
 In which to err a little may
 'To errors infinite make way:
 And therefore I desire to know 65
 Thy judgment ere we farther go.
 Quoth Ralpho, Since you do enjoin't,
 I shall enlarge upon the point;
 And, for my own part, do not doubt
 Th' affirmative may be made out. 70
 But first, to state the case aright,
 For best advantage of our light,
 And thus 'tis: Whether 't be a sin
 To claw and curry your own skin,
 Greater or less, than to forbear, 75
 And that you are forsworn, forswear.
 But first, o' th' first: The inward man,
 And outward, like a clan and clan,
 Have always been at daggers-drawing,
 And one another clapper-clawing. 80
 Not that they really cuff, or fence,
 But in a spiritual mystic sense;
 Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble,
 In literal fray 's abominable.
 'Tis heathenish, in frequent use 85
 With Pagans and apostate Jews,
 To offer sacrifice of bridewells,
 Like modern Indians to their idols;
 And mongrel Christians of our times,
 That expiate less with greater crimes, 90

PART II.—CANTO II.

127

And call the foul abomination
 Contrition and mortification.
 Is 't not enough we're bruise'd and kicked
 With sinful members of the wicked ;
 Our vessels, that are sanctify'd, 95
 Profan'd and curry'd back and side ;
 But we must claw ourselves with shameful
 And heathen stripes, by their example ;
 Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
 Is impious, because they did it : 100
 This, therefore, may be justly reckon'd
 A heinous sin. Now to the second :
 That saints may claim a dispensation
 To swear and forswear, on occasion,
 I doubt not but it will appear 105
 With pregnant light : the point is clear.
 Oaths are but words, and words but wind ;
 Too feeble implements to bind ;
 And hold with deeds proportion so
 As shadows to a substance do. 110
 Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit
 The weaker vessel should submit.
 Although your church be opposite
 To ours as Black Friars are to White,
 In rule and order, yet I grant, 115
 You are a Reformado Saint ;
 And what the saints do claim as due,
 You may pretend a title to :
 But saints whom oaths and vows oblige,
 Know little of their privilege ; 120
 Farther (I mean) than carrying on
 Some self-advantage of their own ;
 For if the dev'l, to serve his turn,
 Can tell truth, why the saints should scorn,
 When it serves theirs, to swear and lie, 125
 I think there's little reason why :
 Else h' has a greater power than they,
 Which 'twere impiety to say.
 W' are not commanded to forbear
 Indefinitely at all to swear ; 130
 But to swear idly, and in vain,
 Without self-interest or gain :

For breaking of an oath, and lying,
Is but a kind of self-denying;
A saint-like virtue: and from hence
Some have broke oaths by Providence;
Some, to the glory of the Lord,
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their wo
And this the constant rule and practice
Of all our late Apostles' acts is.
Was not the cause at first begun
With perjury, and carried on?
Was there an oath the godly took,
But in due time and place they broke?
Did we not bring our oaths in first,
Before our plate, to have them burst,
And cast in fitter models for
The present use of church and war?
Did not our worthies of the house,
Before they broke the peace, break vow
For having freed us first from both
Th' allegiance and suprem'cy oath,
Did they not next compel the nation
To take and break the protestation?
To swear, and after to recant
The solemn league and covenant?
To take th' engagement, and disclaim i
Enforc'd by those who first did frame it
Did they not swear, at first, to fight
For the king's safety and his right,
And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with horse and
But yet still had the confidence
To swear it was in his defence.
Did they not swear to live and die
With Essex, and straight laid him by?
If that were all, for some have swore
As false as they, if th' did no more.
Did they not swear to maintain law,
In which that swearing made a flaw?
For Protestant religion vow,
That did that vowing disallow?
For privilege of Parliament,
In which that swearing made a rent?

PART II.—CANTO II. 129

And since, of all the three, not one 175
Is left in being, 'tis well known.

Did they not swear, in express words,
To prop and back the House of Lords,
And after turn'd out the whole house-full
Of peers, as dang'rous and unuseful? 180

So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,
Swore all the Commons out o' th' House;
Vow'd that the red-coats would disband,
Ay, marry wou'd they, at their command;
And troll'd them on, and swore, and swore, 185
Till th' army turn'd them out of door.

This tells us plainly what they thought,
That oaths and swearing go for nought,
And that by them th' were only meant
To serve for an expedient. 190

What was the public faith found out for,
But to slur men of what they fought for?
The public faith, which ev'ry one
Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why 195
Should private faith have such a tie?

Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,
To keep the good and just in awe,
But to confine the bad and sinful,
Like moral cattle, in a pinfold. 200

A saint's of th' heav'nly realm a peer;
And as no peer is bound to swear,
But on the gospel of his honour,
Of which he may dispose as owner
It follows, though the thing be forgery, 205
And false, t' affirm it is no perjury,

But a mere ceremony, and a breach
Of nothing, but a form of speech;
And goes for no more when 'tis took,
Than mere saluting of the book. 210

Suppose the Scriptures are of force,
They're but commissions of course,
And saints have freedom to digress,
And vary from 'em, as they please;
Or misinterpret them, by private 215
Instructions, to all aims they drive at.

Then why should we ourselves abridge
And curtail our own privilege?
Quakers (that, like to lanterns, bear
'Their light within 'em) will not swear:
Their gospel is an accident,
By which they construe conscience,
And hold no sin so deeply red,
As that of breaking Priscian's head
(The head and founder of their order,
That stirring hats held worse than murder)
These thinking th' are obliged to troth
In swearing, will not take an oath:
Like mules, who, if th' have not their will
To keep their own pace, stand stock-still:
But they are weak, and little know
What free-born consciences may do.
'Tis the temptation of the devil
That makes all human actions evil:
For saints may do the same things by
The Spirit, in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's instance do;
And yet the actions be contrary,
Just as the saints and wicked vary.
For as on land there is no beast
But in some fish at sea's exprest,
So in the wicked there's no vice
Of which the saints have not a spice;
And yet that thing that's pious in
The one, in th' other is a sin.
Is't not ridiculous, and nonsense,
A saint should be a slave to conscience,
That ought to be above such fancies,
As far as above ordinances?
She's of the wicked, as I guess,
B' her looks, her language, and her dress:
And though, like constables, we search,
For false wares, one another's church,
Yet all of us hold this for true,
No faith is to the wicked due:
For truth is precious and divine;
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.

Quoth Hudibras, All this is true ;
 Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew 260
 Those mysteries and revelations ;
 And therefore topical evasions
 Of subtle turns and shifts of sense
 Serve best with th' wicked for pretence ;
 Such as the learned Jesuits use, 265
 And Presbyterians, for excuse
 Against the Protestants, when th' happen
 To find their churches taken napping :
 As thus : A breach of oath is duple,
 And either way admits a scruple, 270
 And may be ex parte of the maker,
 More criminal than the injur'd taker ;
 For he that strains too far a vow,
 Will break it, like an over-bent bow :
 And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it, 275
 Not he that for convenience took it.
 A broken oath is, quatenus oath,
 As sound to all purposes of troth,
 As broken laws are ne'er the worse ;
 Nay, till th' are broken have no force. 280
 What's justice to a man, or laws,
 That never comes within their claws ?
 They have no pow'r, but to admonish ;
 Cannot control, coerce, or punish ;
 Until they're broken, and then touch 285
 Those only that do make 'em such.
 Beside, no engagement is allow'd
 By men in prison made for good ;
 For when they're set at liberty,
 They're from th' engagement too set free. 290
 The rabbins write, when any Jew
 Did make to God or man, a vow,
 Which afterward he found untoward,
 And stubborn to be kept, or too hard,
 Any three other Jews o' th' nation 295
 Might free him from the obligation ;
 And have not two saints pow'r to use
 A greater privilege than three Jews ?
 The court of conscience, which in man
 Should be supreme and sovereign, 300

Is't fit should be subordinate
 To ev'ry petty court i' th' state,
 And have less power than the lesser,
 To deal with perjury at pleasure;
 Have its proceedings disallow'd, or 305
 Allow'd, at fancy of Pye-Powder?
 Tell all it does, or does not know,
 For swearing ex-officio?
 Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
 And pigs unring'd at Vis. Franc. Pledge? 310
 Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,
 Priests, witches, eves-droppers, and nuisance;
 Tell who did play at games unlawful,
 And who fill'd pots of ale but half full;
 And have no pow'r at all, no shift, 315
 To help itself at a dead lift?
 Why should not conscience have vacation
 As well as other courts o' th' nation;
 Have equal power to adjourn,
 Appoint appearance and return: 320
 And make as nice distinction serve
 To split a case, as those that carve,
 Invoking cuckolds' names, hit joints?
 Why should not tricks as slight do points?
 Is not th' High-Court of Justice sworn 325
 To judge that law that serves their turn?
 Make their own jealousies high treason,
 And fix 'em whomsoe'er they please on?
 Cannot the learned counsel there
 Make laws in any shape appear? 330
 Mould 'em as witches do their clay,
 When they make pictures to destroy,
 And vex 'em into any form
 That fits their purpose to do harm?
 Rack 'em until they do confess, 335
 Impeach of treason whom they please,
 And most perfidiously condemn
 Those that engag'd their lives for them?
 And yet do nothing in their own sense,
 But what they ought by oath and conscience.
 Can they not juggle, and with slight 341
 Conveyance, play with wrong and right;

And sell their blasts of wind as dear
As Lapland witches bottled air?
Will not fear, favour, bribe, and grudge, 345
The same case several ways adjudge?
As seamen with the self-same gale,
Will sev'ral diff'rent courses sail.
As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds, 350
Those banks and dams, that, like a screen,
Did keep it out, now keep it in;
So when tyrannic usurpation
Invades the freedom of a nation,
The laws o' th' land, that were intended 355
To keep it out, are made defend it.
Does not in Chanc'ry ev'ry man swear
What makes best for him in his answer?
Is not the winding up witnesses
And nicking more than half the bus'ness? 360
For witnesses, like watches, go
Just as they're set, too fast or slow;
And where in conscience they're strait-lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that side is cast.
Do not your juries give their verdict 365
As if they felt the cause, not heard it?
And as they please, make matter o' fact
Run all on one side, as they're packt?
Nature has made man's breast no windores,
To publish what he does within doors, 370
Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
Unless his own rash fury blab it.
If oaths can do a man no good
In his own bus'ness, why they should
In other matters do him hurt, 375
I think there's little reason for't.
He that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it:
Then how can any man be said
To break an oath he never made? 380
These reasons may, perhaps, look oddly
To the wicked, though th' evince the godly;
But if they will not serve to clear
My honour, I am ne'er the near.

Honour is like that glassy bubble :
 That finds philosophers such trouble,
 Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly
 And wits are crack'd to find out why.

Quoth Ralpho, Honour's but a word
 To swear by only in a lord : 3
 In other men, 'tis but a huff
 To vapour with, instead of proof;
 That, like a wen, looks big and swells,
 Is senseless, and just nothing else.

Let it (quoth he) be what it will, 3
 It has the world's opinion still.
 But as men are not wise that run
 The slightest hazards they may shun,
 There may a medium be found out
 To clear to all the world the doubt; 4
 And that is, if a man may do't,
 By proxy whipt, or substitute.

Though nice and dark the point appear
 (Quoth Ralph,) it may hold up and clear.
 That sinners may supply the place 4
 Of suffering saints is a plain case.
 Justice gives sentence many times
 On one man for another's crimes.

Our brethren of New England use
 Choice malefactors to excuse, 4
 And hang the guiltless in their stead,
 Of whom the churches have less need;
 As lately 't happen'd : In a town
 There liv'd a cobbler, and but one,
 That out of doctrine could cut use, 4
 And mend men's lives as well as shoes.
 This precious brother having slain,
 In time of peace, an Indian
 (Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
 Because he was an infidel,) 4
 The mighty Tottipottymoy
 Sent to our elders an envoy,
 Complaining sorely of the breach
 Of league held forth by brother Patch

413. The history of the cobbler had been attested by persons of good credit, who were upon the place when it was done.

PART II.—CANTO II.

135

Against the articles in force 425
 Between both churches, his and ours;
 For which he crav'd the saints to render
 Into his hands or hang th' offender:
 But they maturely having weigh'd
 They had no more but him o' th' trade, 430
 (A man that serv'd them in a double
 Capacity, to teach and cobble),
 Resolv'd to spare him; yet, to do
 The Indian Hoghgan Moghgan too
 Impartial justice, in his stead did 435
 Hang an old weaver, that was bed-rid.
 Then wherefore may not you be skipp'd,
 And in your room another whipp'd?
 For all philos'phers, but the sceptic,
 Hold whipping may be sympathetic. 440
 It is enough, quoth Hudibras,
 Thou hast resolv'd and clear'd the case;
 And canst, in conscience, not refuse
 From thy own doctrine to raise use.
 I know thou wilt not (for my sake) 445
 Be tender conscienc'd of thy back:
 Then strip thee of thy carnal jerkin,
 And give thy outward-fellow a ferking;
 For when thy vessel is new hoop'd,
 All leaks of sinning will be stopp'd. 450
 Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter;
 For in all scruples of this nature,
 No man includes himself, nor turns
 The point upon his own concerns.
 As no man of his own self catches 455
 The itch, or amorous French aches;
 So no man does himself convince,
 By his own doctrine, of his sins:
 And though all cry down self, none means
 His own self in a literal sense. 460
 Beside, it is not only foppish,
 But vile, idolatrous and popish,
 For one man, out of his own skin,
 To ferk and whip another's sin;
 As pedants out of school-boys' breeches 465
 Do claw and curry their own itches.

But in this case it is profane,
 And sinful too, because in vain :
 For we must take our oaths upon it,
 You did the deed, when I have done it, 470
 Quoth Hudibras, That's answer'd soon :
 Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.

Quoth Ralpho, That we may swear true,
 'Twere properer that I whipp'd you :
 For when with your consent 'tis done, 475
 The act is really your own.

Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain
 (I see) to argue 'gainst the grain ;
 Or, like the stars, incline men to
 What they're averse themselves to do : 480
 For when disputes are weary'd out,
 'Tis interest still resolves the doubt :
 But since no reason can confute ye,
 I'll try to force you to your duty ;
 For so it is, howe'er you mince it, 485
 As, ere we part, I shall evince it,
 And curry (if you stand out) whether
 You will or no, your stubborn leather.
 Canst thou refuse to bear thy part
 I' th' public work, base as thou art? 490
 To higgie thus for a few blows,
 To gain thy knight an op'lent spouse,
 Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase,
 Merely for th' interest of the churches?
 And when he has it in his claws 495
 Will not be hide-bound to the cause :
 Nor shalt thou find him a curmudgeon,
 If thou dispatch it without grudging :
 If not, resolve, before we go,
 That you and I must pull a crow. 500

Y' had best, (quoth Ralpho) as the ancients
 Say wisely, have a care o' th' main chance,
 And look before you ere you leap ;
 For as you sow, y' are like to reap :
 And were y' as good as George-a-Green, 505
 I shall make bold to turn agen :
 Nor am I doubtful of the issue
 In a just quarrel, and mine is so.

Is 't fitting for a man of honour
 To whip the saints, like Bishop Bonner? 510
 A Knight t' usurp the beadle's office,
 For which y' are like to raise brave trophies?
 But I advise you (not for fear,
 But for your own sake) to forbear;
 And for the churches, which may chance, 515
 From hence, to spring a variance,
 And raise among themselves new scruples,
 Whom common danger hardly couples.
 Remember how, in arms and politics,
 We still have worsted all your holy tricks; 520
 Trepann'd your party with intrigue,
 And took your grantees down a peg;
 New modell'd th' army, and cashier'd
 All that to legion SMEC adher'd;
 Made a mere utensil o' your church, 525
 And after left it in the lurch;
 A scaffold to build up our own,
 And, when w' had done with't, pull'd it down;
 Capoch'd your rabbins of the synod,
 And snapp'd their canons with a why-not? 530
 (Grave synod men, that were rever'd
 For solid face, and depth of beard;)
 Their classic model prov'd a maggot,
 Their direct'ry an Indian Pagod;
 And drown'd their discipline like a kitten, 535
 On which they'd been so long a sitting;
 Decry'd it as a holy cheat,
 Grown out of date, and obsolete;
 And all the saints of the first grass,
 As castling foals of Balaam's ass. 540
 At this the Knight grew high in chafe,
 And staring furiously on Ralph,
 He trembled, and look'd pale with ire;
 Like ashes first, then red as fire.
 Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in fight, 545
 And for so many moons lain by't,
 And, when all other means did fail,
 Have been exchange'd for tubs of ale?

548. The Knight was kept prisoner in Exeter, and, after several exchanges proposed, but none accepted of

Not but they thought me worth a ran
Much more consid'able and handsom
But for their own sakes, and for fear
They were not safe when I was there
Now to be baffled by a scoundrel,
An upstart sect'ry, and a mongrel,
Such as breed out of peccant humour
Of our own church, like wens or tum
And, like a maggot in a sore,
Would that which gave it life devour ;
It never shall be done or said :
With that he seiz'd upon his blade ;
And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,
Upon his basket-hilt laid hold,
With equal readiness prepar'd
To draw, and stand upon his guard ;
When both were parted on the sudden
With hideous clamour, and a loud one
As if all sorts of noise had been
Contracted into one loud din ;
Or that some member to be chosen
Had got the odds above a thousand,
And, by the greatness of his noise,
Prov'd fittest for his country's choice.
This strange surprisal put the Knight
And wrathful Squire into a fright ;
And though they stood prepar'd, with f
Impetuous rancour to join battle,
Both thought it was the wisest course
To wave the fight and mount to horse.
And to secure, by swift retreating,
Themselves from danger of worse beat
Yet neither of them would disparage,
By utt'ring of his mind, his courage ;
Which made them stoutly keep their g
With horror and disdain wind-bound.

And now the cause of all their fear
By slow degrees approach'd so near,
They might distinguish different noise
Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boy

was at last released for a barrel of ale, as he c
to declare.

And kettle-drums, whose sullen dub
 Sounds like the hooping of a tub. 590
 But when the sight appear'd in view,
 They found it was an antique show;
 A triumph, that, for pomp and state,
 Did proudest Romans emulate :
 For as the aldermen of Rome 595
 Their foes at training overcome,
 And not enlarging territory
 (As some mistaken write in story),
 Being mounted, in their best array,
 Upon a car, and who but they ! 600
 And follow'd with a world of tall-lads,
 That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,
 Did ride with many a good-morrow, [borough;
 Crying, ' Hey for our town ! ' through the
 So when this triumph drew so nigh 605
 They might particulars descry,
 They never saw two things so pat,
 In all respects, as this and that.
 First he that led the cavalcate
 Wore a sow-gelder's flagellate, 610
 On which he blew as strong a levet
 As well-fee'd lawyer on his breviate,
 When over one another's heads
 They charge (three ranks at once) like Swedes.
 Next pans and kettles of all keys, 615
 From trebles down to double base ;
 And after them, upon a nag,
 That might pass for a forehand stag,
 A cornet rode, and on his staff
 A smock display'd did proudly wave. 620
 Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,
 With snuffling broken-winded tones,
 Whose blasts of air, in pockets shut,
 Sound filthier than from the gut,
 And make a viler noise than swine 625
 In windy weather, when they whine.
 Next one upon a pair of panniers,
 Full fraught with that which for good manners
 Shall here be nameless, mixt with grains,
 Which he dispens'd among the swains, 630

And busily upon the crowd
At random round about bestow'd.
Then, mounted on a horned horse,
One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,
Ty'd to the pummel of a long sword
He held reverst, the point turn'd downwar
Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed,
The conqueror's standard-bearer rid,
And bore aloft before the champion
A petticoat display'd, and rampant;
Near whom the Amazon triumphant
Bestrid her beast, and on the rump on't
Sat face to tail, and bum to bum,
The warrior whilom overcome,
Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff,
Which, as he rode, she made him twist off
And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder
Chastis'd the reformado soldier.
Before the dame, and round about,
March'd whifflers and staffers on foot,
With lackies, grooms, valets, and pages,
In fit and proper equipages;
Of whom some torches bore, some links,
Before the proud virago minx,
That was both Madam and a Don,
Like Nero's Sporus, or Pope Joan;
And at fit periods the whole rout
Set up their throats with clamorous shout.
The Knight, transported, and the Squire,
Put up their weapons, and their ire;
And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder
On such sights with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His animadversions, for his heart.
Quoth he, In all my life, till now,
I ne'er saw so profane a show.
It is a Paganish invention,
Which heathen writers often mention:
And he who made it had read Goodwin,
Or Ross, or Cælus Rhodogine,
With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,
That best describe those ancient shows;

PART II.—CANTO II.

141

observ'd all fit decorums
 describ'd by old historians :
 the Roman conqueror, 675
 an end to foreign war,
 the town in triumph for it,
 live with him, in his chariot ;
 sulting female brave
 behind her here a slave : 680
 the ancients long ago,
 by in field defy'd the foe,
 their mantles della guerre,
 proud standard-bearer here
 his spear, in dreadful manner, 685
 petticoat for banner.
 and torches, heretofore
 before the emperor :
 antique triumphs, eggs
 for mystical intrigues, 690
 with truncheon, like a ladle,
 ies eggs too, fresh or addle ;
 at random, as he goes,
 the rabble-rout bestows.
 Ralpho, You mistake the matter ; 695
 ' antiquity you smatter
 ding us'd of course,
 gray mare's the better horse ;
 the breeches greedy woman
 extend their vast dominion ; 700
 the cause impatient Grizel
 'd her husband with bull's pizzle,
 ght him under covert-baron,
 er vassal with a murrain ;
 ces their sexes shift, like hares, 705
 heir husbands like night-mares,
 in mortal battle vanquish'd,
 air charter disenfranchis'd,

—' Et sibi consul

daceat, curru servus portatur eodem.'

mica Coccinea solebat pridie quam dimicant-
 supra prætorium poni, quasi admonitio, et
 turæ pugne.' Lipsius in Tacit. p. 56.

the Roman emperors were wont to have
 e before them (by day) in public, appears
 in Pertinace. Lips. in Tacit. p. 16.

And by the right of war, like gills,
 Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels: 710
 For when men by their wives are cow'd,
 Their horns of course are understood.

Quoth Hudibras, Thou still giv'st sentence
 Impertinently, and against sense.
 'Tis not the least disparagement 715
 To be defeated by th' event,
 Nor to be beaten by main force;
 That does not make a man the worse,
 Although his shoulders with battoon
 Be claw'd and cudgell'd to some tune. 720
 A tailor's prentice has no hard
 Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard:
 But to turn tail, or run away,
 And without blows give up the day,
 Or to surrender ere th' assault, 725
 That's no man's fortune, but his fault,
 And renders men of honour less
 Than all th' adversity of success;
 And only unto such this show
 Of horns and petticoats is due. 730
 There is a lesser profanation,
 Like that the Romans call'd ovation:
 For as ovation was allow'd
 For conquest purchas'd without blood,
 So men decree these lesser shows 735
 For victory gotten without blows,
 By dint of sharp hard words, which some
 Give battle with, and overcome;
 These, mounted in a chair-curule,
 Which moderns call a cucking-stool, 740
 March proudly to the river's side,
 And o'er the waves in triumph ride;
 Like dukes of Venice, who are said
 The Adriatic Sea to wed;
 And have a gentler wife than those 745
 For whom the state decrees those shows.
 But both are heathenish, and come
 From th' whores of Babylon and Rome,
 And by the saints should be withstood,
 As Antichristian and lewd; 750

And we as such, should now contribute
Our utmost strugglings to prohibit.

This said, they both advanc'd, and rode
A dog-trot through the bawling crowd,
T' attack the leader, and still prest, 755
Till they approach'd him breast to breast :
Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
Made signs for silence ; which obtain'd,
What means (quoth he) the devil's procession
With men of orthodox profession ? 760
'Tis ethnic and idolatrous,
From heathenism deriv'd to us.
Does not the Whore of Babylon ride
Upon her horned beast astride,
Like this proud dame, who either is 765
A type of her, or she of this ?
Are things of superstitious function
Fit to be us'd in gospel sun-shine ?
It is an Antichristian opera,
Much us'd in midnight times of Popery, 770
Of running after self-inventions
Of wicked and profane intentions ;
To scandalize that sex for scolding,
To whom the saints are so beholden.
Women, who were our first apostles, 775
Without whose aid we had been lost else ;
Women, that left no stone unturn'd
In which the cause might be concern'd ;
Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,
To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols ; 780
Their husbands, cullies, and sweet-hearts,
To take the saints' and churches' parts ;
Drew several gifted brethren in,
That for the bishops would have been,
And fix'd 'em constant to the party, 785
With motives powerful and hearty ;
Their husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts
T' administer unto their gifts
All they could rap, and rend and pilfer,
To scraps and ends of gold and silver ; 790
Rubb'd down the teachers, tir'd and spent
With holding forth for Parliament :

Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal
 With marrow-puddings many a meal;
 Enabled them, with store of meat, 795
 On controverted points to eat;
 And cramm'd 'em, till their guts did ache,
 With cawdle, custard, and plum-cake:
 What have they done, or what left undone,
 That might advance the cause at London? 800
 March'd rank and file, with drum and ensign,
 T' intrench the city for defence in;
 Rais'd rampiers with their own soft hands,
 To put the enemy to stands;
 From ladies down to oyster-wenches, 805
 Labour'd like pioneers in trenches;
 Fell to their pick-axes, and tools,
 And help'd the men to dig like moles.
 Have not the handmaids of the city
 Chose of their members a committee, 810
 For raising of a common purse
 Out of their wages to raise horse?
 And do they not as triers sit,
 To judge what officers are fit?
 Have they ——? At that an egg let fly 815
 Hit him directly o'er the eye,
 And running down his cheek, besmear'd
 With orange-tawny slime his beard;
 But beard and slime being of one hte,
 The wound the less appear'd in view. 820
 Then he that on the panniers rode,
 Let fly on th' other side a load,
 And quickly charg'd again, gave fully
 In Ralpho's face another volley.
 The Knight was startled with the smell, 825
 And for his sword began to feel;
 And Ralpho, smother'd with the stink,
 Grasp'd his; when one that bore a link
 O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,
 Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole; 830
 And straight another with his flambeau,
 Gave Ralpho's o'er the eye a damn'd blow.
 The beasts began to kick and fling,
 And forc'd the rout to make a ring,

PART II.—CANTO II. 145

h which they quickly broke their way,
 ought them off from further fray ;
 ough disorder'd in retreat,
 them stoutly kept his seat :
 tting both their swords and reins,
 asp'd with all their strength the manes,
 avoid the foe's pursuit, 841
 urring put their cattle to't ;
 all four were out of wind,
 nger too, ne'er look'd behind.
 ' had paus'd a while, supplying 845
 irts, spent with fight and flying,
 idibras recruited force
 s, for action or discourse ;
 h he, That man is sure to lose
 uls his hands with dirty foes : 850
 ere no honour's to be gain'd,
 own away in b'ing maintain'd.
 l for us we had to do
 dishonourable a foe :
 igh the law of arms doth bar 855
 of venom'd shot in war,
 the nauseous smell, and noisome,
 use-shot savours strong of poison ;
 ightless have been chew'd with teeth
 o that had a stinking breath ; 860
 en we put it to the push,
 d not giv'n us such a brush.
 hose poltroons that fling dirt
 lefile, but cannot hurt,
 e honour they have won, 865
 ave lost, is much as one.
 ell we made so resolute
 ve retreat, without pursuit ;
 e had not, we had sped
 orse, to be in triumph led ; 870
 igh the ancients held no state
 's life more unfortunate.
 his bold adventure e'er
 ce to reach the widow's ear,
 o'ing destin'd to assert 875
 s honour, reach her heart ;

H

And as such homely treats (they say)
 Portend good fortune, so this may.
 Vespasian being daub'd with dirt,
 Was destin'd to the empire for't; 880
 And from a scavenger did come
 To be a mighty prince in Rome :
 And why may not this foul address
 Presage in love the same success?
 Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds,
 Advance in quest of nearest ponds; 886
 And after (as we first design'd)
 Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.

CANTO III.

The Knight, with various doubts possess'd,
 To win the Lady goes in quest
 Of Sidrophel, the Rosy crucian,
 To know the dest'nies' resolution :
 With whom b'ing met, they both chop logic
 About the science astrologic :
 Till falling from dispute to fight,
 The Conjurer's worsted by the Knight.

DOUBTLESS the pleasure is as great
 Of being cheated, as to cheat ;
 As lookers-on feel most delight,
 That least perceive a juggler's sleight ;
 And still the less they understand, 5
 The more th' admire his sleight of hand.

Some with a noise, and greasy light,
 Are snapt, as men catch larks by knight ;
 Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the soul,
 As nooses by the legs catch fowl. 10
 Some with a med'cine, and receipt,
 Are drawn to nibble at the bait ;
 And tho' it be a two-foot trout,
 'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.

Others believe no voice t' an organ 15
 So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown,

879. 'C. Cæsar succensens, propter curam verrendis
 viliis non adhibendam, luto jussit oppleri congesto per mi-
 lites in prætextæ stium. Sueton. in Vespas. c. 5.

ith subtle cobweb-cheats
 catch'd in knotted law, like nets;
 h, when once they are imbrangled,
 re they stir, the more they're tangled;
 ile their purses can dispute, 21
 no end of th' immortal suit.
 s still gape t' anticipate
 inet-designs of fate;
 o wizards to foresee 25
 iall, and what shall never be;
 those vultures do forebode,
 events prove bad or good:
 more senseless than the roguery
 ruspicy and aug'ry, 30
 t of garbages of cattle
 l th' events of truce or battle;
 ght of birds, or chickens pecking,
 of great'st attempts would reckon:
 cheats, yet more intelligible 35
 ose that with the stars do fribble.
 idibras by proof found true,
 ie time and place we'll shew:
 with beard and face made clean,
 ounted on his steed agen 40
 lpho got a cock-horse too
 s beast, with much ado),
 d on for the Widow's house,
 it himself, and pay his vows;
 arious thoughts began to bustle, 45
 h his inward man to justle.
 ght what danger might accrue
 ould find he swore untrue;
 s Squire or he should fail,
 be punctual in their tale, 50
 at once the ruin prove
 his honour, faith, and love.
 e should forbear to go,
 ht conclude h' had broke his vow;
 t he durst not now, for shame, 55
 in court to try his claim.
 s the pen'worth of his thought,
 time, and uneasy trot.

Quoth he, In all my past adventures
I ne'er was set so on the tenters ;
Or taken tardy with dilemma,
That ev'ry way I turn does hem me,
And with inextricable doubt
Besets my puzzled wits about :
For tho' the dame hath been my bail,
To free me from enchanted jail,
Yet as a dog, committed close
For some offence, by chance breaks loose,
And quits his clog, but all in vain,
He still draws after him his chain ;
So, though my ankle she has quitted,
My heart continues still committed :
And like a bail'd and mainpriz'd lover,
Altho' at large, I am bound over :
And when I shall appear in court,
To plead my cause, and answer for't,
Unless the judge do partial prove,
What will become of me and love ?
For if in our account we vary,
Or but in circumstance miscarry ;
Or if she put me to strict proof,
And make me pull my doublet off,
To shew, by evident record
Writ on my skin, I've kept my word ;
How can I e'er expect to have her,
Having demurr'd unto her favour ?
But faith, and love, and honour lost,
Shall be reduc'd t' a Knight o' th' Post.
Beside, that stripping may prevent
What I'm to prove by argument,
And justify I have a tail ;
And that way, too, my proof may fail.
Oh ! that I cou'd enucleate,
And solve the problems of my fate ;
Or find, by necromantic art,
How far the dest'nies take my part !
For if I were not more than certain
To win and wear her, and her fortune,
I'd go no farther in this courtship,
To hazard soul, estate, and worship :

PART II.—CANTO III.

149

For though an oath obliges not
Where any thing is to be got,
(As thou hast prov'd), yet 'tis profane,
And sinful, when men swear in vain.

Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel, 106

That deals in destiny's dark counsels,
And sage opinions of the moon sells;
To whom all people, far and near,
On deep importances repair; 110

When brass and pewter hap to stray,
And linen slinks out of the way;
When geese and pullen are seduc'd,
And sows of sucking-pigs are chows'd;
When cattle feel indisposition, 115

And need th' opinion of physician;
When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,
And chickens languish of the pip;
When yeast and outward means do fail,
And have no pow'r to work on ale; 120

When butter does refuse to come,
And love proves cross and humorsome;
To him with questions, and with urine,
They for discov'ry flock, or curing.

Quoth Hudibras, This Sidrophel 125
I've heard of, and should like it well,
If thou canst prove the saints have freedom
To go to sorc'ers when they need 'em.

Says Ralpho, There's no doubt of that;
Those principles I quoted late 130

Prove that the godly may allege
For any thing their privilege;
And to the dev'l himself may go,
If they have motives thereunto.
For, as there is a war between 135

The dev'l and them, it is no sin,
If they by subtle stratagem
Make use of him, as he does them.
Has not this present Parliament
A Ledger to the devil sent,

140. The witch-finder in Suffolk, who, in the Presbyterian times, had a commission to discover witches, of whom (right or wrong) he caused sixty to be hanged.

Fully impower'd to treat about
 Finding revolted witches out?
 And has not he, within a year,
 Hang'd threescore of 'em in one shire?
 Some only for not being drown'd,
 And some for sitting above ground,
 Whole days and nights, upon their breeches
 And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches;
 And some for putting knavish tricks
 Upon green geese and turkey-chicks,
 Or pigs, that suddenly deceast
 Of griefs' unnat'ral, as he gubst;
 Who after prov'd himself a witch,
 And made a rod for his own breech.
 Did not the devil appear to Martin
 Luther in Germany for certain?
 And wou'd have gull'd him with a trick,
 But Martin was too politic.
 Did he not help the Dutch to purge
 At Antwerp their cathedral church?
 Sing catches to the saints at Mascon,
 And tell them all they came to ask him?
 Appear'd in divers shapes to Kelly,
 And speak i' th' Nun of Loudon's belly?

within the compass of one year; and, among the
 the old minister, who had been a painful preacher
 many years

159. In the beginning of the civil wars of Fland
 the common people of Antwerp in a tumult broke c
 the cathedral church, to demolish images and shri
 and did so much mischief in a small time, that, St
 writes, there were several devils seen very busy am
 them, otherwise it had been impossible.

161. This devil at Mascon delivered all his ora
 like his forefathers, in verse, which he sung to tu
 He made several lampoons upon the Huguenots,
 foretold them many things which afterwards cam
 pass; as may be seen in his Memoirs, written in Fre

163 The History of Dr Dee and the Devil, publi
 by Mer Casaubon, Isaac Fil, prebendary of Canterb
 has a large account of all those passages, in which
 style of the true and false angels appears to be per
 by one and the same person. The Nun of Loudor
 France, and all her tricks, have been seen by many
 sons of quality of this nation yet living, who have m
 very good observations upon the French book wri
 on that occasion.

PART II.—CANTO III. 151

Meet with the Parliament's committee 165
 At Woodstock on a pers'nal treaty?
 At Sarum take a cavalier
 I' th' cause's service prisoner?
 As Withers, in immortal rhyme,
 Has register'd to after-time! 170
 Do not our great reformers use
 'This Sidrophel to forebode news?
 To write of victories ~~next~~ year,
 And castles taken yet i' th' air?
 Of battles fought at sea, and ships 175
 Sunk two years hence, the last eclipse?
 A total overthrow giv'n the king
 In Cornwall, horse and foot, next spring?
 And has not he point blank foretold
 Whats'e'er the close committee would? 180
 Made Mars and Saturn for the cause,
 The moon for fundamental laws?
 The Ram, the Bull, and Goat declare
 Against the Book of Common Pray'r?
 The Scorpion take the Protestation, 185
 And Bear engage for Reformation?
 Made all the royal stars recant,
 Compound and take the Covenant?
 Quoth Hudibras, The case is clear,
 That saints may 'mploy a conjurer, 190
 As thou hast prov'd it by their practice;
 No argument like matter of fact is:
 And we are best of all led to
 Men's principles by what they do.
 Then let us straight advance in quest 195
 Of this profound gymnosophist;
 And as the fates and he advise,
 Pursue or waive this enterprise.
 This said, he turn'd about his steed,
 And eftsoons on th' adventure rid: 200
 Where leave we him and Ralph awhile,
 And to the conjurer turn our style,

165 A committee of the Long Parliament, sitting in the king's house, in Woodstock Park, were terrified with several apparitions, the particulars whereof were then the news of the whole nation.

167. Withers has a long story, in doggerel, of a soldier in the king's army, who, being a prisoner at Halia-

To let our reader understand
What's useful of him beforehand.

He had been long t'wards mathematics, 205
Optics, philosophy, and statics,
Magic, horoscopy, astrology,
And was old dog at physiology;
But as a dog that turns the spit
Bestirs himself, and plies his feet, 210
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again;
And still he's in the self-same place
Where at his setting out he was;
So in the circle of the arts 215
Did he advance his nat'ral parts,
Till falling back still, for retreat,
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat:
For as those fowls that live in water
Are never wet, he did but smatter: 220
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
His understanding still was clear:
Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
Since old Hodge Bacon and Bob Grosted.
Th' intelligible world he knew, 225
And all men dream on't to be true;
That in this world there's not a wart
That has not there a counterpart;
Nor can there on the face of ground
An individual beard be found, 230
That has not in that foreign nation,
A fellow of the self-same fashion;
So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,
As those are in th' inferior world.

bury, and drinking a health to the devil upon his knees, was carried away by him through a single pane of glass.

224. Roger Bacon, commonly called Friar Bacon, lived in the reign of our Edward I. and, for some little skill he had in the mathematics, was by the rabble accounted a conjurer, and had the sottish story of the brazen head fathered upon him by the ignorant monks of those days. Robert Grosthead was bishop of Lincoln in the reign of Henry III. He was a learned man for those times, and for that reason suspected by the clergy to be a conjurer; for which crime being degraded by Pope Innocent IV. and summoned to appear at Rome, he appealed to the tribunal of Christ; which our lawyers say is illegal, if not a *præmunire*, for offering to sue in a foreign court.

PART II.—CANTO III. 153

H' had read Dee's prefaces before, 235
 The dev'l, and Euclid, o'er and o'er;
 And all the intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,
 Lescus and th' emperor, wou'd tell ye;
 But with the moon was more familiar
 Than e'er was almanack well-willer; 240
 Her secrets understood so clear,
 'That some believ'd he had been there;
 Knew when she was in fittest mood
 For cutting corns, or letting blood;
 When for anointing scabs or itches, 245
 Or to the bum applying leeches;
 When sows and bitches may be spay'd,
 And in what sign best cyder's made;
 Whether the wane be, or increase,
 Best to set garlic, or sow peas; 250
 Who first found out the Man i' th' Moon,
 That to the ancients was unknown;
 How many dukes, and earls, and peers,
 Are in the planetary spheres;
 Their airy empire and command, 255
 Their sev'ral strengths by sea and land;
 What factions th' have, and what they drive at
 In public vogue, or what in private;
 With what designs and interests
 Each party manages contests. 260
 He made an instrument to know
 If the moon shine at full or no;
 That wou'd, as soon as e'er she shone, straight
 Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate;
 Tell what her d'meter t' an inch is, 265
 And prove that she's not made of green cheese.
 It wou'd demonstrate, that the Man in
 The Moon's a sea Mediterranean;
 And that it is no dog nor bitch,
 That stands behind him at his breech, 270
 But a huge Caspian Sea, or lake,
 With arms, which men for legs mistake;
 How large a gulf his tail composes,
 And what a goodly bay his nose is;
 How many German leagues by th' scale 275
 Cape Snout's from Promontory Tail.

HUDIBRAS.

a planetary gin,
 ts would run their own heads in,
 on purpose to be taken,
 h' expense of cheese or bacon. 280
 -strings he would counterfeit
 hat crawl on dish of meat :
 les and spots on any place
 y, by the index face :
 t maidenheads by sneezing, 285
 ng wind of dames, or pissing ;
 s and corns with application
 nes to th' imagination,
 ies into dogs, and scare
 nes the tooth-ache and catarrh : 290
 spirits away by dint
 horse-shoe, hollow-flint ;
 ut of a walnut-shell,
 de the Roman slaves rebel ;
 mine in China here, 295
 pathetic gunpowder.
 whats'ever's to be known,
 more than he knew would own :
 l'cine 'twas that Paracelsus
 ke a man with, as he tells us ; 300
 r'd slates are best to make
 surface duck or drake ;
 ling-stones, in running race
 ard, have swiftest pace ;
 pulse beat in the black 305
 lapped louse's back ;
 or diastole move
 when he's in wrath or love ;
 of them do run a race,
 hey gallop, trot, or pace ; 310
 y scores a flea will jump,
 n length, from head to rump ;
 crates and Chærephon,
 say'd so long ago ;
 his snout a perfect nose is, 315
 n elephant's proboscis ;
 tophanes, in his comedy of *The Clouds*,
 crates and Chærephon, measuring the leap
 in the one's beard to the other's.

How many diff'rent species
 Of maggots breed in rotten cheese ;
 And which are next of kin to those
 Engender'd in a chandler's nose ; 320
 Or those not seen, but understood,
 That live in vinegar and wood.

A paltry wretch he had, half-starv'd,
 That him in place of Zany serv'd,
 Hight Whachum, bred to dash and draw, 325
 Not wine, but more unwholesome law ;
 To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,
 Wide as meridians in maps ;
 To squander paper, and spare ink,
 Or cheat men of their words, some think. 330
 From this, by merited degrees,
 He'd to more high advancement rise ;
 To be an under conjurer,
 Or journeyman astrologer.
 His business was to pump and wheedle, 335
 And men with their own keys unriddle ;
 To make them to themselves give answers,
 For which they pay the necromancers ;
 To fetch and carry intelligence.
 Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
 And all discoveries disperse 341
 Among th' whole pack of conjurers ;
 What cut-purses have left with them,
 For the right owners to redeem ;
 And what they dare not vent find out, 345
 To gain themselves and th' art repute ;
 Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,
 Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' shops,
 Of thieves ascendant in the cart,
 And find out all by rules of art ; 350
 Which way a serving man, that's run
 With clothes or money away, is gone ;
 Who pick'd a fob at holding forth,
 And where a watch, for half the worth,
 May be redeem'd ; or stolen plate 355
 Restor'd at conscionable rate.
 Beside all this, he serv'd his master
 In quality of poetaster ;

And rhymes appropriate could make To ev'ry month i' th' almanack ;	360
When terms begin and end could tell, With their returns, in doggerel :	
When the Exchequer opes and shuts, And sow-gelder with safety cuts ;	
When men may eat and drink their fill,	365
And when be temp'rate if they will ; When use, and when abstain from vice, Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice.	
And as in prison mean rogues beat Hemp for the service of the great,	370
So Whachum beat his dirty brains, T' advance his master's fame and gains, And like the devil's oracles, Put into dogg'rel rhymes his spells,	
Which, over ev'ry month's blank page I' th' almanack, strange bilks presage.	375
He would an elegy compose On maggots squeez'd out of his nose :	
In lyric numbers write an ode on His mistress eating a black-pudding ;	380
And when imprison'd air escap'd her, It puffed him with poetic rapture.	
His sonnets charin'd th' attentive crowd, By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud, That, circl'd with his long-ear'd guests,	385
Like Orpheus look'd among the beasts. A carman's horse could not pass by, But stood ty'd up to poetry :	
No porter's burden pass'd along, But serv'd for burden to his song :	390
Each window like a pill'ry appears, With heads thrust through, nail'd by the ears :	
All trades run in as to the sight Of monsters, or their dear delight, The gallows-tree, when cutting purse	395
Breeds bus'ness for heroic verse, Which none does hear but would have hung T' have been the theme of such a song.	
Those two together long had liv'd, In mansion prudently contriv'd,	400

Where neither tree nor house could bar
 The free detection of a star ;
 And nigh an ancient obelisk
 Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk,
 On which was written, not in words, 405
 But hieroglyphic mule of birds,
 Many rare pithy saws concerning
 The worth of astrologic learning.
 From top of this there hung a rope,
 To which he fasten'd telescope : 410
 The spectacles with which the stars
 He reads in smallest characters.
 It happen'd as a boy, one night,
 Did fly his tarsel of a kite,
 The strangest long-wing'd hawk that flies, 415
 That, like a bird of Paradise,
 Or herald's martlet, has no legs,
 Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs ;
 His train was six yards long, milk-white
 At th' end of which there hung a light, 420
 Inclos'd in lantern, made of paper,
 That far off like a star did appear :
 This Sidrophel by chance espy'd,
 And with amazement staring wide,
 Bless us ! quoth he, what dreadful wonder 425
 Is that appears in Heaven yonder ?
 A comet, and without a beard !
 Or star that ne'er before appear'd ?
 I'm certain 'tis not in the scrowl
 Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl, 430
 With which, like Indian plantations,
 The learned stock the constellations ;
 Nor those that drawn for signs have been
 To th' houses where the planets inn.
 It must be supernatural, 435
 Unless it be that cannon-ball

404. This Fisk was a late famous astrologer, who flourished about the time of *Subtile and Face*, and was equally celebrated by Ben Jonson.

436. This experiment was tried by some foreign virtuosos, who planted a piece of ordnance point blank against the zenith, and having fired it, the bullet never rebounded back again ; which made them all conclude

That, shot i' th' air point-blank upright,
 Was borne to that prodigious height,
 That, learn'd philosophers maintain.
 It ne'er came backwards down again,
 But in the airy region yet
 Hangs, like the body of Mahomet :
 For if it be above the shade
 That by the earth's round bulk is made,
 'Tis probable it may from far
 Appear no bullet, but a star.

This said, he to his engine flew,
 Plac'd near at hand, in open view,
 And rais'd it till it levell'd right
 Against the glow-worm tail of kite ;
 Then peeping through, Bless us ! (quoth he
 It is a planet, now, I see ;
 And, if I err not, by his proper
 Figure, that's like tobacco-stopper,
 It should be Saturn. Yes, 'tis clear
 'Tis Saturn ; but what makes him there ?
 He's got between the dragon's tail
 And farther leg behind o' th' whale.
 Pray heav'n avert the fatal omen,
 For 'tis a prodigy not common ;
 And can no less than the world's end,
 Or Nature's funeral, portend.
 With that he fell again to pry
 Thro' perspective more wistfully,
 When by mischance the fatal string,
 That kept the tow'ring fowl on wing,
 Breaking, down fell the star. Well shot,
 Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought
 H' had levell'd at a star, and hit it :
 But Sidrophel, more subtle-witted,
 Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful
 Portent is this, to see a star fall ?
 It threatens nature, and the doom
 Will not be long before it come !
 When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough,
 The day of judgment's not far off ;

*that it sticks in the mark ; but Descartes was of opinion
 that it does but hang in the air.*

As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick,
 And some of us find out by magic.
 Then since the time we have to live
 In this world's shorten'd, let us strive 480
 To make our best advantage of it,
 And pay our losses with our profit.

This feat fell out not long before
 The Knight, upon the forenam'd score,
 In quest of Sidrophel advancing 485
 Was now in prospect of the mansion ;
 Whom he discov'ring, turn'd his glass,
 And found far off 'twas Hudibras.

Whachum, (quoth he), look yonder, some
 To try or use our art are come : 490

The one's the learned Knight : seek out,
 And pump 'em what they come about.
 Whachum advanc'd, with all submiss'ness,
 T' accost 'em, but much more their bus'ness :
 He held a stirrup, while the Knight 495

From leathern bare-bones did alight ;
 And taking from his hand the bridle,
 Approach'd the dark Squire to unriddle.
 He gave him first the time o' th' day,
 And welcom'd him, as he might say : 500

He ask'd him whence they came, and whither
 Their bus'ness lay ? Quoth Ralphe, Hither.
 Did you not lose ? Quoth Ralphe, Nay,
 Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way !
 Your Knight—Quoth Ralphe, Is a lover, 505
 And pains intolerable doth suffer :

For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,
 Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards.
 What time, (quoth Whachum) Sir?—Too long ;
 Three years it off and on has hung.— 510
 Quoth he, I meant what time o' th' day 'tis—
 Quoth Ralphe, Between seven and eight 'tis.—
 Why then (quoth Whachum), my small art
 Tells me, the dame has a hard heart,

477. This Sedgwick had many persons (and some of quality) that believed in him, and prepared to keep the day of judgment with him, but were disappointed ; for which the false prophet was afterwards called by the name of Doomsday Sedgwick.

Or great estate.—Quoth Ralpho, A jointure,
 Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.
 Meanwhile the Knight was making water,
 Before he fell upon the matter,
 Which having done, the Wizard steps in,
 To give him suitable reception; 520
 But kept his bus'ness at a bay,
 Till Whachum put him in the way;
 Who having now, by Ralpho's light,
 Expounded th' errand of the Knight,
 And what he came to know, drew near, 525
 To whisper in the conj'rer's ear,
 Which he prevented thus: What was't,
 Quoth he, that I was saying last,
 Before these gentlemen arriv'd?
 Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd, 530
 In opposition with Mars,
 And no benign and friendly stars
 T' allay the effect—Quoth Wizard, So!
 In Virgo? Ha!—Quoth Whachum, No.
 Has Saturn nothing to do in it? 535
 One tenth of 's circle to a minute.
 'Tis well, quoth he.—Sir, you'll excuse
 This rudeness I am forc'd to use:
 It is a scheme and face of Heaven,
 As th' aspects are dispos'd this even, 540
 I was contemplating upon
 When you arriv'd; but now I've done.
 Quoth Hudibras, If I appear
 Unseasonable in coming here
 At such a time, to interrupt 545
 Your speculations, which I hop'd
 Assistance from, and come to use,
 'Tis fit that I ask your excuse.
 By no means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel;
 The stars your coming did foretel: 550
 I did expect you here, and knew,
 Before you spake, your bus'ness too.
 Quoth Hudibras, Make that appear,
 And I shall credit whatsoe'er
 You tell me after on your word, 555
Howe'er unlikely or absurd.

You are in love, Sir, with a widow,
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,
And for three years has rid your wit
And passion without drawing bit ; 560
And now your bus'ness is to know,
If you shall carry her or no.

Quoth Hudibras, You're in the right ;
But how the devil you came by't
I can't imagine ; for the stars, 565
I'm sure, can tell no more than a horse ;
Nor can their aspects (though you pore
Your eyes out on 'em) tell you more
Than th' oracle of sieve and shears,
That turns as certain as the spheres : 570
But if the devil's of your council,
Much may be done, my noble Donzel ;
And 'tis on his account I come,
To know from you my fatal doom.

Quoth Sidrophel, If you suppose, 575
Sir Knight, that I am one of those,
I might suspect, and take the alarm,
Your bus'ness is but to inform ;
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near ;
You have a wrong sow by the ear ; 580
For I assure you, for my part,
I only deal by rules of art,
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Conclusions of astrology :
But for the dev'l, know nothing by him ; 585
But only this, that I defy him.

Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,
I understand your metonymy :
Your words of second-hand intention,
When things by wrongful names you mention ;
The mystic sense of all your terms, 591
That are, indeed, but magic charms
To raise the devil, and mean one thing,
And that is downright conjuring ;
And in itself more warrantable, 595
Than cheat or canting to a rabble,
Or putting tricks upon the moon,
Which by confed'racy are done.

Your ancient conjurers were wont
 To make her from her sphere dismount, 600
 And to their incantations stoop:
 They scorn'd to pore through telescope,
 Or idly play at be-peep with her,
 To find out cloudy or fair weather,
 Which ev'ry almanack can tell, 605
 Perhaps, as learnedly and well
 As you yourself.—Then, friend, I doubt
 You go the farthest way about.
 Your modern Indian magician
 Makes but a hole in th' earth to piss in, 610
 And straight resolves all questions by't,
 And seldom fails to be i' th' right.
 The Rosy-crucian way's more sure
 To bring the devil to the lure;
 Each of 'em has a sev'ral gin 615
 To catch intelligence in.
 Some by the nose with fumes trepan 'em,
 As Dunstan did the devil's grannam;
 Others with characters and words
 Catch 'em, as men in nets do birds; 620
 And some with symbols, signs, and tricks,
 Engrav'd with planetary nicks,
 With their own influences will fetch 'em
 Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch 'em;
 Make 'em depose and answer to 625
 All questions, ere they let them go.
 Bombastus kept a devil's bird
 Shut in the pummel of his sword,
 That taught him all the cunning pranks
 Of past and future mountebanks. 630

609. This compendious new way of magic is affirmed by Monsieur Le Blant (in his travels) to be used in the East Indies.

627. Paracelsus is said to have kept a small devil prisoner in the pummel of his sword, which was the reason, perhaps, why he was so valiant in his drink. However, it was to better purpose than Hannibal carried poison in his, to dispatch himself, if he should happen to be surprised in any great extremity; for the sword would have done the feat alone much better, and more soldier-like; and it was below the honour of so great a commander to go out of the world like a rat.

Kelly did all his feats upon
 The devil's looking-glass, a stone ;
 Where playing with him at bo-peep,
 He solv'd all problems ne'er so deep.
 Agrippa kept a Stygian pug, 635
 I' th' garb and habit of a dog,
 That was his tutor, and the cur
 Read to th' occult philosopher,
 And taught him subt'ly to maintain
 All other sciences are vain. 640
 To this, quoth Sidrophello, Sir,
 Agrippa was no conjurer,
 Nor Paracelsus, no, nor Behmen ;
 Nor was the dog a Cacodæmon,
 But a true dog, that would show tricks 645
 For th' emperor, and leap o'er sticks ;
 Would fetch and carry ; was more civil
 Than other dogs, but yet no devil ;
 And whatsoe'er he's said to do,
 He went the self-same way we go. 650
 As for the Rosy-cross philosophers,
 Whom you will have to be but sorcerers,
 What they pretend to is no more
 Than Trismegistus did before,
 Pythagoras, old Zoroaster, 655
 And Apollonius their master ;
 To whom they do confess they owe
 All that they do, and all they know.
 Quoth Hudibras, Alas, what is't t' us
 Whether 'twas said by Trismegistus, 560
 If it be nonsense, false, or mystic,
 Or not intelligible, or sophistic ?
 'Tis not antiquity nor author,
 That makes Truth truth, altho' Time's daughter ;
 'Twas he that put her in the pit 665
 Before he pull'd her out of it ;

635. Cornelius Agrippa had a dog that was suspected to be a spirit, for some tricks he was wont to do beyond the capacity of a dog, as it was thought ; but the author of *Magia Ademica* has taken a great deal of pains to vindicate both the doctor and the dog from the aspersion, in which he has shown a very great respect and kindness for them both.

And as he eats his sons, just so
 He feeds upon his daughters too.
 Nor does it follow. cause a herald
 Can make a gentleman, scarce a year old, 670
 To be descended of a race
 Of ancient kings in a small space,
 That we should all opinions hold
 Authentic that we can make old.

Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part 675
 Of prudence to cry down an art,
 And what it may perform deny,
 Because you understand not why
 (As Avërrhois play'd but a mean trick
 To damn our whole art for eccentric :) 680
 For who knows all that knowledge contains?
 Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,
 But on their sides, or rising's seat;
 So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.
 Do not the hist'ries of all ages 685

Relate miraculous presages,
 Of strange turns in the world's affairs,
 Foreseen b' astrologers, soothsayers,
 Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacs,
 And some that have writ almanacks? 690
 The Median emp'ror dreamt his daughter
 Had pist all Asia under water,
 And that a vine sprung from her haunches,
 O'erspread his empire with its branches :
 And did not soothsayers expound it, 695
 As after by th' event he found it?
 When Cæsar in the senate fell,
 Did not the sun eclips'd foretel,
 And in resentment of his slaughter,
 Look'd pale for almost a year after? 700

679. Averrhois astronomiam propter excentricos contempsit. Phil. Melancthon in Elim. Phil. p. 781.

691. Astyages, king of Media, had this dream of his daughter Mandane, and the interpretation from the Magi; whereof he married her to a Persian of a mean quality, by whom she had Cyrus, who conquered all Asia, and translated the empire from the Medes to the Persians. Herodot. 1. 1.

697. Fiant aliquando prodigioso, et longiores solis defectus, quales occiso dictatore Cæsare et Antoniano bello, totius anni pallore continuo. Phil.

Augustus having b' oversight,
 Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,
 Had like to have been slain that day
 By soldiers mutn'ing for pay.
 Are there not myriads of this sort, 705
 Which stories of all times report?

It is not ominous in all countries
 When crows and ravens croak upon trees?
 The Roman senate, when within
 The city walls an owl was seen, 710
 Did cause their clergy, with lustrations
 (Our synod calls humiliations,)

The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert
 From doing town or country hurt:
 And if an owl had so much pow'r, 715
 Why should not planets have much more,

That in a region far above
 Inferior fowls of the air move,
 And should see farther, and foreknow
 More than their augury below? 720

Though that once serv'd the polity
 Of mighty states to govern by;
 And this is what we take in hand,
 By pow'rful art to understand;
 Which, how we have perform'd all ages 725
 Can speak the events of our presages;

Have we not lately, in the moon,
 Found a new world, to th' old unknown?
 Discover'd sea and land, Columbus
 And Magellan could never compass? 730
 Made mountains with our tubes appear,
 And cattle grazing on 'em there?

Quoth Hudibras, You lie so ope,
 That I, without a telescope,
 Can find your tricks out, and descry 735
 Where you tell truth, and where you lie:
 For Anaxagoras, long ago,
 Saw hills, as well as you, i' th' moon;

701. Divus Augustus lævum sibi prodidit calceum præpostere indutum, qua die seditione militum prope afficius est. Idem, l. 2.

709. Romani L. Crasso et C. Mario Coss. Bubone viso orbem lustrabant.

737 Anaxagoras affirmabat solem candens ferrum

And held the sun was but a piece
Of red-hot ir'n, as big as Greece;
Believ'd the Heav'ns were made of stone,
Because the sun had voided one;
And, rather than he would recant
Th' opinion, suffer'd banishment.

But what, alas! is it to us,
Whether i' th' moon men thus or thus
Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
Or whether they have tails or horns?
What trade from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from France?
What can our travellers bring home,
That is not to be learnt at Rome?
What politics, or strange opinions,
That are not in our own dominions?
What science can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence?
What revelations, or religions,
That are not in our native regions?
Are sweating lanterns, or screen-fans,
Made better there than th' are in France?
Or do they teach to sing and play
O' th' guitar there a newer way?
Can they make plays there, that shall fit
The public humour, with less wit?
Write wittier dances, quainter shows,
Or fight with more ingenious blows?
Or does the Man i' th' Moon look big,
And wear a huger periwig,
Show in his gait or face more tricks
Than our own native lunatics?
And if w' outdo him here at home,
What good of your design can come?
As wind, i' th' hypocondries pent,
Is but a blast if downward sent,
But if it upward chance to fly,
Becomes new Light and prophecy;

esse, et Peloponneso majorem: lunam habitacula habere, et Colles, et valles. Pertur dixisse cœlum ex lapidibus esse compositum; damnatus et in expulsus est, quod impie solem candentem laminar dixisset. Diog. Laert. in Anaxag. p. 11, 13.

PART II.—CANTO III.

167

en your speculations tend
 their just and useful end,
 gh they promise strange and great
 eries of things far fet, 780
 are but idle dreams and fancies,
 avour strongly of the ganzas.
 ie but what's the natural cause,
 on a sign no painter draws
 ill moon ever, but the half? 785
 ve that with your Jacob's staff;
 y wolves raise a hubbub at her,
 ogs howl when she shines in water;
 shall freely give my vote,
 ay know something more remote. 790
 his deep Sidrophel look'd wise,
 aring round with owl-like eyes,
 t his face into a posture
 ience, and began to bluster:
 ving three times shook his head 795
 his wit up, thus he said:
 s no mortal enemies,
 gnorance, but owls and geese:
 consecrated geese in orders,
 o the Capitol were warders; 800
 ing then upon patrol,
 noise alone beat off the Gaul:
 se Athenian sceptic owls,
 will not credit their own souls;
 science understand, 805
 d the reach of eye or hand;
 as'ring all things by their own
 edge, hold nothing's to be known:
 wholesale critics, that in coffee-
 cry down all philosophy, 810
 ill not know upon what ground
 re we our doctrine found,
 with pregnant evidence
 n demonstrate it to sense,
 ast now have done to you, 815
 lling what you came to know.
 the stars only made to light
 rs and burglars by night?

To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,
 And lovers solacing behind doors, 820
 Or giving one another pledges
 Of matrimony under hedges?
 Or witches simpling, and on gibbets
 Cutting from malefactors snippets?
 Or from the pillory tips of ears 825
 Of rebel saints and perjurers?
 Only to stand by, and look on,
 But not know what is said or done?
 Is there a constellation there
 That was not born and bred up here; 830
 And therefore cannot be to learn
 In any inferior concern?
 Were they not, during all their lives,
 Most of 'em pirates, whores, and thieves?
 And is it like they have not still 835
 In their old practices some skill?
 Is there a planet that by birth
 Does not derive its house from earth?
 And therefore probably must know
 What is and hath been done below. 840
 Who made the Balance, or whence came
 The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?
 Did not we here the Argo rig?
 Make Berenice's periwig?
 Whose liv'ry does the Coachman wear? 845
 Or who made Cassiopeia's chair?
 And therefore, as they came from hence,
 With us may hold intelligence.
 Plato deny'd the world can be
 Govern'd without geometry, 850
 (For money b'ing the common scale
 Of things by measure, weight, and tale,
 In all th' affairs of church and state,
 'Tis both the balance and the weight);
 Then much less can it be without 8
 Divine astrology made out;
 That puts the other down in worth,
 And far as heav'n 's above the earth.
 These reasons (quoth the Knight) I grant
 Are something more significant

PART II.—CANTO III. 169

that the learned use
 subject to produce ;
 are far from satisfactory,
 and keep up your factory.
 ians say, the Sun has twice 865
 setting and his rise ;
 he risen in the west,
 mes set in the east :
 or that be true or no,
 ny of you know. 870
 the heavens, like a top,
 / circulation up,
 not for their wheeling round,
 antly fall to the ground :
 pedocles of old. 875
 in modern authors hold.
 'd the Sun and Moon
 ther planets run.
 ury, some Venus, seat
 Sun himself in height. 880
 l Scaliger complain'd,
 at Copernicus maintain'd,
 elve hundred years and odd,
 d left its ancient road,
 to the earth is come 885
 housand miles from home :
 s a most notorious flam ;
 : had so little shame
 h fopperies abroad,
 have his rump well claw'd ; 890

*i decem millia annorum et amplius, re-
 servatum est in hoc tanto spatio, bis
 ca ortuum et occasuum solis, ita ut sol
 si nunc occidit, et bis descenderit ubi nunc*
Melanct. lib. i. p. 60.

*quare cœlum non cadit (secundum Empe-
 elocitas sui motus. Comment. in lib. ii.*

*olem et lunam cæteris planetis inferiores
 G Gunnin in Cosmog. lib. i. p. 11.*

*icus in Libris Revolutionem, deinde Rein-
 iam Stadius mathematici nobiles perspi-
 rationibus docuerunt, solis apseida terris
 1, quam, Ptolemæi ætate duodecim parit-
 x triginta terræ semidiameteris. Jo. Bod.
 155.*

Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore
 That he deserv'd the rod much more,
 That durst upon a truth give doom,
 He knew less than the Pope of Rome.
 Cardan believ'd great states depend
 Upon the tip o' th' Bear's tail's end;
 That, as she whisk'd it t'wards the Sun,
 Strew'd mighty empires up and down;
 Which others say must needs be false,
 Because your true bears have no tails.
 Some say the Zodiac constellations
 Have long since chang'd their antique static
 Above a sign, and prove the same
 In Taurus now, once in the Ram;
 Affirm the trigons chopp'd and chang'd,
 The wat'ry with the fiery rang'd:
 Then how can their effects still hold
 To be the same they were of old?
 This, though the art were true, would make
 Our modern soothsayers mistake:
 And in one cause they tell more lies,
 In figures and nativities,
 Than th' old Chaldean conjurers
 In so many hundred thousand years;
 Beside their nonsense in translating,
 For want of accidence and Latin,
 Like Idus, and Calendæ, English't
 The quarter-days, by skilful linguist;
 And yet with canting, sleight, and cheat,
 'Twill serve their turn to do the feat;
 Make fools believe in their foreseeing
 Of things before they are in being;
 To swallow gudgeons ere th' are catch'd,
 And count their chickens ere th' are hatch'd
 Make them the constellations prompt,
 And give 'em back their own account;
 But still the best to him that gives
 The best price for't, or best believes.

895. Putat Cardanus, ab extrema carda Halices
 Majoris Ursæ omne magnum imperium pendere.
 p. 325.

913. Chaldei jactant se quadringenta septuaginta
 norum millia in periclitandis, expetundisque pueris
 animis possuisse. Cicero.

PART II.—CANTO III. 171

Some towns and cities, some, for brevity,
 Have cut the 'versal world's nativity, 930
 And made the infant-stars confess,
 Like fools or children, what they please.
 Some calculate the hidden fates
 Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats ;
 Some running-nags and fighting-cocks, 935
 Some love, trade, law-suits, and the pox :
 Some take a measure of the lives
 Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives :
 Make opposition, trine, and quartile,
 Tell who is barren, and who fertile ; 940
 As if the planets' first aspect
 The tender infant did infect
 In soul and body, and instil
 All future good, and future ill ;
 Which, in their dark fatalities lurking, 945
 At destin'd periods fall a working ;
 And break out, like the hidden seeds
 Of long diseases, into deeds,
 In friendships, enmities, and strife,
 And all th' emergencies of life. 950
 No sooner does he peep into
 The world, but he has done his do :
 Catch'd all diseases, took all physic
 That cures or kills a man that is sick ;
 Marry'd his punctual dose of wives ; 955
 Is cuckolded, and breaks or thrives.
 There's but the twinkling of a star
 Between a man of peace and war ;
 A thief and justice, fool and knave,
 A huffing officer and a slave ; 960
 A crafty lawyer and a pick-pocket,
 A great philosopher and a blockhead ;
 A formal preacher and a player,
 A learn'd physician and manslayer.
 As if men from the stars did suck 965
 Old age, diseases, and ill-luck,
 Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,
 Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice ;
 And draw, with the first air they breathe,
 Battle and murder, sudden death. 970

And not these fine commodities
 To be imported from the skies,
 And vended here amongst the rabble,
 For staple goods and warrantable?
 Like money by the Druids borrow'd,
 In th' other world to be restor'd?

Quoth Sidrophel, To let you know
 You wrong the art, and artists too,
 Since arguments are lost on those
 That do our principles oppose,
 I will (although I've done't before)
 Demonstrate to your sense once more,
 And draw a figure, that shall tell you,
 What you, perhaps, forget besel you,
 By way of horary inspection,
 Which some account our worst erection,
 With that he circles draws, and squares.
 With cyphers, astral characters;
 Then looks 'em o'er, to understand 'em,
 Although set down hab-nab, at random.

Quoth he, This scheme of th' heavens
 Discovers how in fight you met.
 At Kingston, with a May-pole idol, [
 And that y' were bang'd both back and
 And though you overcame the bear,
 The dogs beat you at Brentford fair;
 Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle
 And handled you like a fop-doodle.

Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive
 You are no conj'rer, by your leave:
 That paltry story is untrue,
 And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you.

Not true? quoth he; howe'er you vapo
 I can what I affirm make appear:

975. *Druidæ pecuniam mutuo accipiebant in teriore vita reddituri. Patricius, tom. ii. p. 9.*

1001. There was a notorious idiot (that is he scribed by the name and character of Whachum) counterfelted a second part of Hudibras, as untow as Captain Po, who could not write himself, as made a shift to stand on the pillory for forging men's hands, as his fellow Whachum no doubt d ed; in whose abominable doggerel this story of bras and a French mountebank at Brentford fair properly described.

Whachum shall justify it t' your face, 1005
And prove he was upon the place.

He play'd the Saltinbancho's part,
Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art :
He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
Chows'd and caldes'd ye like a blockhead : 1010
And what you lost I can produce,
If you deny it, here i' th' house.

Quoth Hudibras, I do believe
That argument's demonstrative.
Ralpho, bear witness ; and go fetch us 1015
A constable to seize the wretches :

For though th' are both false knaves and cheats,
Imposters, jugglers, counterfeits,
I'll make them serve for perpendiculars,
As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers. 1020

They're guilty, by their own confessions,
Of felony ; and at the sessions,
Upon the bench, I will so handle 'em,
That the vibration of this pendulum
Shall make all tailors' yards of one 1025
Unanimous opinion ;

A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now shall make it out by proof.

Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt
To find friends that will bear me out : 1030
Nor have I hazarded my art,
And neck, so long on the state's part,
To be expos'd i' th' end to suffer
By such a braggadocio huffer.

1024. The device of the vibration of a pendulum was intended to settle a certain measure of ells and yards, &c. (that should have its foundation in nature) all the world over : for by swinging a weight at the end of a string, and calculating by the motion of the sun, or any star, how long the vibration would last, in proportion to the length of the string, and weight of the pendulum, they thought to reduce it back again, and from any part of time compute the exact length of any string that must necessarily vibrate into so much space of time ; so that if a man should ask in China for a quarter of an hour of satin, or taffeta, they would know perfectly what it meant ; and all mankind learn a new way to measure things no more by the yard, foot, or inch, but by the hour, quarter, and minute.

Huffer ! quoth Hudibras : this sword 1035
 Shall down thy false throat cram that word.
 Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,
 To apprehend this Stygian sophister ;
 Meanwhile I'll hold 'em at a bay,
 Lest he and Whachum run away. 1040

But Sidrophel, who, from th' aspect
 Of Hudibras, did now erect
 A figure worse portending far
 Than that of a malignant star,
 Believ'd it now the fittest moment 1045

'To shun the danger that might come on't,
 While Hudibras was all alone,
 And he and Whachum, two to one.
 This being resolv'd, he spy'd, by chance,
 Behind the door, an iron lance, 1050

That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,
 And legs, and loins, and shoulders bor'd :
 He snatch'd it up, and made a pass,
 To make his way through Hudibras.
 Whachum had got a fire-fork, 1055
 With which he vow'd to do his work.

But Hudibras was well prepar'd,
 And stoutly stood upon his guard ;
 He put by Sidrophello's thrust,
 And in right manfully he rusht : 1060

The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
 And laid him on the earth along.
 Whachum his sea-coal prong threw by,
 And basely turn'd his back to fly :
 But Hudibras gave him a twitch 1065

As quick as lightning in the breech,
 Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,
 As wise philosophers have judg'd :
 Because a kick in that place more
 Hurts honour than deep wounds before. 1070

Quoth Hudibras, The stars determine
 You are my prisoners, base vermin !
 Could they not tell you so as well
 As what I came to know foretel ?
 By this what cheats you are we find, 1075
 That in your own concerns are blind.

Your lives are now at my dispose,
 To be redeem'd by fine or blows :
 But who his honour would defile,
 To take or sell two lives so vile? 1080
 I'll give you quarter ; but your pillage,
 The conqu'ring warrior's crop and tillage,
 Which with his sword he reaps and ploughs,
 That's mine, the law of arms allows.
 This said in haste, in haste he fell 1085
 To rummaging of Sidrophel.
 First, he expounded both his pockets,
 And found a watch with rings and lockets,
 Which had been left with him t' erect
 A figure for, and so detect ; 1090
 A copper-plate, with almanacks
 Engrav'd upon 't ; with other knacks
 Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers',
 And blank-schemes t' discover nimmers ;
 A moon-dial, with Napier's bones, 1095
 And several constellation stones,
 Engrav'd in planetary hours,
 That over mortals had strange powers
 To make 'em thrive in law or trade,
 And stab or poison to evade ; 1100
 In wit or wisdom to improve,
 And be victorious in love.
 Whachum had neither cross nor pile ;
 His plunder was not worth the while ;
 All which the conqu'ror did discompt, 1105
 To pay for curing of his rump.
 But Sidrophel, as full of tricks
 As Rota-men of politics,
 Straight cast about to over-reach
 Th' unwary conqu'ror with a fetch, 1110
 And make him glad (at least) to quit
 His victory, and fly the pit,
 Before the secular prince of darkness
 Arriv'd to seize upon his carcase :

1113. As the devil is the spiritual prince of darkness,
 so is the constable the secular, who governs in the night
 with as great authority as his colleague, but far more
 imperiously.

And as a fox with hot pursuit
Chas'd thro' a warren, casts about
To save his credit, and among
Dead vermin on a gallows hung,
And while the dogs ran underneath,
Escap'd (by counterfeiting death)
Not out of cunning, but a train
Of atoms justling in his brain,
As learn'd philosophers give out,
So Sidrophello cast about,
And fell to 's wonted trade again,
To feign himself in earnest slain:
First stretch'd out one leg, then another,
And seeming in his breath to smother
A broken sigh, quoth he, Where am I,
Alive or dead? or which way came I,
Through so immense a space so soon?
But now I thought myself i' th' moon;
And that a monster with huge whiskers,
More formidable than a Switzer's,
My body through and through had drill'd
And Whachum by my side had kill'd;
Had cross-examin'd both our hose,
And plunder'd all we had to lose.
Look, there he is: I see him now,
And feel the place I am run through:
And there lies Whachum by my side
Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd.
Oh! oh! With that he fetch'd a groan,
And fell again into a swoon;
Shut both his eyes, and stopp'd his breath,
And to the life out-acted death;
That Hudibras, to all appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as herring.
He held it now no longer safe
To tarry the return of Ralph,
But rather leave him in the lurch:
Thought he, he has abus'd our church,
Refus'd to give himself one firk
To carry on the public work;
Despis'd our synod-men like dirt,
And made their discipline his sport;

PART II.—CANTO III.

177

Divulg'd the secrets of their classes,
And their conventions prov'd high places;
Disparag'd their tithe-pigs as Pagan,
And set at nought their cheese and bacon; 1160
Rail'd at their Covenant, and jeer'd
Their rev'rend parsons, to my beard:
For all which scandals, to be quit
At once, this juncture falls out fit.
I'll make him henceforth to beware, 1165
And tempt my fury if he dare,
He must at least hold up his hand,
By twelve freeholders to be scann'd;
Who, by their skill in palmistry,
Will quickly read his destiny; 1170
And make him glad to read his lesson,
Or take a turn for 't at the session;
Unless his light and gifts prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I'm sure;
For if he 'scape with whipping now, 1175
'Tis more than he can hope to do;
And that will disengage my conscience
Of th' obligation in his own sense.
I'll make him now by force abide
What he by gentle means deny'd, 1180
To give my honour satisfaction,
And right the brethren in the action.
This being resolv'd, with equal speed
And conduct he approach'd his steed,
And with activity unwont 1185
Assay'd the lofty beast to mount;
Which once achiev'd, he spurr'd his palfrey,
To get from th' enemy and Ralph free:
Left dangers, fears, and foes behind,
And beat, at least three lengths, the wind. 1190

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF
 HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Crispinus.——

WELL! Sidrophel, though 'tis in vain
 To tamper with your crazy brain,
 Without trepanning of your skull
 As often as the moon's at full,
 'Tis not amiss, ere y' are giv'n o'er,
 To try one desp'rate med'cine more :
 For where your case can be no worse,
 The desperat'st is the wisest course.
 Is't possible that you, whose ears
 Are of the tribe of Issachar's,
 And might with equal reason) either
 For merit, or extent of leather,
 With William Pryn's, before they were
 Retrench'd and crucify'd, compare,
 Should yet be deaf against a noise
 So roaring as the public voice?
 That speaks your virtues free, and loud,
 And openly, in ev'ry crowd,
 As loud as one that sings his part
 T' a wheel-barrow or turnip cart,
 Or your new nick-nam'd old invention
 To cry green hastings with an engine
 (As if the vehemence had stunn'd,
 And torn your drum-heads with the soun
 And 'cause your folly's now no news,
 But overgrown, and out of use,
 Persuade yourself there's no such matter,
 But that 'tis vanish'd out of nature;
 When folly, as it grows in years,
 The more extravagant appears ;
 For who but you could be possess'd
 With so much ignorance, and beast,

That neither all men's scorn and hate,
 Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
 Nor bray'd so often in a mortar, 35
 Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture;
 But (like a reprobate) what course
 Soever's us'd, grow worse and worse?
 Can no transfusion of the blood,
 That makes fools cattle, do you good? 40
 Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,
 To turn 'em into mongrel-curs,
 Put you into a way, at least,
 To make yourself a better beast?
 Can all your critical intrigues 45
 Of trying sound from rotten eggs;
 Your several new found remedies
 Of curing wounds and scabs in trees;
 Your arts of fluxing them for claps,
 And purging their infected saps; 50
 Recov'ring shankers, crystallines,
 And nodes and botches in their rinds,
 Have no effect to operate
 Upon that duller block, your pate?
 But still it must be lewdly bent 55
 To tempt your own due punishment;
 And, like your whimsy'd chariots, draw
 The boys to course you without law;
 As if the art you have so long,
 Profess'd, of making old dogs young, 60
 In you had virtue to renew
 Not only youth, but childhood too.
 Can you, that understand all books,
 By judging only with your looks,
 Resolve all problems with your face, 65
 As others do with B's and A's;
 Unriddle all that mankind knows
 With solid bending of your brows;
 All arts and sciences advance,
 With screwing of your countenance, 70
 And, with a penetrating eye,
 Into th' abstrusest learning pry;
 Know more of any trade b' a hint,
 Than those who have been bred up in't;

180 HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

And yet have no art, true or false, 75
 To help your own bad naturals?
 But still the more you strive t' appear,
 Are found to be the wretcheder:
 For fools are known by looking wise,
 As men find woodcocks by their eyes. 80
 Hence 'tis, that 'cause y' have gain'd o'th' college
 A quarter-share (at most) of knowledge,
 And brought in none, but spent repute,
 Y' assume a pow'r as absolute
 To judge, and censure, and control, 85
 As if you were the sole Sir Poll;
 And saucily pretend to know
 More than your dividend comes to.
 You'll find the thing will not be done
 With ignorance and face alone; 90
 No, though y' have purchas'd to your name,
 In history, so great a fame;
 That now your talents, so well known,
 For having all belief outgrown,
 That ev'ry strange prodigious tale 95
 Is measur'd by your German scale;
 By which the virtuosi try
 The magnitude of ev'ry lie,
 Cast up to what it does amount,
 And place the bigg'st to your account; 100
 That all those stories that are laid
 Too truly to you, and those made,
 Are now still charg'd upon your score,
 And lesser authors nam'd no more.
 Alas! that faculty betrays 105
 Those soonest it designs to raise;
 And all your vain renown will spoil;
 As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil.
 Though he that has but impudence,
 To all things has a fair pretence; 110
 And put among his wants but shame
 To all the world may lay his claim;
 Though you have try'd that nothing's borne
 With greater ease than public scorn,
 That all affronts do still give place 115
 To your impenetrable face,

PART III.—CANTO I. 181

That makes your way through all affairs,
 As pigs through hedges creep with theirs;
 Yet as 'tis counterfeit and brass,
 You must not think 'twill always pass; 120
 For all impostors, when they're known,
 Are past their labour, and undone :
 And all the best that can befall
 An artificial natural,
 Is that which madmen find, as soon 125
 As once they're broke loose from the moon,
 And, proof against her influence,
 Relapse to e'er so little sense,
 To turn stark fools, and subjects fit
 For sport of boys, and rabble wit. 130

PART III.—CANTO I.

The Knight and Squire resolve at once
 The one the other to renounce :
 They both approach the Lady's bower,
 The Squire t' inform, the Knight to woo her.
 She treats him with a masquerade,
 By furies and hobgoblins made :
 From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
 And steals him from himself by night.

'Tis true, no lover has that pow'r
 T' enforce a desperate amour,
 As he that has two strings t' his bow,
 And burns for love and money too;
 For then he's brave and resolute, 5
 Disdains to render in his suit,
 Has all his flames and raptures double,
 And hangs or drowns with half the trouble ;
 While those who sillily pursue
 The simple, downright way, and true, 10
 Make as unlucky applications,
 And steer against the stream their passions.
 Some forge their mistresses of stars,
 And when the ladies prove averse,
 And more untoward to be won 15
 Than by Caligula the moon,

15. Caligula was one of the emperors of Rome, son of Germanicus and Agrippina. He would needs pass for a god, and had the heads of the ancient statues of the

Cry out upon the stars, for doing
 Ill offices to cross their wooing ;
 When only by themselves they're hind'red,
 For trusting those they made her kindred ; 20
 And still, the harsher and hide-bounder
 The damsels prove, become the fonder.
 For what mad lover ever dy'd
 To gain a soft and gentle bride ?
 Or for a lady tender-hearted, 25
 In purling streams or hemp departed ?
 Leap'd headlong int' Elysium,
 Through th' windows of a dazzling room ?
 But from some cross, ill-natur'd dame,
 The am'rous fly burnt in his flame. 30
 This to the Knight could be no news,
 With all mankind so much in use ;
 Who therefore took the wiser course,
 To make the most of his amours,
 Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways, 35
 As follows in due time and place.

No sooner was the bloody fight
 Between the Wizard and the Knight,
 With all th' appurtenances, over,
 But he relaps'd again t' a lover ; 40
 As he was always wont to do,
 When h' had discomfited a foe ;
 And us'd the only antique philters,
 Deriv'd from old heroic tilters.
 But now, triumphant and victorious, 45
 He held th' achievement was too glorious
 For such a conqueror to meddle
 With petty constable or beadle ;
 Or fly for refuge to the hostess
 Of th' inns of court and chancery, Justice ; 50
 Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause
 To th' ordeal trial of the laws ;

gods taken off, and his own placed on in their stead ;
 and used to stand between the statues of Castor and
 Pollux to be worshipped ; and often bragged of lying
 with the moon.

43. Philters were love potions, reported to be much
 in request in former ages ; but our true knight-errant
hero made use of no other but what his noble achieve-
 ments by his sword produced

52. Ordeal trials were, when supposed criminals, to

Where none escape, but such as branded
 With red-hot irons have past bare-handed ;
 And, if they cannot read one verse 55
 I' th' Psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.
 He therefore judging it below him
 To tempt a shame the devil might owe him,
 Resolv'd to leave the Squire for bail
 And mainprize for him to the gaol, 60
 To answer, with his vessel, all
 That might disastrously befall ;
 And thought it now the fittest juncture
 To give the lady a rencounter ;
 T' acquaint her with his expedition, 65
 And conquest o'er the fierce magician ;
 Describe the manner of the fray,
 And shew the spoils he brought away ;
 His bloody scourging aggravate ;
 The number of his blows, and weight ; 70
 All which might probably succeed,
 And gain belief h' had done the deed ;
 Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare
 No pawning of his soul to swear ;
 But, rather than produce his back, 75
 To set his conscience on the rack ;
 And in pursuance of his urging
 Of articles perform'd and scourging,
 And all things else, upon his part,
 Demand deliv'ry of her heart, 80
 Her goods and chattels, and good graces,
 And person, up to his embraces.
 Thought he, the ancient errant knights
 Won all their ladies' hearts in fights ;
 And cut whole giants into fritters, 85
 To put them into amorous twitters ;
 Whose stubborn bowels scorn'd to yield
 Until their gallants were half kill'd :
 But when their bones were drubb'd so sore
 They durst not woo one combat more, 90
 The ladies' hearts began to melt,
 Subdu'd by blows their lovers felt.

discover their innocence, went over several red-hot
 coulters. These were generally such whose cha-
 stity was suspected, as the vestal virgins, &c.

So Spanish heroes, with their lances,
 At once wound bulls and ladies' fancies,
 And he acquires the noblest spouse
 That widows greatest herds of cows :
 Then what may I expect to do,
 Wh' have quell'd so vast a buffalo?

Meanwhile, the Squire was on his way
 The Knight's late orders to obey ;
 Who sent him for a strong detachment
 Of beadles, constables, and watchmen,
 T' attack the cunning-man, for plunder
 Committed falsely on his lumber ;
 When he, who had so lately sack'd
 The enemy, had done the fact ;
 Had rifled all his pokes and fobs
 Of grimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,
 Which he, by hook or crook, had gather'd,
 And for his own inventions father'd :
 And when they should, at gaol-delivery,
 Unriddle one another's thievery,
 Both might have evidence enough,
 To render neither halter-proof.
 He thought it desperate to tarry,
 And venture to be accessary ;
 But rather wisely slip his fetters,
 And leave them for the Knight, his betters
 He call'd to mind th' unjust, foul play
 He would have offer'd him that day,
 To make him curry his own hide,
 Which no beast ever did beside,
 Without all possible evasion,
 But of the riding dispensation ;
 And therefore much about the hour
 The Knight (for reasons told before)
 Resolv'd to leave them to the fury
 Of justice, and an unpack'd jury,

93. The young Spaniards signalize their valour for the Spanish ladies at bull-feasts, which often is very hazardous, and sometimes fatal to them. performed by attacking of a wild bull kept on pur and let loose at the combatant ; and he that kills carries the laurel, and dwells highest in the la favour.

PART III.—CANTO I. 185

The Squire concurr'd t' abandon him,
 And serve him in the self-same trim ; 130
 T' acquaint the lady what h' had done,
 And what he meant to carry on ;
 What project 'twas he went about,
 When Sidrophel and he fell out ;
 His firm and steadfast resolution, 135
 To swear her to an execution ;
 To pawn his inward ears to marry her,
 And bribe the devil himself to carry her ;
 In which both dwelt, as if they meant
 Their party-saints to represent, 140
 Who never fail'd. upon their sharing
 In any prosperous arms-bearing,
 To lay themselves out to supplant
 Each other cousin German saint.
 But, ere the Knight could do his part, 145
 The Squire had got so much the start,
 H' had to the lady done his errand,
 And told her all his tricks aforehand.
 Just as he finish'd his report,
 The Knight alighted in the court ; 150
 And having ty'd his beast t' a pale,
 And taking time for both to stale,
 He put his band and beard in order,
 The sprucer to accost and board her :
 And now began t' approach the door, 155
 When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,
 Convey'd th' informer out of sight,
 And went to entertain the Knight ;
 With whom encount'ring. after longees
 Of humble and submissive congees, 160
 And all due ceremonies paid,
 He strok'd his beard, and thus he said :
 Madam, I do, as is my duty,
 Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie ;
 And now am come to bring your ear 165
 A present you'll be glad to hear :
 At least I hope so : the thing's done,
 Or may I never see the sun ;

137. His exterior ears were gone before, and so out of danger ; but by inward ears is here meant his conscience.

For which I humbly now demand
Performance at your gentle hand;
And that you'd please to do your part,
As I have done mine, to my smart.

With that he shrugg'd his sturdy back,
As if he felt his shoulders ake.

But she, who well enough knew what
(Before he spoke) he would be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The mystery of what he mean'd;
And therefore wish'd him to expound
His dark expressions less profound.

Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
How much I've suffer'd for your love,
Which (like your votary) to win,
I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin;
And for those meritorious lashes,
To claim your favour and good graces.

Quoth she, I do remember once
I freed you from th' enchanted sconce;
And that you promis'd, for that favour,
To bind your back to good behaviour,
And, for my sake and service, vow'd
To lay upon't a heavy load,
And what 'twould bear t' a scruple prove,
As other knights do oft make love;
Which whether you have done or no
Concerns yourself, not me, to know;
But if you have, I shall confess
Y' are honester than I could guess.

Quoth he, If you suspect my troth,
I cannot prove it but by oath;
And if you make a question on't,
I'll pawn my soul that I have done 't;
And he that makes his soul his surety,
I think, does give the best security.

Quoth she, Some say, the soul's secure
Against distress and forfeiture;
Is free from action, and exempt
From execution and contempt;
And to be summon'd to appear
In th' other world's illegal here;

And therefore few make any account
 Int' what incumbrances they run 't :
 For most men carry things so even
 Between this world, and hell, and heaven,
 Without the least offence to either, 215
 They freely deal in all together ;
 And equally abhor to quit
 This world for both, or both for it ;
 And when they pawn and damn their souls.
 They are but pris'ners on paroles. 220

For that (quoth he) 'tis rational
 They may be accountable in all :
 For when there is that intercourse
 Between divine and human pow'rs,
 That all that we determine here 225
 Commands obedience every where ;
 When penalties may be commuted
 For fines, or ears, and executed,
 It follows, nothing binds so fast
 As souls in pawn and mortgage past ; 230
 For oaths are th' only tests and seals
 Of right and wrong, and true and false ;
 And there's no other way to try
 The doubts of law and justice by.

Quoth she, What is it you would swear ? 235
 There's no believing till I hear ;
 For, till they're understood, all tales
 (Like nonsense) are not true nor false.

Quoth he, When I resolv'd t' obey
 What you commanded th' other day, 240
 And to perform my exercise,
 (As schools are wont) for your fair eyes,
 T' avoid all scruples in the case,
 I went to do't upon the place :
 But as the Castle is enchanted 245
 By Sidrophel, the witch, and haunted
 With evil spirits, as you know,
 Who took my Squire and me for two,
 Before I'd hardly time to lay
 My weapons by, and disarray, 250
 I heard a formidable noise,

Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,
 That roar'd far off, Dispatch and strip,
 I'm ready with the infernal whip,
 That shall divest thy ribs from skin, 255
 To expiate thy ling'ring sin :
 Th' hast broken perfidiously thy oath,
 And not perform'd thy plighted troth ;
 But spar'd thy renegado back,
 Where th' hadst so great a prize at stake ; 260
 Which now the fates have order'd me
 For penance and revenge to flea,
 Unless thou presently make haste :
 Time is, time was : And there it ceas'd.
 With which, though startled, I confess, 265
 Yet th' horror of the thing was less
 Than th' other dismal apprehension
 Of interruption or prevention ;
 And therefore, snatching up the rod,
 I laid upon my back a load ; 270
 Resolv'd to spare no flesh and blood,
 To make my word and honour good ;
 Till tir'd, and making truce at length,
 For new recruits of breath and strength,
 I felt the blows still ply'd as fast 275
 As if th' had been by lovers plac'd,
 In raptures of Platonic lashing,
 And chaste contemplative bardashing ;
 When facing hastily about,
 To stand upon my guard and scout, 280
 I found th' infernal cunning-man,
 And th' under-witch, his Caliban,
 With scourges (like the furies) arm'd,
 That on my outward quarters storm'd.
 In haste I snatch'd my weapon up, 285
 And gave their hellish rage a stop ;
 Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell
 Courageously on Sidrophel ;

252. A speaking trumpet, by which the voice may be heard at a great distance, very useful at sea.

276. This alludes to some abject lechers, who used to be disciplined with amorous lashes by their mistresses.

Who now transform'd himself t' a bear,
 Began to roar aloud, and tear ; 290
 When I as furiously press'd on,
 My weapon down his throat to run ;
 Laid hold on him ; but he broke loose.
 And turn'd himself into a goose ;
 Div'd under water, in a pond, 295
 To hide himself from being found.
 In vain I sought him ; but, as soon
 As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
 Prepar'd with equal haste and rage,
 His under-sorcerer t' engage. 300
 But bravely scorning to defile
 My sword with feeble blood and vile,
 I judg'd it better from a quick-
 Set hedge to cut a knotted stick,
 With which I furiously laid on, 305
 Till in a harsh and doleful tone,
 It roar'd, O hold for pity, Sir :
 I am too great a sufferer,
 Abus'd, as you have been, b' a witch,
 But conjur'd into a worse caprich ; 310
 Who sends me out on many a jaunt,
 Old houses in the night to haunt.
 For opportunities t' improve
 Designs of thievery or love ;
 With drugs convey'd in drink or meat, 315
 All feats of witches counterfeit ;
 Kill pigs and geese with powder'd glass,
 And make it for enchantment pass ;
 With cow-itch meazle like a leper,
 And choke with fumes of Guinea pepper ; 320
 Make lechers, and their punks, with dewtry,
 Commit fantastical advowtry ;
 Bewitch Hermetic-men to run
 Stark staring mad with manicon ;

323. *Hermes Trismegistus*, an Egyptian philosopher, and said to have lived Anno Mundi 2076, in the reign of Ninus, after Moses. He was a wonderful philosopher, and proved that there was but one God, the creator of all things ; and was the author of several most excellent and useful inventions. But those Hermetic-men here mentioned, though the pretended sectators of this great man, are nothing else but a wild and extravagant sort of en-

Believe mechanic virtuosi 325
 Can raise 'em mountairs in Potosi;
 And, sillier than the antic fools,
 Take treasure for a heap of coals;
 Seek out for plants with signatures,
 To quack of universal cures; 330
 With figures ground on panes of glass
 Made people on their heads to pass;
 And mighty heaps of coin increase,
 Reflected from a single piece,
 To draw in fools, whose nat'ral itches 335
 Incline perpetually to witches;
 And keep me in continual fears,
 And danger of my neck and ears;
 When less delinquents have been scourg'd,
 And hemp on wooden anvil forg'd, 340
 Which others for cravats have worn
 About their necks and took a turn.

I pity'd the sad punishment
 The wretched caitiff underwent,
 And left my drubbing of his bones, 345
 Too great an honour for poltroons;
 For knights are bound to feel no blows
 From paltry and unequal foes,
 Who, when they slash, and cut to pieces,
 Do all with civilest addresses: 350
 Their horses never give a blow,
 But when they make a leg, and bow.
 I therefore spar'd his flesh, and prest him
 About the witch with many a question.

Quoth he, For many years he drove 355
 A kind of broking-trade in love;
 Employ'd in all th' intrigues and trust
 Of feeble, speculative lust:
 Procurer to th' extravagancy
 And crazy ribaldry of fancy, 360
 By those the devil had forsook,
 As things below him to provoke.

thusiasts, who make a hodge-podge of religion and philosophy, and produce nothing but what is the object of every considering person's contempt.

325. Potosi is a city of Peru, the mountains whereof afford great quantities of the finest silver in all the Indies.

But b'ing a virtuoso, able
 To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
 He held his talent most adroit 365
 For any mystical exploit ;
 As others of his tribe had done,
 And rais'd their prices three to one :
 For one predicting pimp has th' odds
 Of chaldrons of plain downright bawds. 370
 But as an elf (the devil's valet)
 Is not so slight a thing to get ;
 For those that do his bus'ness best,
 In hell are us'd the ruggedest ;
 Before so meriting a person 375
 Could get a grant, but in reversion,
 He serv'd two 'prenticeships, and longer,
 I' th' myst'ry of a lady-monger.
 For (as some write) a witch's ghost,
 As soon as from the body loos'd, 380
 Becomes a puny imp itself,
 And is another witch's elf :
 He, after searching far and near,
 At length found one in Lancashire,
 With whom he bargain'd before-hand, 385
 And, after hanging, entertain'd :
 Since which h' has play'd a thousand feats,
 And practis'd all mechanic cheats ;
 Transform'd himself to th' ugly shapes
 Of wolves and bears, baboons and apes, 390
 Which he has vary'd more than witches,
 Or Pharoah's wizards, could their switches ;
 And all with whom he has to do,
 Turn'd to as monstrous figures too :
 Witness myself, whom h' has abus'd, 395
 And to this beastly shape reduc'd,
 By feeding me on beans and peas,
 He crams in nasty crevices,
 And turns to comfits by his arts,
 To make me relish for deserts, 400
 And one by one, with shame and fear,
 Lick up the candy'd provender.
 Beside——But as he was running on,
 To tell what other feats h' had done,

The lady stopt his full career,
And told him now 'twas time to hear :
If half those things (said she) be true—
They're all, (quoth he,) I swear by you.
Why then (said she,) that Sidrophel
Has damn'd himself to th' pit of hell ;
Who, mounted on a broom, the nag
And hackney of a Lapland hag,
In quest of you came hither post,
Within an hour (I am sure) at most ;
Who told me all you swear and say,
Quite contrary another way ;
Vow'd that you came to him to know
If you should carry me or no ;
And would have hir'd him, and his imps,
To be your match-makers and pimps,
T' engage the devil on your side,
And steal (like Proserpine) your bride.
But he disdaining to embrace
So filthy a design and base,
You fell to vapouring and huffing,
And drew upon him like a ruffian ;
Surpris'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before h' had time to mount his guard ;
And left him dead upon the ground,
With many a bruise and desperate wound :
Swore you had broke and robb'd his house,
And stole his talismanique louse,
And all his new-found old inventions,
With flat felonious intentions ;
Which he could bring out where he had,
And what he bought them for, and paid.
His flea, his morpion, and punaise,
H' had gotten for his proper ease ;
And all in perfect minutes made,
By th' ablest artists of the trade,
Which (he could prove it) since he lost,
He has been eaten up almost ;
And altogether might amount
To many hundreds on account ;
For which h' had got sufficient warrant
To seize the malefactors errant,

Without capacity of bail,
 But of a cart's or horse's tail;
 And did not doubt to bring the wretches
 To serve for pendulums to watches; 450
 Which modern virtuosos say,
 Incline to hanging every way.
 Beside, he swore, and swore 'twas true,
 That, ere he went in quest of you,
 He set a figure to discover 455
 If you were fled to Rye or Dover;
 And found it clear, that, to betray
 Yourselves and me, you fled this way;
 And that he was upon pursuit,
 To take you somewhere hereabout, 460
 He vow'd he had intelligence
 Of all that pass'd before and since;
 And found, that ere you came to him,
 Y' had been engaging life and limb
 About a case of tender conscience. 465
 Where both abounded in your own sense;
 Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,
 Had clear'd all scruples in the case,
 And prov'd that you might swear and own
 Whatever's by the wicked done; 470
 For which, most basely to requite
 The service of his gifts and light,
 You strove t' oblige him, by main force,
 To scourge his ribs instead of yours;
 But that he stood upon his guard, 475
 And all your vapouring out-dar'd;
 For which, between you both, the feat
 Has never been perform'd as yet.

While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
 Turn'd th' outside of his eyes to white, 480
 (As men of inward light are wont
 To turn their optics in upon't)
 He wonder'd how she came to know
 What he had done and meant to do;
 Held up his affidavit hand, 485
 As if h' had been to be arraign'd;
 Cast t'wards the door a ghastly look,
 In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke:

Madam, if but one word be true
 Of all the wizard has told you, 49
 Or but one single circumstance
 In all th' apocryphal romance,
 May dreadful earthquakes swallow down
 This vessel, that is all your own;
 Or may the heavens fall, and cover 49½
 These reliques of your constant lover.

You have provided well, quoth she,
 (I thank you) for yourself and me,
 And shewn your Presbyterian wits
 Jump punctual with the Jesuits; 50
 A most compendious way, and civil,
 At once to cheat the world, the devil,
 And heaven and hell, yourselves, and those
 On whom you vainly think t' impose.
 Why then (quoth he) may hell surprise— 50½
 That trick (said she) will not pass twice:
 I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
 Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve.
 But there's a better way of clearing
 What you would prove than downright swear-
 For if you have perform'd the feat, [ing:
 The blows are visible as yet,
 Enough to serve for satisfaction
 Of nicest scruples in the action:
 And if you can produce those knobs, 51½
 Although they're but the witch's drubs,
 I'll pass them all upon account,
 As if your natural self had done 't;
 Provided that they pass th' opinion
 Of able juries of old women, 52
 Who, us'd to judge all matter of facts
 For bellies, may do so for backs.

Madam, (quoth he) your love's a million;
 To do is less than to be willing,
 As I am, were it in my power, 52½
 T' obey what you command, and more:
 But for performing what you bid,
 I thank you 's much as if I did.
 You know I ought to have a care
 To keep my wounds from taking air; 53

For wounds in those that are all heart,
Are dangerous in any part.

I find (quoth she) my goods and chattels
Are like to prove but mere drawn battels;
For still the longer we contend, 535
We are but farther off the end.

But granting now we should agree,
What is it you expect from me?
Your plighted faith (quoth he) and word
You past in heaven on record, 540
Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlastingly enroll'd :

And if 'tis counted treason here
To raze records, 'tis much more there.

Quoth she, There are no bargains driv'n, 545
Nor marriages clapp'd up in heav'n,
And that's the reason, as some guess,
There is no heav'n in marriages;
Two things that naturally press
Too narrowly to be at ease. 550

Their bus'ness there is only love,
Which marriage is not like t' improve
Love, that's too generous to abide
To be against its nature ty'd;
For where 'tis of itself inclin'd, 555

It breaks loose when it is confin'd;
And like the soul, its harbourer,
Debarr'd the freedom of the air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out, and flies away; 560

And therefore never can comply
T' endure the matrimonial tie,
That binds the female and the male,
Where th' one is but the other's bail;
Like Roman jailers, when they slept, 565
Chain'd to the prisoners they kept;
Of which the true and faithfull'st lover
Gives best security to suffer.

Marriage is but a beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way; 570
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd
It should so suddenly be tir'd;

A bargain at a venture made,
 Between two partners in a trade ;
 (For what's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold, 575
 But something past away, and sold ?)
 That, as it makes but one of two,
 Reduces all things else as low,
 And, at the best, is but a mart
 Between the one and th' other part, 580
 That on the marriage-day is paid,
 Or hour of death. the bet is laid ;
 And all the rest of better or worse,
 Both are but losers out of purse ;
 For when upon their ungot heirs 585
 Th' entail themselves, and all that's theirs,
 What blinder bargain e'er was driv'n,
 Or wager laid at six and seven ?
 To pass themselves away, and turn
 Their children's tenants ere they're born? 590
 Beg one another idiot
 To guardians, ere they are begot ;
 Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one
 Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
 Though got b' implicit generation, 595
 And gen'ral club of all the nation ;
 For which she's fortify'd no less
 Than all the island, with four seas ;
 Exacts the tribute of her dower,
 In ready insolence and power ; 600
 And makes him pass away, to have
 And hold, to her, himself, her slave,
 More wretched than an ancient villain,
 Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling ;
 While all he does upon the by, 605
 She is not bound to justify,
 Nor at her proper cost and charge
 Maintain the feats he does at large.
 Such hideous sots were those obedient
 Old vassals to their ladies regent, 610
 To give the cheats the eldest hand
 In foul play by the laws o' th' land ;

603. Villainage was an ancient tenure, by which the tenants were obliged to perform the most abject and slavish services for their lords.

For which so many a legal cuckold
 Has been run down in courts and truckled ;
 A law that most unjustly yokes 615
 All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Noakes,
 Without distinction of degree,
 Condition, age, or quality ;
 Admits no power of revocation,
 Nor valuable consideration, 620
 Nor writ of error, nor reverse
 Of judgment past, for better or worse :
 Will not allow the privileges
 That beggars challenge under hedges, [horses
 Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead
 Their spiritual judges of divorces ; 626
 While nothing else but Rem in Re
 Can set the proudest wretches free ;
 A slavery beyond enduring,
 But that 'tis of their own procuring. 630
 As spiders never seek the fly,
 But leave him, of himself, t' apply,
 So men are by themselves employ'd,
 To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
 And run their necks into a noose, 635
 They'd break 'em after to break loose ;
 As some, whom death would not depart,
 Have done the feat themselves by art ;
 Like Indian widows, gone to bed
 In flaming curtains to the dead ; 640
 And men as often dangled for't,
 And yet will never leave the sport.
 Nor do the ladies want excuse
 For all the stratagems they use
 To gain th' advantage of the set, 645
 And lurch the amorous rook and cheat :
 For as the Pythagorean soul
 Runs through all beasts, and fish, and fowl,

639. The Indian women, richly attired, are carried in a splendid and pompous machine to the funeral pile where the bodies of their deceased husbands are to be consumed, and their voluntarily throw themselves into it, and expire ; and such as refuse their virtue is ever after suspected, and they live in the utmost contempt.

647. It was the opinion of Pythagoras and his followers-

And has a smack of ev'ry one,
 So love does, and has ever done ; 650
 And therefore, though 'tis ne'er so fond,
 Takes strangely to the vagabond.
 'Tis but an ague that's reverst,
 Whose hot fit takes the patient first,
 That after burns with cold as much 655
 As ir'n in Greenland does the touch ;
 Melts in the furnace of desire
 Like glass, that's but the ice of fire ;
 And when his heat of fancy's over,
 Becomes as hard and frail a lover : 660
 For when he's with love-powder laden,
 And prim'd and cock'd by Miss or Madam,
 The smallest sparkle of an eye
 Gives fire to his artillery,
 And off the loud oaths go ; but, while 665
 They're in the very act, recoil.
 Hence 'tis so few dare take their chance
 Without a sep'rate maintenance ;
 And widows, who have try'd one lover,
 Trust none again, 'till th' have made over ; 670
 Or if they do, before they marry,
 The foxes weigh the geese they carry ;
 And ere they venture o'er a stream,
 Know how to seize themselves and them ;
 Whence wittiest ladies always choose 675
 To undertake the heaviest goose :
 For now the world is grown so wary,
 That few of either sex dare marry,
 But rather trust on tick t' amours,
 The cross and pile for better or worse ; 680
 A mode that is held honourable,
 As well as French, and fashionable ;
 For when it falls out for the best,
 Where both are incommoded least,
 In soul and body two unite, 685
 To make up one hermaphrodite,

ers, that the soul transmigrated (as they termed it) into
 all the diverse species of animals ; and so was differ-
 ently disposed and affected, according to their different
 natures and constitutions.

Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
 Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.
 Th' have more, punctilios and caprices
 Between the petticoat and breeches, 690
 More petulant extravagances,
 Than poets make 'em in romances,
 Though when their heroes 'spouse the dames,
 We hear no more of charms and flames :
 For then their late attracts decline, 695
 And turn as eager as prick'd wine ;
 And all their caterwauling tricks,
 In earnest too as jealous piques :
 Which th' ancients wisely signify'd
 By th' yellow mantuas of the bride : 700
 For jealousy is but a kind
 Of clap and grincam of the mind,
 The natural effects of love,
 As other flames and aches do prove ;
 But all the mischief is the doubt 705
 On whose account they first broke out.
 For though Chinesees go to bed,
 And lie in, in their ladies' stead,
 And, for the pains they took before,
 Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more ; 710
 Our green-men do it worse, when th' hap
 To fall in labour of a clap :
 Both lay the child to one another ;
 But who's the father, who the mother,
 'Tis hard to say in multitudes, 715
 Or who imported the French goods.
 But health and sickness b'ing all one,
 Which both engag'd before to own,
 And are not with their bodies bound
 To worship only when they're sound, 720
 Both give and take their equal shares
 Of all they suffer by false wares ;
 A fate no lover can divert
 With all his caution, wit, and art ;

707. The Chinese men of quality, when their wives are brought to bed, are nursed and tended with as much care as women here, and are supplied with the best strengthening and nourishing diet, in order to qualify them for future services.

For 'tis in vain to think to guess 725
 At women by appearances,
 That paint and patch their imperfections
 Of intellectual complexions,
 And daub their tempers o'er with washes
 As artificial as their faces ; 730
 Wear under vizard-masks their talents,
 And mother-wits before their gallants,
 Until they're hamper'd in the noose,
 Too fast to dream of breaking loose ;
 When all the flaws they strove to hide 735
 Are made unready with the bride,
 That with her wedding-clothes undresses
 Her complaisance and gentilities ;
 Tries all her arts to take upon her
 The government from th' easy owner ; 740
 Until the wretch is glad to waive
 His lawful right, and turn her slave ;
 Find all his having and his holding
 Reduc'd t' eternal noise and scolding ;
 The conjugal petard that tears 745
 Down all portcullisses of ears,
 And makes the volley of one tongue
 For all their leathern shields too strong ;
 When only arm'd with noise and nails,
 The female silk-worms ride the males, 750
 Transform 'em into rams and goats,
 Like Sirens, with their charming notes ;
 Sweet as a screech-owl's serenade,
 Or those enchanting murmurs made
 By th' husband mandrake and the wife, 755
 Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.
 Quoth he, These reasons are but strains
 Of wanton, overheated brains,

751. The Sirens, according to the poets, were three sea-monsters, half women and half fish ; their names were Parthenope, Ligeia, and Lencosia. Their usual residence was about the island of Sicily, where, by the charming melody of their voices, they used to detain those that heard them, and then transform them into some sort of brute animals.

755. Naturalists report, that if a male and female mandrake lie near each other, there will often be heard a sort of murmuring noise.

PART III.—CANTO I.

201

Which ralliers, in their wit, or drink,
 Do rather wheedle with than think. 760
 Man was not man in paradise,
 Until he was created twice,
 And had his better half, his bride,
 Carv'd from the original, his side,
 T' amend his natural defects, 765
 And perfect his recruiting sex;
 Enlarge his breed at once, and lessen
 The pains and labour of increasing,
 By changing them for other cares,
 As by his dry'd up paps appears. 770
 His body, that stupendous frame,
 Of all the world the anagram,
 Is of two equal parts compact,
 In shape and symmetry exact,
 Of which the left and female side 775
 Is to the manly right a bride;
 Both join'd together with such art,
 That nothing else but death can part.
 Those heav'nly attracts of yours, your eyes,
 And face that all the world surprise, 780
 That dazzle all that look upon ye,
 And scorch all other ladies tawny;
 Those ravishing and charming graces
 Are all made up of two half faces,
 That in a mathematic line, 785
 Like those in other heavens, join,
 Of which if either grew alone,
 'T would fright as much to look upon:
 And so would that sweet bud your lip,
 Without the other's fellowship. 790
 Our noblest senses act by pairs;
 Two eyes to see; to hear, two ears;
 Th' intelligencers of the mind,
 To wait upon the soul design'd;
 But those that serve the body alone, 795
 Are single, and confin'd to one.
 The world is but two parts, that meet
 And close at th' equinoctial fit;

797. The equinoctial divides the globe into north and south.

And so are all the works of Nature,
 Stamp'd with her signature on matter; 800
 Which all her creatures, to a leaf,
 Or smallest blade of grass, receive;
 All which sufficiently declare
 How entirely marriage is her care,—
 The only method that she uses 805
 In all the wonders she produces:
 And those that take their rules from her
 Can never be deceiv'd nor err.
 For what secures the civil life,
 But pawns of children, and a wife? 810
 That lie like hostages at stake,
 To pay for all men undertake;
 To whom it is as necessary
 As to be born and breathe, and marry;
 So universal, all mankind 815
 In nothing else is of one mind.
 For in what stupid age, or nation,
 Was marriage ever out of fashion?
 Unless among the Amazons,
 Or cloister'd friars, and vestal nuns; 820
 Or Stoics, who, to bar the freaks
 And loose excesses of the sex,
 Prepost'rously would have all women
 Turn'd up to all the world in common.
 Though men would find such mortal feuds, 825
 In sharing of their public goods,
 'Twould put them to more charge of lives,
 Than they're supply'd with now by wives;
 Until they graze, and wear their clothes,
 As beasts do, of their native growths: 830
 For simple wearing of their horns
 Will not suffice to serve their turns.
 For what can we pretend to inherit,
 Unless the marriage-deed will bear it?

819. The Amazons were women of Scythia, of heroic
 and great achievements. They suffered no men to live
 among them; but once every year used to have conver-
 sation with men of the neighbouring countries, by which
 if they had a male child, they presently either killed or
 crippled it; but if a female, they brought it up to the use
 of arms, and burnt off one breast, leaving the other to
 suckle girls.

PART III.—CANTO I. 203

Could claim no right to lands or rents, 835
 But for our parents' settlements;
 Had been but younger sons o' th' earth.
 Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.
 What honours, or estates of peers,
 Could be preserv'd but by their heirs? 840
 And what security maintains
 Their right and title, but the bans?
 What crowns could be hereditary,
 If greatest monarchs did not marry,
 And with their consorts consummate 845
 Their weightiest interests of state?
 For all the amours of princes are
 But guarantees of peace or war.
 Or what but marriage has a charm
 The rage of empires to disarm, 850
 Make blood and desolation cease,
 And fire and sword unite in peace,
 When all their fierce contests for forage
 Conclude in articles of marriage?
 Nor does the genial bed provide 855
 Less for the int'rests of the bride;
 Who else had not the least pretence
 T' as much as due benevolence;
 Could no more title take upon her
 To virtue, quality, and honour, 860
 Than ladies-errant unconfin'd,
 And feme-coverts to all mankind.
 All women would be of one piece,
 The virtuous matron and the miss;
 The nymphs of chaste Diana's train, 865
 The same with those in Lewkner's Lane,
 But for the difference marriage makes
 'Twixt wives and ladies of the lakes;
 Besides the joys of place and birth,
 The sex's paradise on earth; 870
 A privilege so sacred held,
 That none will to their mothers yield;

865. Diana's nymphs, all of whom vowed perpetual virginity, and were much celebrated for the exact observation of their vow.

866. Lewkner's Lane some years ago swarmed with notoriously lascivious and profligate strumpets.

But rather than not go before,
 Abandon heaven at the door.
 And if th' indulgent law allows 875
 A greater freedom to the spouse,
 The reason is, because the wife
 Runs greater hazards of her life;
 Is trusted with the form and matter 880
 Of all mankind by careful Nature:
 Where man brings nothing but the stuff
 She frames the wondrous fabric of;
 Who therefore, in a strait, may freely
 Demand the clergy of her belly,
 And make it save her the same way 885
 It seldom misses to betray;
 Unless both parties wisely enter
 Into the liturgy indenture.
 And though some fits of small contest
 Sometimes fall out among the best, 890
 That is no more than ev'ry lover
 Does from his hackney-lady suffer:
 That makes no breach of faith and love,
 But rather (sometimes) serves t' improve.
 For as, in running, ev'ry pace 895
 Is but between two legs a race,
 In which both do their uttermost
 To get before, and win the post,
 Yet when they're at their race's ends,
 They're still as kind and constant friends, 900
 And, to relieve their weariness,
 By turns give one another ease;
 So all those false alarms of strife
 Between the husband and the wife,
 And little quarrels, often prove 905
 To be but new recruits of love;
 When those wh' are always kind or coy,
 In time must either tire or cloy.
 Nor are their loudest clamours more
 Than as they're relish'd sweet or sour; 910
 Like music, that proves bad or good,
 According as 'tis understood.

*877 Demanding the clergy of her belly, which, for
 the reason aforesaid is pleaded in excuse by those who
 take the liberty to oblige themselves and friends.*

PART III.—CANTO I.

305

In all amours, a lover burns
 With frowns as well as smiles by turns ;
 And hearts have been as oft with sullen 915
 As charming looks surpris'd and stolen.
 Then why should more bewitching clamour
 Some lovers not as much enamour?
 For discords make the sweetest airs,
 And curses are a kind of prayers ; 920
 Too slight alloys for all those grand
 Felicities by marriage gain'd.
 For nothing else has pow'r to settle
 Th' interests of love perpetual ;
 An act and deed, that makes one heart 925
 Become another's counterpart,
 And passes fines on faith and love,
 Enroll'd and register'd above,
 To seal the slippery knots of vows,
 Which nothing else but death can loose. 930
 And what security's too strong,
 To guard the gentle heart from wrong,
 That to its friend is glad to pass
 Itself away, and all it has ;
 And, like an anchorite, gives over 935
 This world for th' heaven of a lover ?
 I grant (quoth she there are some few
 Who take that course, and find it true ;
 But millions whom the same doth sentence
 To heav'n b' another way—repentance. 940
 Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,
 'Though all they hit they turn to lovers ;
 And all the weighty consequents
 Depend upon more blind events
 Than gamesters, when they play a set 945
 With greatest cunning at piquet,
 Put out with caution, but take in
 They know not what, unsight, unseen.
 For what do lovers, when they're fast
 In one another's arms embrac'd, 950
 But strive to plunder, and convey
 Each other, like a prize, away ?
 To change the property of selves,
 As sucking children are by elves ?

And if they use their persons so, 955
 What will they to their fortunes do?
 Their fortunes! the perpetual aims
 Of all their ecstasies and flames.
 For when the money's on the book,
 And, All my worldly goods—but spoke 960
 (The formal livery and seisin
 That puts the lover in possession,)
 To that alone the bridegroom's wedded;
 The bride a flam that's superseded:
 To that their faith is still made good, 965
 And all the oaths to us they vow'd:
 For when we once resign our pow'rs,
 W' have nothing left we can call ours:
 Our money's now become the Miss
 Of all your lives and services; 970
 And we, forsaken and postpon'd,
 But bawds to what before we own'd;
 Which, as it made y' at first gallant us,
 So now hires others to supplant us,
 Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors 975
 (As we had been) for new amours:
 For what did ever heiress yet
 By being born to lordships get?
 When the more lady sh' is of manors,
 She's but expos'd to more trepanners, 980
 Pays for their projects and designs,
 And for her own destruction fines;
 And does but tempt them with her riches,
 To use her as the dev'l does witches;
 Who takes it for a special grace 985
 To be their cully for a space,
 That when the time's expir'd, the drazels
 For ever may become his vassals:
 So she, bewitch'd by rooks and spirits,
 Betrays herself and all sh' inherits: 990
 Is bought and sold like stolen goods,
 By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds,
 Until they force her to convey,
 And steal the thief himself away,
 These are the everlasting fruits 995
 Of all your passionate love-suits,

Th' effects of all your amorous fancies
 To portions and inheritances ;
 Your love-sick rapture for fruition
 Of dowry, jointure, and tuition ; 1000
 To which you make address and courtship,
 And with your bodies strive to worship,
 That th' infants' fortunes may partake
 Of love too, for the mother's sake.
 For these you play at purposes, 1005
 And love your loves with A's and B's.
 For these at Beste and L'Ombre woo,
 And play for love and money too ;
 Strive who shall be the ablest man
 At right gallanting of a fan ; 1010
 And who the most genteelly bred
 At sucking of a vizard-bead ;
 How best t' accost us in all quarters,
 T' our question-and-command new Garters ;
 And solidly discourse upon 1015
 All sorts of dresses pro and con ;
 For there's no mystery nor trade,
 But in the art of love is made ;
 And when you have more debts to pay
 Than Michaelmas and Lady-Day, 1020
 And no way possible to do 't,
 But love and oaths, and restless suit,
 'To us y' apply to pay the scores
 Of all your cully'd past amours ;
 Act o'er your flames and darts again, 1025
 And charge us with your wounds and pain ;
 Which others' influences long since
 Have charm'd your noses with, and shins ;
 For which the surgeon is unpaid,
 And like to be, without our aid. 1030
 Lord ! what an am'rous thing is want !
 How debts and mortgages enchant !
 What graces must that lady have
 That can from executions save !
 What charms that can reverse extent, 1035
 And null decree and exigent !
 What magical attracts and graces,
 That can redeem from scire facias !

From bonds and statutes can discharge,
 And from contempts of court enlarge ! 1040
 These are the highest excellencies
 Of all your true or false pretences ;
 And you would damn yourselves, and swear
 As much t' an hostess dowager,
 Grown fat and pursy by retail 1045
 Of pots of beer and bottled ale,
 And find her fitter for your turn,
 For fat is wondrous apt to burn ;
 Who at your flames would soon take fire,
 Relent, and melt to your desire, 1050
 And, like a candle in the socket,
 Dissolve her graces int' your pocket.
 By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
 When th' heard a knocking at the gate,
 Laid on in haste, with such a powder, 1055
 The blows grew louder still and louder ;
 Which Hudibras, as if th' had been,
 Bestow'd as freely on his skin,
 Expounding by his inward light,
 Or rather more prophetic fright, 1060
 To be the wizard, come to search,
 And take him napping in the lurch,
 Turn'd pale as ashes, or a clout,
 But why or wherefore is a doubt ;
 For men will tremble, and turn paler, 1065
 With too much or too little valour.
 His heart laid on, as if it try'd
 To force a passage through his side,
 Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,
 But in a fury to fly at 'em ; 1070
 And therefore beat, and laid about,
 To find a cranny to creep out.
 But she, who saw in what a taking
 The Knight was by his furious quaking,
 Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight ! 1075
 Know, I'm resolv'd to break no rite
 Of hospitality t' a stranger ;
 But to secure you out of danger,
 Will here myself stand sentinel,
 To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel, 1080

PART III.—CANTO I.

209

Women, you know, do seldom fail
 To make the stoutest men turn tail :
 And bravely scorn to turn their backs
 Upon the desp'ratest attacks.
 At this the Knight grew resolute 1085
 As Ironside and Hærdiknute :
 His fortitude began to rally,
 And out he cry'd aloud to sally,
 But she besought him to convey
 His courage rather out o' th' way, 1090
 And lodge in ambush on the floor,
 Or fortify'd behind a door ;
 That if the enemy should enter,
 He might relieve her in th' adventure.
 Meanwhile they knock'd against the door
 As fierce as at the gate before, 1096
 Which made the renegado Knight
 Relapse again t' his former fright.
 He thought it desperate to stay
 Till th' enemy had forc'd his way, 1100
 But rather post himself, to serve
 The lady, for a fresh reserve.
 His duty was not to dispute,
 But what sh' had order'd execute ;
 Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey, 1106
 And therefore stoutly march'd away ;
 And all h' encounter'd fell upon,
 Though in the dark, and all alone ;
 Till fear, that braver feats performs
 Than ever courage dar'd in arms, 1110
 Had drawn him up before a pass,
 To stand upon his guard and face ;
 This he courageously invaded,
 And having enter'd, barricado'd,
 Inconceiv'd himself as formidable 1115
 As could be underneath a table,
 Where he lay down in ambush close,
 T' expect th' arrival of his foes.
 Few minutes he had lain perdue,
 To guard his desp'rate avenue, 1120

1086. Two famous and valliant princes of this country ; the one a Saxon, the other a Dane.

Before he heard a dreadful shout,
 As loud as putting to the rout,
 With which impatiently alarm'd,
 He fancy'd th' enemy had storm'd,
 And, after ent'ring, Sidrophel 11
 Was fall'n upon the guards pell-mell :
 He therefore sent out all his senses,
 To bring him in intelligences,
 Which vulgars out of ignorance,
 Mistake for falling in a trance ; 11
 But those who trade in geomancy,
 Affirm to be the strength of fancy ;
 In which the Lapland Magi deal,
 And things incredible reveal.
 Meanwhile the foe beat up his quarters, 11
 And storm'd the outworks of his fortress :
 And as another of the same
 Degree and party, in arms and fame,
 That in the same cause had engag'd,
 And war with equal conduct wag'd, 11
 By vent'ring only but to thrust
 His head a span beyond his post,
 B' a gen'ral of the cavaliers
 Was dragg'd thro' a window by the ears ;
 So he was serv'd in his redoubt, 11
 And by the other end pull'd out.
 Soon as they had him at their mercy,
 They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
 As if they'd scorn to trade or barter,
 By giving or by taking quarter : 11
 They stoutly on his quarters laid,
 Until his scouts came in t' his aid ;
 For when a man is past his sense,
 There's no way to reduce him thence,
 But twinging him by th' ears or nose, 11
 Or laying on of heavy blows

1131. The Lapland Magi. The Laplanders are idolatrous people, far north ; and it is very credibly reported by authors and persons that have travelled their country, that they do perform things incredible what is vulgarly called magic.

And if that will not do the deed,
 To burning with hot irons proceed.
 No sooner was he come t' himself,
 But on his neck a sturdy elf 1160
 Clapp'd, in a trice, his cloven hoof,
 And thus attack'd him with reproof:

Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
 B' our friend, thy Evil Genius,
 Who, for thy horrid perjuries, 1165
 Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,
 The brethren's privilege (against
 The wicked) on themselves, the saints,
 Has here thy wretched carcass sent
 For just revenge and punishment; 1170
 Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
 But by an open free confession;
 For if we catch thee failing once,
 'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.

What made thee venture to betray, 1175
 And filch the lady's heart away?
 To spirit her to matrimony?—
 That which contracts all matches—money,
 It was th' enchantment of her riches
 That made m' apply t' your crony witches, 1180
 That, in return, would pay th' expense,
 The wear and tear of conscience;
 Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd,
 For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.

Didst thou not love her, then? Speak true.
 No more (quoth he) than I love you.— 1186
 How would'st th' have us'd her, and her money?
 First turn'd her up to alimony,
 And laid her dowry out in law,
 To null her jointure with a flaw, 1190
 Which I before-hand had agreed
 T' have put, on purpose in the deed;
 And bar her widow's making over
 T' a friend in trust, or private lover.

What made thee pick and choose her out,
 T' employ their sorceries about?— 1196
 That which makes gamesters play with those
 Who have least wit, and most to lose.

1158. An allusion to cauterizing in apoplexies, &c.

But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us? 1200

I see you take me for an ass :
'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass
Upon a woman well enough,
As 't has been often found by proof ;
Whose humours are not to be won, 1205
But when they are impos'd upon :
For love approves of all they do
That stand for candidates. and woo.

Why didst thou forge those shameful lies
Of bears and witches in disguise? 1210

That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe ;
A trick of following their leaders,
To entertain their gentle readers :
And we have now no other way 1215
Of passing all we do or say ;
Which, when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd b' a very few,
Beside the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of sense. 1220

Why didst thou choose that cursed sin,
Hypocrisy, to set up in ?

Because it is the thriving'st calling,
The only saint'-bell that rings all in ;
In which all churches are concern'd, 1225
And is the easiest to be learn'd .
For no degrees, unless they employ 't,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy 't :
A gift that is not only able
To domineer among the rabble, 1230
But by the laws impower'd to rout,
And awe the greatest that stand out ;
Which few hold forth against, for fear
Their hands should slip, and come too near ;
For no sin else among the saints 1235
Is taught so tenderly against.

What made thee break thy plighted vows?—
That which makes others break a house,
And hang, and scorn ye all, before
Endure the plague of being poor. 1240

Quoth he, I see you have more tricks
 Than all our doating politics,
 That are grown old, and out of fashion,
 Compar'd with your New Reformation;
 That we must come to school to you, 1245
 To learn your more refin'd and new,

Quoth he, if you will give me leave
 To tell you what I now perceive,
 You'll find yourself an arrant chouse,
 If y' were but at a meeting-house.— 1250

'Tis true, (quoth he) we ne'er come there,
 Because wi' have let 'em out by th' year.

Truly, quoth he, you can't imagine
 What wondrous things they will engage in :
 That as your fellow-fiends in hell 1255
 Were angels all before they fell,

So are you like to be agen,
 Compar'd with th' angels of us men.

Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be
 Thy scholar in this mystery ; 1260
 And therefore first desire to know
 Some principles on which you go.

What makes a knave a child of God,
 And one of us?—A livelihood.

What renders beating out of brains, 1265
 And murder, godliness?—Great gains.

What's tender conscience?—"Tis a botch,
 That will not bear the gentlest touch ;
 But breaking out, dispatches more
 Than th' epidemical'st plague-sore. 1270

What makes y' encroach upon our trade,
 And damn all others?—To be paid.

What's orthodox, and true believing
 Against a conscience?—A good living.

What makes rebelling against kings 1275
 A good old cause?—Administ'rings.

What makes old doctrines plain and clear?—
 About two hundred pounds a year.

And that which was prov'd true before,
 Prove false again?—Two hundred more. 1280

What makes the breaking of all oaths
 A holy duty?—Food and clothes.

When, after a short pause and groan,
The doleful spirit thus went on :

This 'tis t' engage with dogs and bears
Pell-mell together by the ears,
And, after painful bangs and knocks, 11
To lie in limbo in the stocks,
And from the pinnacle of glory
Fall headlong into purgatory.
(Thought he, this devil's full of malice,
That on my late disasters rallies.) 12
Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more heroic minded ;
And at a riding handled worse,
With treats more slovenly and coarse :
Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars, 13
And hot disputes with conjurers ;
And when th' hadst bravely won the day,
Wast fain to steal thyself away.
(I see, thought he, this shameless elf
Would fain steal me too from myself, 13
That impudently dares to own
What I have suffer'd for and done.)
And now, but vent'ring to betray,
Hast met with vengeance the same way.
Thought he, how does the devil know 13
What 'twas that I design'd to do ?
His office of intelligence,
His oracles, are ceas'd long since ;
And he knows nothing of the saints,
But what some treacherous spy acquaints. 13
That is some pettifogging fiend,
Some under door-keeper's friend's friend,
That undertakes to understand,
And juggles at the second-hand ;
And now would pass for Spirit Po, 13
And all men's dark concerns foreknow.
I think I need not fear him for't ;
These rallying devils do no hurt.
With that he rous'd his drooping heart,
And hastily cry'd out, What art? 14
A wretch (quoth he) whom want of grace
Has brought to this unhappy place.

I do believe thee, quoth the Knight ;
 Thus far I'm sure th' art in the right ;
 And know what 'tis that troubles thee, 1405
 Better than thou hast guess'd of me.
 Thou art some paltry, blackguard sprite,
 Condemn'd to drudg'ry in the night ;
 Thou hast no work to do in th' house,
 Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes ; 1410
 Without the raising of which sum
 You dare not be so troublesome
 To pinch the slatterns black and blue,
 For leaving you their work to do.
 This is your bus'ness, good Pug-Robin, 1415
 And your diversion dull dry-bobbing,
 T' entice fanatics in the dirt,
 And wash them clean in ditches for't ;
 Of which conceit you are so proud,
 At ev'ry jest you laugh aloud, 1420
 As now you would have done by me,
 But that I barr'd your railery.

Sir (quoth the voice,) y' are no such Sophi
 As you would have the world judge of ye.
 If you design to weigh our talents 1425
 I' th' standard of your own false balance,
 Or think it possible to know
 Us ghosts as well as we do you ;
 We, who have been the everlasting
 Companions of your drubs and basting, 1430
 And never left you in contest,
 With male or female, man or beast,
 But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,
 In all adventures, 's your Squire.

Quoth he, That may be said as true 1435
 By th' idlest pug of all your crew :
 For none could have betray'd us worse
 Than those allies of ours and yours.
 But I have sent him for a token
 To your low-country Hogen-Mogen, 1440

1423. Sophi is at present the name of the kings of Persia, not superadded, as Pharaoh was to the kings of Egypt, but the name of the family itself, and religion of Hali, whose descendants by Fatima, Mahomet's daughter, took the name of Sophi.

To whose infernal shores I hope
 He'll swing like skippers in a rope.
 And if y' have been more just to me
 (As I am apt to think) than he,
 I am afraid it is as true,
 What th' ill-affected say of you :
 Y' have spous'd the Covenant and Cause,
 By holding up your cloven paws.

Sir, (quoth the voice,) 'tis true, I grant,
 We made and took the Covenant ;
 But that no more concerns the Cause
 Than other perjuries do the laws,
 Which, when they're prov'd in open court,
 Wear wooden peccadillos for't :
 And that's the reason Cov'nanters
 Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.

I see, quoth Hudibras, from whence
 These scandals of the saints commence,
 That are but natural effects
 Of Satan's malice, and his sects,
 Those spider-saints, that hang by threads,
 Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads.

Sir, (quoth the voice) that may as true
 And properly be said of you,
 Whose talents may compare with either, }
 Or both the other put together :
 For all the Independents do
 Is only what you forc'd 'em to ;
 You, who are not content alone
 With tricks to put the devil down, }
 But must have armies rais'd to back
 The gospel work you undertake ;
 As if artillery, and edge-tools,
 Were th' only engines to save souls :
 While he, poor devil, has no pow'r }
 By force to run down and devour ;
 Has ne'er a Classis ; cannot sentence
 To stools, or poundage of repentance ;
 Is ty'd up only to design,
 T' entice, and tempt, and undermine ; }

1454. Peccadillos were stiff pieces that went a the neck, and round about the shoulders, to pin the b worn by persons nice in dressing ; but his wooden is a pillory.

In which you all his arts outdo,
 And prove yourselves his betters too.
 Hence 'tis possessions do less evil
 Than mere temptations of the devil,
 Which all the horrid'st actions done 1485
 Are charg'd in courts of law upon
 Because, unless they help the elf,
 He can do little of himself;
 And therefore where he's best possess'd,
 Acts most against the interest; 1490
 Surprises none, but those wh' have priests
 To turn him out, and exorcists,
 Supply'd with spiritual provision,
 And magazines of ammunition;
 With crosses, relics, crucifixes, 1495
 Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;
 The tools of working out salvation
 By mere mechanic operation;
 With holy water, like a sluice,
 To overflow all avenues: 1500
 But those wh' are utterly unarm'd
 T' oppose his entrance, if he storm'd,
 He never offers to surprise,
 Although his falsest enemies;
 But is content to be their drudge, 1505
 And on their errands glad to trudge:
 For where are all your forfeitures
 Intrusted in safe hands, but ours?
 Who are but jailers of the holes
 And dungeons where you clap up souls; 1510
 Like under-keepers, turn the keys,
 T' your mittimus anathemas;
 And never boggle to restore
 The members you deliver o'er
 Upon demand, with fairer justice 1515
 Than all your covenanting Trustees;
 Unless, to punish them the worse,
 You put them in the secular pow'rs,
 And pass their souls, as some demise
 The same estate in mortgage twice; 1520

1483. Criminals, in their indictments, are charged with not having the fear of God before their eyes, but being led by the instigation of the devil.

When to a legal Utlegation
 You turn your excommunication,
 And for a groat unpaid, that's due,
 Distrain on soul and body too.

Thought he, 'tis no mean part of civil
 State prudence to cajole the devil;
 And not to handle him too rough,
 When h' has us in his cloven hoof.

'Tis true, quoth he, that intercourse
 Has pass'd between your friends and ours,]
 That as you trust us, in our way,
 To raise your members, and to lay,
 We send you others of our own,
 Denounc'd to hang themselves or drown,
 Or, frighted with our oratory, 1
 To leap down headlong many a story;
 Have us'd all means to propagate
 Your mighty interests of state;
 Laid out our spiritual gifts to further
 Your great designs of rage and murther. 1
 For if the saints are nam'd from blood,
 We only have made that title good;
 And if it were but in our power,
 We should not scruple to do more,
 And not be half a soul behind 1
 Of all dissenters of mankind.

Right, quoth the voice, and as I scorn
 To be ungrateful, in return
 Of all those kind good offices,
 I'll free you out of this distress, 1
 And set you down in safety, where
 It is no time to tell you here.
 The cock crows, and the morn grows on,
 When 'tis decreed I must be gone;
 And if I leave you here till day, 1
 You'll find it hard to get away.

With that the spirit grop'd about,
 To find th' enchanted hero out,

1521. When they return the excommunication into Chancery, there is issued out a writ against the peer

1524. Excommunication, which deprives men of being members of the visible church, and formally lives them up to the devil.

And try'd with haste to lift him up ;
 But found his forlorn hope. his crup, 1560
 Unserviceable with kicks and blows,
 Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.
 He thought to drag him by the heels,
 Like Gresham carts, with legs for wheels ;
 But fear, that soonest cures those sores 1565
 In danger of relapse to worse,
 Came in t' assist him with its aid,
 And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.
 No sooner was he fit to trudge,
 But both made ready to dislodge ; 1570
 The spirit hors'd him like a sack
 Upon the vehicle his back ;
 And bore him headlong into th' hall,
 With some few rubs against the wall ;
 Where finding out the postern lock'd, 1575
 And th' avenues as strongly block'd,
 H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,
 And in a moment gain'd the pass ;
 Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted soldier's
 Fore-quarters out by th' head and shoulders ;
 And cautiously began to scout, 1581
 To find their fellow-cattle out.
 Nor was it half a minute's quest,
 Ere he retriev'd the champion's beast,
 Ty'd to a pale, instead of rack, 1585
 But ne'er a saddle on his back,
 Nor pistols at the saddle-bow,
 Convey'd away the Lord knows how.
 He thought it was no time to stay,
 And let the night too steal away ; 1590
 But in a trice advanc'd the Knight
 Upon the bare ridge, bolt upright,
 And groping out for Ralpho's jade,
 He found the saddle too was stray'd,
 And in the place a lump of soap, 1595
 On which he speedily leap'd up ;
 And turning to the gate the rein,
 He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain ;
 While Hudibras, with equal haste,
 On both sides laid about as fast, 1600

And spurr'd, as jockies use, to break,
 Or padders to secure, a neck ;
 Where let us leave 'em for a time,
 And to their churches turn our rhyme ;
 To hold forth their declining state,
 Which now come near an even rate.

1605

CANTO II.

The saints engage in fierce contests
 About their carnal interests,
 To share their sacrilegious preys,
 According to their rates of Grace :
 Their various frenzies to reform,
 When Cromwell lett them in a storm ;
 Till in th' effige of Rumps, the rabble
 Burn all their Grandees of the Caba!.

THE learned write, an insect breeze
 Is but a mongrel prince of bees,
 That falls before a storm on cows,
 And stings the founders of his house ;
 From whose corrupted flesh that breed 5
 Of vermin did at first proceed :
 So, ere the storm of war broke out,
 Religion spawn'd a various rout
 Of petulant capricious sects,
 The maggots of corrupted texts, 10
 That first run all religion down,
 And after ev'ry swarm its own :
 For as the Persian Magi once
 Upon their mothers got their sons,
 That were incapable t' enjoy 15
 That empire any other way,

1. An insect breeze. Breezes often bring along with them great quantities of insects, which some are of opinion are generated from viscous exhalations in the air ; but our author makes them proceed from a cow's dung, and afterwards become a plague to that whence it received its original.

13. The Magi were priests and philosophers among the Persians, intrusted with the government both civil and ecclesiastic, much addicted to the observation of the stars. Zoroaster is reported to be their first author. They had this custom among them, to preserve and continue their families by incestuous copulation with their own mothers. Some are of opinion that the three wise men that came out of the East to worship our Saviour were some of these.

So Presbyter begot the other
 Upon the Good Old Cause, his mother,
 Then bore them, like the devil's dam,
 Whose son and husband are the same ; 20
 And yet no nat'ral tie of blood,
 Nor int'rest for the common good,
 Could, when their profits interfer'd,
 Get quarter for each other's beard :
 For when they thriv'd, they never fadg'd, 25
 But only by the ears engag'd ;
 Like dogs that snarl about a bone,
 And play together when they've none ;
 As by their truest characters,
 Their constant actions, plainly appears. 30
 Rebellion now began, for lack
 Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack ;
 The Cause and Covenant to lessen,
 And Providence to b' out of season :
 For now there was no more to purchase 35
 O' th' king's revenue and the churches,
 But all divided, shar'd, and gone,
 That us'd to urge the brethren on ;
 Which forc'd the stubborn'st for the Cause,
 To cross the cudgels to the laws, 40
 That what by breaking them th' had gain'd,
 By their support might be maintain'd ;
 Like thieves, that in a hemp-plot lie,
 Secur'd against the hue-and-cry ;
 For Presbyter and Independent 45
 Were now turn'd plaintiff and defendant ;
 Laid out their apostolic functions
 On carnal orders and injunctions ;
 And all their precious gifts and graces
 On outlawries and scire facias ; 50
 At Michael's term had many a trial,
 Worse than the dragon and St. Michael,
 Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,
 Into the bottomless abyss.
 For when, like brethren, and like friends, 55
 They came to share their dividends,

31. St. Michael, an archangel, mentioned in St. Jude's Epistle, verse 9.

And ev'ry partner to possess
 His church and state joint-purchases,
 In which the ablest saint, and best,
 Was nam'd in trust by all the rest
 To pay their money, and, instead
 Of ev'ry brother, pass the deed,
 He straight converted all his gifts
 To pious frauds and holy shifts,
 And settled all the other shares
 Upon his outward man and 's heirs ;
 Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands
 Deliver'd up into his hands,
 And pass'd upon his conscience
 By pre-entail of Providence ;
 Impeach'd the rest for reprobates,
 That had no titles to estates,
 But by their spiritual attainments
 Degraded from the right of saints.
 This b'ing reveal'd, they now begun
 With law and conscience to fall on,
 And laid about as hot and brain-sick
 As th' utter barrister of Swanswick ;
 Engag'd with money-bags as bold
 As men with sand-bags did of old ;
 That brought the lawyers in more fees
 Than all unsanctify'd trustees ;
 Till he who had no more to show
 I' th' case receiv'd the overthrow ;
 Or, both sides having had the worst,
 They parted as they met at first.

Poor Presbyter was now reduc'd,
 Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd !
 Turn'd out, and excommunicate
 From all affairs of church and state ;
 Reform'd t' a reformado saint,
 And glad to turn itinerant,
 To stroll and teach from town to town,
 And those he had taught up teach down,

77. William Prynne, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq. bot
 Swanswick, who styled himself Utter Barrister, a
 warm person, and voluminous writer ; and after
 Restoration, keeper of the records in the Tower.

PART III.—CANTO II. 225

And make those uses serve agen 95
 Against the new-enlighten'd men,
 As fit as when at first they were
 Reveal'd against the Cavalier;
 Damn Anabaptist and fanatic,
 As pat as popish and prelati; 100
 And with as little variation,
 To serve for any sect i' th' nation.
 The Good Old Cause, which some believe
 To be the devil that tempted Eve
 With knowledge, and does still invite 105
 The world to mischief with new Light,
 Had store of money in her purse
 When he took her for bett'r or worse;
 But now was grown deform'd and poor,
 And fit to be turn'd out of door. 110
 The Independents (whose first station
 Was in the rear of reformation,
 A mongrel kind of church dragoons,
 That serv'd for horse and foot at once,
 And in the saddle of one steed 115
 The Saracen and Christian rid,
 Were free of ev'ry spiritual order,
 To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder)
 No sooner got the start to lurch
 Both disciplines of war, and church, 120
 And providence enough to run
 The chief commanders of 'em down,
 But carry'd on the war against
 The common enemy o' th' saints,
 And in a while prevail'd so far, 125
 To win of them the game of war,
 And be at liberty once more
 T' attack themselves, as th' had before.
 For now there was no foe in arms,
 T' unite their factions with alarms, 130
 But all reduc'd and overcome,
 Except their worst, themselves at home,
 Wh' had compass'd all they pray'd, and swore,
 And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for;
 Subdu'd the nation, church, and state, 135
 And all things but their laws and hate:

But when they came to treat and transact,
 And share the spoil of all th' had ransackt,
 To botch up what th' had torn and rent,
 Religion and the government, 140
 They met no sooner, but prepar'd
 To pull down all the war had spar'd ;
 Agreed in nothing but t' abolish,
 Subvert, extirpate, and demolish :
 For knaves and fools b'ing near of kin 145
 As Dutch Boors are t' a Sooterkin,
 Both parties join'd to do their best
 To damn the public interest,
 And herded only in consults,
 To put by one another's bolts ; 150
 T' out cant the Babylonian labourers,
 At all their dialects of jabberers,
 And tug at both ends of the saw,
 To tear down government and law.
 For as two cheats that play one game, 155
 Are both defeated of their aim,
 So those who play a game of state,
 And only cavil in debate,
 Although there's nothing lost or won,
 The public bus'ness is undone ; 160
 Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
 Becomes the surer way to ruin.
 This when the royalists perceiv'd
 (Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,
 And own'd the right they had paid down 165
 So dearly for, the church and crown,)
 Th' united constanter, and sided
 The more, the more their foes divided :
 For though out-number'd, overthrown,
 And by the fate of war run down, 170
 Their duty never was defeated,
 Nor from their oaths and faith retreated ;

146. It is reported of the Dutch women, that making so great a use of stoves, and often putting them under their petticoats, they engender a kind of ugly monster, which is called a Sooterkin.

151. At the building of the Tower of Babel, when God made the confusion of languages.

PART III.—CANTO II.

227

For loyalty is still the same,
 Whether it win or lose the game ;
 True as the dial to the sun, 175
 Although it be not shin d upon.
 But when these brethren in evil,
 Their adversaries, and the devil,
 Began once more to shew them play,
 And hopes, at least, to have a day, 180
 They rally'd in parades of woods,
 And unfrequented solitudes ;
 Conven'd at midnight in outhouses,
 T' appoint new-rising rendezvouses,
 And, with a pertinacy unmatched, 185
 For new recruits of danger watch'd.
 No sooner was one blow diverted,
 But up another party started ;
 And, as if nature too, in haste
 To furnish out supplies as fast, 190
 Before her time, had turn'd destruction
 T' a new and numerous production,
 No sooner those were overcome,
 But up rose others in their room,
 That, like the Christian faith. increast 195
 The more, the more they were suppress :
 Whom neither chains nor transportation,
 Proscription, sale, or confiscation,
 Nor all the desperate events
 Of former try'd experiments, 200
 Nor wounds could terrify. nor mangling,
 To leave off loyalty and dangling ;
 Nor death (with all his bones) affright
 From vent'ring to maintain the right,
 From staking life and fortune down 205
 'Gainst all together, for the crown ;
 But kept the title of their cause
 From forfeiture, like claims in laws :
 And prov'd no prosp'rous usurpation
 Can ever settle in the nation ; 210
 Until, in spite of force and treason,
 They put their loyalty in possession ;
 And, by their constancy and faith,
 Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.

Toss'd in a furious hurricane, 215
 Did Oliver give up his reign;
 And was believ'd, as well by saints
 As mortal men and miscreants,
 To founder in the Stygian ferry,
 Until he was retriev'd by Sterry; 220
 Who, in a false erroneous dream,
 Mistook the New Jerusalem
 Profanely for th' apocryphal
 False Heaven at the end o' th' hall;
 Whither it was decreed by fate 225
 His precious reliques to translate.
 So Romulus was seen before
 B' as orthodox a senator,
 From whose divine illumination
 He stole the Pagan revelation. 230
 Next him his son and heir apparent
 Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent;
 Who first laid by the Parliament.
 The only crutch on which he leant;

215. At Oliver's death was a most furious tempest, such as had not been known in the memory of man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation.

This Sterry reported something ridiculously fabulous concerning Oliver, not unlike what Proculus did of Romulus.

224. After the Restoration, Oliver's body was dug up, and his head set at the farther end of Westminster-hall, near which place there is a house of entertainment, which is commonly known by the name of Heaven.

227. A Roman senator, whose name was Proculus, and much beloved by Romulus, made oath before the senate, that this prince appeared to him after his death, and predicted the future grandeur of that city, promising to be protector of it; and expressly charged him that he should be adored under the name of Quirinus; and he had his temple on Mount Quirinale.

231. Oliver's eldest son Richard was, by him before his death, declared his successor; and, by order of privy-council, proclaimed Lord Protector, and received the compliments of congratulation and condolence, at the same time, from the lord mayor and court of aldermen: and addresses were presented to him from all parts of the nation, promising to stand by him with their lives and fortunes. He summoned a parliament to meet at Westminster, which recognised him Lord Protector: yet, notwithstanding, Fleetwood, Desborough, and their partisans, managed affairs so, that he was obliged to resign.

PART III.—CANTO II. 229

And then sunk underneath the state, 235
That rode him above horsemen's weight.

And now the saints began their reign,
For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such bowel-hankerings,
To see an empire all of kings, 240

Deliver'd from the Egyptian awe
Of justice, government, and law,
And free t' erect what spiritual cantons
Should be reveal'd, or gospel Hans-Towns,
To edify upon the ruins 245

Of John of Leyden's old out-goings ;
Who for a weather-cock hung up,
Upon the mother church's top :
Was made a type, by Providence,
Of all their revelations since ; 250

And now fulfill'd by his successors,
Who equally mistook their measures :
For when they came to shape the model,
Not one could fit another's noddle ;
But found their light and gifts more wide 255

From fadging than th' unsanctify'd ;
While ev'ry individual brother
Strove hand to fist against another ;
And still the maddest, and most crackt,
Were found the busiest to transact : 260

For though most hands dispatch apace,
And make light work (the proverb says,)
Yet many diff'rent intellects
Are found t' have contrary effects ;

245. John of Leyden, whose name was Buckhold, was a butcher of the same place, but a crafty, eloquent, and seditious fellow, and one of those called Anabaptists. He went and set up at Munster, where, with Knipperdolling, and others of the same faction, they spread their abominable errors, and ran about the streets in enthusiastical raptures, crying, ' Repent, and be baptized ;' pronouncing dismal woes against all those that would not embrace their tenets. About the year 1533, they broke out into an open insurrection, and seized the palace and magazines, and grew so formidable, that it was very dangerous for those who were not of their persuasion to dwell in Munster ; but at length he and his associates being subdued and taken, he was executed at Munster, and had his flesh pulled off by two executioners, with red-hot pincers for the space of an hour, and then run through with a sword.

And many heads t' obstruct intrigues, 265
 As slowest insects have most legs.
 Some were for setting up a king ;
 But all the rest for no suc · thing,
 Unless King Jesus. Others tamper'd
 For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert ; 270
 Some for the Rump, and some, more crafty,
 For Agitators, and the safety ;
 Some for the gospel, and massacres
 Of spiritual affidavit-makers,
 That swore to any human regence 275
 Oaths of supremacy and allegiance ;
 Yea, though the ablest swearing saint
 That vouch'd the bulls o' the Covenant :
 Others for pulling down th' high places
 Of synods and provincial classes, 280
 That us'd to make such hostile inroads
 Upon the saints, like bloody Nimrods :
 Some for fulfilling prophecies,
 And th' extirpation of th' excise ;
 And some against th' Egyptian bondage 285
 Of holy-days, and paying poundage :
 Some for the cutting down of groves,
 And rectifying bakers' loaves ;
 And some for finding out expedients
 Against the slav'ry of obedience : - 290
 Some were for gospel ministers,
 And some for red-coat seculars,
 As men most fit t' hold forth the word,
 And wield the one and th' other sword :
 Some were for carrying on the work 295
 Against the Pope, and some the Turk :
 Some for engaging to suppress
 The Camisado of surplices,
 That gifts and dispensations hinder'd,
 And turn'd to th' outward man the inward ; 300
 More proper for the cloudy night
 Of popery than gospel light :
 Others were for abolishing
 That tool of matrimony, a ring,
 With which th' unsanctify'd bridegroom 305
 Is marry'd only to a thumb

PART III.—CANTO II.

221

(As wise as ringing of a pig,
That us'd to break up ground, and dig ;)

The bride to nothing but her will,

That nulls the after-marriage still : 310

Some were for th' utter extirpation

Of linsey-woolsey in the nation ;

And some against all idolizing

The cross in shop-books, or baptizing ;

Others to make all things recant 315

The Christian or surname of saint,

And force all churches, streets, and towns,

The holy title to renounce :

Some 'gainst a third estate of souls,

And bringing down the price of coals : 320

Some for abolishing black-pudding,

And eating nothing with the blood in ;

To abrogate them roots and branches ;

While others were for eating haunches

Of warriors, and, now and then, 325

The flesh of kings and mighty men ;

And some for breaking of their bones

'With rods of ir'n, by secret ones ;

For thrashing mountains, and with spells

For hallowing carriers' packs and bells : 330

Things that the legend never heard of,

But made the wicked sore afraid of.

The quacks of government (who sate

At th' unregarded helm of state,

And understood this wild confusion 335

Of fatal madness and delusion,

Must, sooner than a prodigy,

Portend destruction to be nigh)

Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,

And save their wind-pipes from the law ; 340

For one rencounter at the bar

Was worse than all th' had 'scap'd in war ;

And therefore met in consultation,

To cant and quack upon the nation ;

Not for the sickly patient's sake ; 345

Nor what to give but what to take ;

To feel the pulses of their fees,

More wise than fumbling arteries ;

Prolong the snuff of life in pain,
And from the grave recover—Gain. 350

'Mong these there was a politician
With more heads than a beast in vision,
And more intrigues in ev'ry one
Than all the whores of Babylon;
So politic, as if one eye 355

Upon the other were a spy,
That, to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both strove to blink;
And in his dark pragmatic way,
As busy as a child at play. 360

H' had seen three governments run down.
And had a hand in ev'ry one;
Was for 'em and against 'em all,
But barb'rous when they came to fall:
For, by trepanning th' old to ruin, 365

He made his int'rest with the new one;
Play'd true and faithful, though against
His conscience, and was still advanc'd:
For by the witchcraft of rebellion
Transform'd t' a feeble state-camelion, 370

By giving aim from side to side,
He never fail'd to save his tide,
But got the start of ev'ry state,
And at a change ne'er came too late;
Could turn his word, and oath, and faith, 375

As many ways as in a lathe;
By turning, wriggle, like a screw,
Int' highest trust, and out, for new:
For when h' had happily incurr'd,
Instead of hemp, to be preferr'd, 380

And pass'd upon a government,
He play'd his trick, and out he went;
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,
Would strive to raise himself upon 385

The public ruin, and his own;
So little did he understand
The desp'rate feats he took in hand,

351. This was the famous E. of S. who was endued
with a particular faculty of undermining and subverting
all sorts of government.

PART III.—CANTO II.

233

For when h' had got himself a name
 For fraud and tricks, he spoil'd his game; 390
 Had forc'd his neck into a noose,
 To show his play at fast and loose;
 And when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook,
 For art and subtlety, his luck.
 So right his judgment was cut fit, 395
 And made a tally to his wit,
 And both together most profound
 At deeds of darkness under-ground;
 As th' earth is easiest undermin'd
 By vermin impotent and blind. 400

By all these arts, and many more
 H' had practis'd long and much before,
 Our state artificer foresaw
 Which way the world began to draw:
 For as old sinners have all points 405
 O' th' compass in their bones and joints,
 Can by their pangs and aches find
 All turns and changes of the wind,
 And better than by Napier's bones
 Feel in their own the age of moons; 410
 So guilty sinners in a state
 Can by their crimes prognosticate,
 And in their consciences feel pain
 Some days before a show'r of rain:
 He therefore wisely cast about, 415
 All ways he could, t' ensure his throat;
 And hither came, t' observe and smoke
 What courses other riskers took;
 And to the utmost do his best
 To save himself, and hang the rest. 420

To match this saint, there was another
 As busy and perverse a brother,
 A haberdasher of small wares
 In politics and state affairs:

409. The famous Lord Napier, of Scotland, the first inventor of logarithms, contrived also a set of square pieces, with numbers on them, made generally of ivory (which perform arithmetical and geometrical calculations,) and are commonly called Napier's bones.

421. The great Colonel John Lubourn, whose trial is so remarkable, and well known at this time.

More Jew than Rabbi Achitophel,
And better gifted to rebel :
For when h^e had taught his tribe to 'spo
The Cause, aloft, upon one house,
He scorn'd to set his own in order,
But try'd another, and went farther ;
So suddenly addicted still
To 's only principle, his will,
That whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
Nor force of argument could move,
Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'born,
Could render half a grain less stubborn ;
For he at any time would hang
For th' opportunity t' harangue ;
And rather on a gibbet dangle,
Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle ;
In which his parts were so accomplisht,
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nony
But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease,
And with its everlasting clack
Set all men's ears upon the rack.
No sooner could a hint appear,
But up he started to picqueer,
And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
When he engaged in controversy :
Not by the force of carnal reason,
But indefatigable teasing ;
With vollies of eternal babble,
And clamour, more unanswerable :
For though his topics frail and weak,
Could ne'er amount above a freak,
He still maintain'd 'em, like his faults,
Against the desp'ratest assaults ;
And back'd their feeble want of sense
With greater heat and confidence ;
As bones of Hectors, when they differ,
The more they're cudgell'd, grow the st
Yet when his profit moderated,
The fury of his heat abated ;
For nothing but his interest
Could lay his devil of contest.

It was his choice, or chance, or curse,
 T' espouse the cause for better or worse,
 And with his worldly goods and wit,
 And soul and body worshipp'd it : 470
 But when he found the sullen trapes
 Possess'd with the devil, worms, and claps,
 The Trojan mare in foal, with Greeks,
 Not half so full of jadish tricks,
 Though squeamish in her outward woman, 475
 As loose and rampant as Doll Common,
 He still resolv'd to mend the matter,
 T' adhere and cleave the obstinater ;
 And still the skittisher and looser
 Her freaks appear'd to sit the closer : 480
 For fools are stubborn in their way,
 As coins are harden'd by th' alloy ;
 And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff
 As when 'tis in a wrong belief.
 These two, with others, being met, 485
 And close in consultation set,
 After a discontented pause,
 And not without sufficient cause,
 The orator we nam'd of late,
 Less troubled with the pangs of state 490
 Than with his own impatience,
 To give himself first audience,
 After he had a while look'd wise,
 At last broke silence, and the ice.
 Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt
 Our last outgoings brought about, 496
 More than to see the characters
 Of real jealousies and fears
 Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
 Scor'd upon ev'ry member's forehead ; 500

473. After the Grecians had spent ten years in the siege of Troy, without the least prospect of success, they bethought of a stratagem, and made a wooden horse capable of containing a considerable number of armed men : this they filled with the choicest of their army, and then pretended to raise the siege ; upon which the credulous Trojans made a breach in the walls of the city to bring in this fatal plunder ; but when it was brought in, the inclosed heroes soon appeared, and wax-
prising the city, the rest entered in at the breach.

Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn togeth
 And threaten sudden change of weather,
 Feel pangs and aches of state-turns,
 And revolutions in their corns;
 And, since our workings-out are cross'd,
 Throw up the cause before 'tis lost.
 Was it to run away we meant,
 When, taking of the Covenant,
 The lamest cripples of the brothers
 Took oaths to run before all others,
 But in their own sense only swore
 To strive to run away before;
 And now would prove that words and oaths
 Engage us to renounce them both?
 'Tis true, the cause is in the lurch,
 Between a right and mongrel-church:
 The Presbyter and Independent,
 That stickle which shall make an end on:
 As 'twas made out to us the last
 Expedient—(I mean Marg'ret's Fast,)
 When Providence had been suborn'd
 What answer was to be return'd:
 Else why should tumults fright us now,
 We have so many times gone through,
 And understand as well to tame,
 As when they serve our turns t' inflame?
 Have prov'd how inconsiderable
 Are all engagements of the rabble,
 Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd,
 With drums and rattles, like a child;
 But never prov'd so prosperous,
 As when they were led on by us:
 For all our scourging of religion
 Began with tumult and sedition:
 When hurricanes of fierce commotion
 Became strong motives to devotion
 (As carnal seamen in a storm,
 Turn pious converts, and reform;)
 When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges
 Maintain'd our feeble privileges;

530. That parliament used to have public fast
 in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, as is d
 this present time.

And brown-bills levy'd in the city,
 Made bills to pass the grand committee;
 When zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,
 Gave chase to rochets and white sleeves,
 And made the church, and state, and laws, 545
 Submit t' old iron and the cause.
 And as we thriv'd by tumults then,
 So might we better now agen,
 If we knew how, as then we did,
 To use them rightly in our need : 550
 Tumults, by which the mutinous
 Betray themselves instead of us.
 The hollow-hearted, disaffected,
 And close malignant, are detected,
 Who lay their lives and fortunes down 555
 For pledges to secure our own ;
 And freely sacrifice their ears
 T' appease our jealousies and fears :
 And yet for all these providences
 W' are offer'd, if we had our senses, 560
 We idly sit like stupid blockheads,
 Our hands committed to our pockets ;
 And nothing but our tongues at large,
 To get the wretches a discharge :
 Like men condemn'd to thunder-bolts, 565
 Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts ;
 Or fools besotted with their crimes,
 That know not how to shift betimes,
 And neither have the hearts to stay,
 Nor wit enough to run away ; 570
 Who, if we could resolve on either,
 Might stand or fall at least together ;
 No mean or trivial solaces
 To partners in extreme distress ;
 Who used to lessen their despairs, 575
 By parting them int' equal shares ;
 As if the more they were to bear,
 They felt the weight the easier ;
 And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
 The more he took his turn among. 580
 But 'tis not come to that, as yet,
 If we had courage left, or wit ;

Who, when our fate can be no worse,
 Are fitted for the bravest course ;
 Have time to rally, and prepare 585
 Our last and best defence, despair :
 Despair, by which the gallant'st feats
 Have been achiev'd in greatest straits,
 And horrid'st danger safely wav'd,
 By being courageously outbrav'd ; 590
 As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
 And poisons by themselves expell'd ;
 And so they might be now agen,
 If we were, what we should be, men ;
 And not so dully desperate, 595
 To side against ourselves with fate ;
 As criminals, condemn'd to suffer,
 Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.
 This comes of breaking covenants,
 And setting up exaunts of saints, 600
 That fine, like aldermen, for grace,
 To be excus'd the efficacy :
 For spiritual men are too transcendent,
 That mount their banks for Independent,
 To hang like Mahomet i' th' air, 605
 Or St. Ignatius at his prayer,
 By pure geometry, and hate
 Dependence upon church or state ;
 Disdain the pedantry o' th' letter ;
 And since obedience is better 610
 (The Scripture says) than sacrifice,
 Presume the less on't will suffice ;
 And scorn to have the moderat'st stints
 Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,
 Or any opinion, true or false, 615
 Declar'd as such, in doctrinals ;

605. It is reported of Mahomet, the great impostor, that having built a mosque, the roof whereof was of loadstone, and ordering his corpse, when he was dead, to be put into an iron coffin, and brought into that place, the loadstone soon attracted it near the top, where it still hangs in the air.

No less fabulous is what the legends says of Ignatius Loyola, that his zeal and devotion transported him so, that at his prayers he has been seen to be raised from the ground for some considerable time together.

But left at large to make their best on,
 Without b'ing call'd t' account or question :
 Interpret all the spleen reveals,
 As Whittington explain'd the bells; 620
 And bid themselves turn back agen
 Lord May'rs of New Jerusalem ;
 But look so big and over-grown,
 They scorn their edifiers t' own,
 Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,
 Their tones, and sanctified expressions ; 626
 Bestow'd their gifts upon a saint,
 Like charity on those that want ;
 And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots
 T' inspire themselves with short-hand notes ;
 For which they scorn and hate them worse
 Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders.
 For who first bred them up to pray,
 And teach the House of Commons' way ?
 Where had they all their gifted phrases, 635
 But from our Calamys and Cases ?
 Without whose sprinkling and sowing,
 Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen ?
 Their dispensations had been stifled,
 But for our Adoniram Byfield ; 640
 And had they not begun the war,
 Th' had ne'er been sainted, as they are :
 For saints in peace degenerate,
 And dwindle down to reprobate ;
 Their zeal corrupts like standing water, 645
 In th' intervals of war and slaughter ;
 Abates the sharpness of its edge,
 Without the power of sacrilege.
 And though they've tricks to cast their sins
 As easy as serpents do their skins, 650
 'That in a while grow out agen,
 In peace they turn mere carnal men,
 And, from the most refin'd of saints,
 As naturally grow miscreants,
 As barnacles turn Soland geese 655
 In th' Islands of the Orcades.

650. Naturalists report, that snakes, serpents, &c. cast their skins every year.

653. It is said that in the Islands of the Orcades, in

HUDIBRAS.

dispensation's but a ticket,
 their conforming to the wicked :
 whom the greatest difference
 more in words, and show, than sense. 660
 the Pope, that keeps the gate
 even, wears three crowns of state,
 that keeps the gate of hell,
 Cerberus, wears three heads as well :
 if the world has any troth, 665
 have been canoniz'd in both.
 that which does them greatest harm,
 spiritual gizzards are too warm,
 it puts the overheated sets
 ers still, like other goats. 670
 ough the whore bends hereticks
 flames of fire, like crooked sticks,
 chismatics so vastly differ,
 otter th' are, they grow the stiffer ;
 etting off their spiritual goods 675
 fierce and pertinacious feuds.
 al's a dreadful termagant,
 teaches saints to tear and rant,
 independents to profess
 doctrines of dependences ; 680
 meek, and secret, sneaking ones
 w-heads fierce and bloody bones :
 not content with endless quarrels
 at the wicked and their morals,
 libellines, for want of Guelphs, 685
 t their rage upon themselves.
 ow the war is not between
 rethren and the men of sin,
 unt and saint, to spill the blood
 e another's brotherhood : 690
 e neither side can lay pretence
 erty of conscience,

id, there are trees which bear these barnacles,
 dropping off into the water, receive life, and be-
 come those birds called Soland geese.

The poets feign the dog Cerberus, that is the
 of hell to have three heads.

Two great factions in Italy, distinguished by
 names, which miserably distracted and wasted it
 the year 1130.

PART III.—CANTO II.

241

Or zealous suff'ring for the cause,
 To gain one groat's worth of applause;
 For though endur'd with resolution, 695
 'Twill ne'er amount to persecution.
 Shall precious saints and secret ones,
 Break one another's outward bones,
 And eat the flesh of brethren,
 Instead of kings and mighty men? 700
 When fiends agree among themselves,
 Shall they be found the greatest elves?
 When Bel's at union with the Dragon,
 And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon;
 When savage bears agree with bears, 705
 Shall secret ones lug saints by th' ears,
 And not atone their fatal wrath,
 When common danger threatens both?
 Shall mastiffs, by the collar pull'd,
 Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold, 710
 And saints, whose necks are pawn'd at stake,
 No notice of the danger take?
 But though no pow'r of heav'n or hell
 Can pacify fanatic zeal,
 Who would not guess there might be hopes, 715
 The fear of gallowses and ropes,
 Before their eyes, might reconcile
 Their animosities a while;
 At least until they 'd a clear stage,
 And equal freedom to engage, 720
 Without the danger of surprise
 By both our common enemies?
 This none but we alone could doubt,
 Who understand their working-out,
 And know them, both in soul and conscience,
 Giv'n up t' as reprobate a nonsense 726
 As spiritual outlaws, whom the pow'r
 Of miracle can ne'er restore:
 We, whom at first they set up under,
 In revelation only of plunder, 730
 Who since have had so many trials
 Of their encroaching self-denials,
 That rook'd upon us with design
 To out-reform, and undermine;

Took all our interest and commands ?
 Perfidiously out of our hands ;
 Involv'd us in the guilt of blood
 Without the motive gain's allow'd,
 And made us serve as ministerial,
 Like younger sons of Father Belial ; ?
 And yet, for all th' inhuman wrong
 Th' had done us and the cause so long,
 We never fail'd to carry on
 The work still as we had begun ;
 But true and faithfully obey'd, ?
 And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd
 Nor troubled them to crop our ears,
 Nor hang us, like the cavaliers ;
 Nor put them to the charge of gaols,
 To find us pill'ries and carts' tails, ?
 Or hangmen's wages, which the state
 Was forc'd (before them) to be at ;
 That cut, like tallies, to the stumps,
 Our ears for keeping true accoinpts,
 And burnt our vessels, like a new ?
 Seal'd peck, or bushel, for b'ing true ;
 But hand in hand, like faithful brothers,
 Held for the cause against all others,
 Disdaining equally to yield
 One syllable of what we held. ?
 And though we differ'd now and then
 'Bout outward things, and outward men,
 Our inward men and constant frame
 Of spirit, still were near the same ;
 And, till they first began to cant ?
 And sprinkle down the Covenant,
 We ne'er had call in any place,
 Nor dream'd of teaching down free grace,
 But join'd our gifts perpetually
 Against the common enemy, ?
 Although 'twas ours and their opinion,
 Each other's church was but a Rimmon ;
 And yet, for all this gospel-union,
 And outward show of church-communion,
 They'll ne'er admit us to our shares ?
 Of ruling church or state affairs ;

PART III.—CANTO II.

243

Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence
 T' our own conditions of repentance ;
 But shar'd our dividend o' th' crown
 We had so painfully preach'd down ; 780
 And forc'd us, though against the grain,
 T' have calls to teach it up again :
 For 'twas but justice to restore
 The wrongs we had receiv'd before ;
 And when 'twas held forth in our way 785
 W' had been ungrateful not to pay ;
 Who, for the right w' have done nation,
 Have earn'd our temporal salvation ;
 And put our vessels in a way
 Once more to come again in play. 790
 For if the turning of us out
 Has brought this providence about,
 And that our only suffering
 Is able to bring in the king,
 What would our actions not have done, 795
 Had we been suffer'd to go on ?
 And therefore may pretend t' a share,
 At least, in carrying on th' affair.
 But whether that be so, or not,
 W' have done enough to have it thought ; 800
 And that's as good as if w' had done 't,
 And easier pass'd upon account :
 For if it be but half deny'd,
 'Tis half as good as justify'd.
 The world is nat'rally averse 805
 To all the truth it sees or hears ;
 But swallows nonsense, and a lie,
 With greediness and gluttony ;
 And though it have the pique, and long,
 'Tis still for something in the wrong ; 810
 As women long, when they're with child,
 For things extravagant and wild ;
 For meats ridiculous and fulsome,
 But seldom any thing that's wholesome ;
 And, like the world, men's jobbernoles 815
 Turn round upon their ears, the poles,
 And what they're confidently told,
 By no sense else can be controll'd.

And this, perhaps, may prove the means
 Once more to hedge in Providence. 820
 For as relapses make diseases
 More desp'rate than their first accessess,
 If we but get again in pow'r,
 Our work is easier than before,
 And we more ready and expert 825
 I' th' mystery to do our part :
 We, who did rather undertake
 The first war to create than make,
 And when of nothing 'twas begun,
 Rais'd funds as strange to carry 't on ; 830
 Trepann'd the state, and fac'd it down
 With plots and projects of our own ;
 And if we did such feats at first,
 What can we now we're better vers'd ?
 Who have a freer latitude, 835
 Than sinners give themselves, allow'd ;
 And therefore likeliest to bring in,
 On fairest terms, our discipline ;
 To which it was reveal'd long since
 We were ordain'd by Providence ; 840
 When three saints' ears our predecessors,
 The cause's primitive confessors,
 B'ing crucify'd, the nation stood
 In just so many years of blood ;
 That, multiply'd by six, exprest 845
 The perfect number of the beast,
 And prov'd that we must be the men
 To bring this work about agen ;
 And those who laid the first foundation,
 Complete the thorough Reformation : 850
 For who have gifts to carry on
 So great a work, but we alone ?
 What churches have such able pastors,
 And precious, powerful, preaching masters ?
 Possess'd with absolute dominions 855
 O'er brethren's purses and opinions ?
 And trusted with the double keys
 Of heaven and their warehouses ;

841. Burton, Prynne, and Bostwick, three notorious
 ringleaders of the factions, just at the beginning of the
 late horrid rebellion.

PART III.—CANTO II.

245

Who, when the cause is in distress,
 Can furnish out what sums they please, 860
 That brooding lie in bankers' hands,
 To be dispos'd at their commands;
 And daily increase and multiply,
 With doctrine, use, and usury:
 Can fetch in parties (as in war 865
 All other heads of cattle are
 From th' enemy of all religions,
 As well as high and low conditions,
 And share them, from blue ribands, down
 To all blue aprons in the town; 870
 From ladies hurried in calleches,
 With cor'nets at their footmen's breeches,
 To bawds as fat as Mother Nab,
 All guts and belly. like a crab.
 Our party's great, and better ty'd 875
 With oaths and trade than any side;
 Has one considerable improvement,
 To double fortify the Cov'nant;
 I mean our Covenant to purchase
 Delinquents' titles, and the churches: 880
 That pass in sale, from hand to hand,
 Among ourselves, for current land.
 And rise or fall, like Indian actions,
 According to the rate of factions;
 Our best reserve for Reformation, 885
 When new out-goings give occasion;
 That keeps the loins of brethren girt
 The Covenant (their creed) t' assert;
 And when th' have pack'd a Parliament,
 Will once more try th' expedient: 890
 Who can already muster friends,
 To serve for members, to our ends,
 That represent no part o' th' nation,
 But Fisher's-Folly congregation;
 Are only tools to our intrigues, 895
 And sit like geese to hatch our eggs;
 Who, by their precedents of wit,
 T' out-fast, out-loiter, and out-sit,

894 Fisher's Folly was where Devonshire-Square now stands, and was a great place of consultation in those days.

Can order matters underhand,
 To put all bus'ness to a stand ; 900
 Lay public bills aside for private,
 And make 'em one another drive out ;
 Divert the great and necessary,
 With trifles to contest and vary ;
 And make the nation represent, 905
 And serve for us in Parliament ;
 Cut out more work than can be done
 In Plato's year, but finish none,
 Unless it be the Bulls of Lenthal,
 That always pass'd for fundamental ; 910
 Can set up grandee 'gainst grandee,
 To squander time away, and bandy :
 Make Lords and Commoners lay sieges
 To one another's privileges,
 And, rather than compound the quarrel, 915
 Engage, to th' inevitable peril
 Of both their ruins, th' only scope
 And consolation of our hope ;
 Who though we do not play the game,
 Assist as much by giving aim ; 920
 Can introduce our ancient arts,
 For heads of factions t' act their parts ;
 Know what a leading voice is worth,
 A seconding, a third, or fourth ;
 How much a casting voice comes to, 925
 That turns up trump of ay, or no ;
 And, by adjusting all at th' end,
 Share ev'ry one his dividend :
 An art that so much study cost,
 And now 's in danger to be lost, 930
 Unless our ancient virtuosos,
 That found it out, get into th' Houses.
 These are the courses that we took
 To carry things by hook or crook ;
 And practis'd down from forty-four, 935
 Until they turn'd us out of door :
 Besides the herds of Bontefeus
 We set on work without the House,

907. Plato's year, or the grand revolution of the entire machine of the world, was accounted 4000 years.

PART III.—CANTO II.

247

When ev'ry knight and citizen
Kept legislative journeymen, 940
To bring them in intelligence
From all points, of the rabble's sense,
And fill the lobbies of both Houses
With politic important buzzes ;
Set up committees of cabals, 945
To pack designs without the walls ;
Examine, and draw up all news,
And fit it to our present use :
Agree upon the plot o' th' farce,
And ev'ry one his part rehearse ; 950
Make Q's of answers, to waylay
What t' other party's like to say ;
What répartees and smart reflections,
Shall be return'd to all objections ;
And who shall break the master-jest, 955
And what, and how, upon the rest :
Help pamphlets out, with safe editions,
Of proper slanders and seditions,
And treason for a token send,
By letter to a country friend ; 960
Disperse lampoons, the only wit
That men, like burglary, commit ;
Wit falser than a padder's face,
That all its owner does betrays ;
Who therefore dares not trust it when 965
He's in his calling to be seen ;
Disperse the dung on barren earth,
To bring new weeds of discord forth ;
Be sure to keep up congregations,
In spite of laws and proclamations ; 970
For charlatans can do no good
Until they 're mounted in a crowd ;
And when they 're punish'd, all the hurt
Is but to fare the better for 't ;
As long as confessors are sure 975
Of double pay for all th' endure,
And what they earn in persecution,
Are paid t' a groat in contribution ;
Whence some tub-holders-forth have made
In powd'ring-tubs their richest trade ; 980

And, while they kept their shops in prison,
 Have found their prices strangely risen :
 Disdain to own the least regret
 For all the Christian blood w' have let ;
 'Twill save our credit, and maintain 985
 Our title to do so again ;
 That needs not cost one dram of sense,
 But pertinacious impudence.
 Our constancy t' our principles,
 In time will wear out all things else ; 990
 Like marble statues rubb'd in pieces
 With gallantry of pilgrims' kisses ;
 While those who turn and wind their oaths
 Have swell'd and sunk, like other froths ;
 Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long 995
 Before from world to world they swung,
 As they had turn'd from side to side ;
 And as the changlings liv'd, they dy'd.

This said, th' impatient states-monger
 Could now contain himself no longer ; 1000
 Who had not spar'd to shew his piques
 Against th' haranguer's politics,
 With smart remarks of leering faces,
 And annotations of grimaces.

After h' had administer'd a dose 1005
 Of snuff mundungus to his nose,
 And powder'd th' inside of his skull,
 Instead of th' outward jobbernot,
 He shook it with a scornful look
 On th' adversary, and thus he spoke : 1010

In dressing a calf's head, although
 The tongue and brains together go,
 Both keep so great a distance here,
 'Tis strange if ever they come near ;
 For who did ever play his gambols 1015
 With such insufferable rambles,
 To make the bringing in the king,
 And keeping of him out, one thing ?
 Which none could do but those that swore
 T' as point-blank nonsense heretofore : 1020
 That to defend was to invade ;
 And to assassinate, to aid.

ART III.—CANTO II. 249

use you drove him out
 (as never made a doubt,)
 able to restore, 1025
 him in, but on your score :
 doctrine, that conduces
 rly to all your uses.
 scorpion's oil is said
 wounds the vermin made ; 1030
 us, drest with salves, restore
 ie hurts they gave before ;
 r Presbyterians have
 od nature as the salve,
 them as the vermin, 1035
 have try'd them can determine.
 pity you should miss
 of all your services,
 eternal obligation
 l upon th' ungrateful nation, 1040
 unconscionably hard,
 nd a just reward
 rapine loose, and murther,
 t so far, but no further ;
 ; all the land on fire, 1045
 o a scantling, but no higher :
 ug to assassinate,
 ; throats of church and state,
 allow'd the fittest men
 ; charge of both agen : 1050
 that have the grace
 ying, gifted face ;
 ; your projects have miscarry'd,
 m, with undaunted forehead,
 ho painfully trepann'd, 1055
 l'd in at second-hand ;
 ; been, to share the guilt
 n blood, devoutly spilt ;
 ignorance was flamm'd
 urselves t' avoid being damn'd ; 1060
 your old foe, the hangman,
 lurch you at back-gammon,
 ur necks upon the set,
 urs, who did but bet

(For he had drawn your ears before, 1065
 And nick'd them on the self-same score,)
 We threw the box and dice away,
 Before y' had lost us at foul play;
 And brought you down to rook, and lie,
 And fancy only, on the by : 1070
 Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles
 From perching upon lofty poles;
 And rescu'd all your outward traitors
 From hanging up like alligators;
 For which ingeniously y' have shew'd 1075
 Your Presbyterian gratitude;
 Would freely have paid us home in kind,
 And not have been one rope behind.
 Those were your motives to divide,
 And scruple on the other side; 1080
 To turn your zealous frauds, and force,
 To fits of conscience and remorse;
 To be convinc'd they were in vain,
 And face about for new again :
 For truth no more unveil'd your eyes, 1085
 Than maggots are convinc'd to flies;
 And therefore all your lights and calls
 Are but apocryphal and false,
 To charge us with the consequences
 Of all our native insolences, 1090
 That to your own imperious wills
 Laid law and gospel neck and heels;
 Corrupted the Old Testament,
 To serve the New for precedent;
 T' amend its errors, and defects, 1095
 With murder, and rebellion-texts;
 Of which there is not any one
 In all the book to sow upon :
 And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews
 Held Christian doctrine forth, and use; 1100
 As Mahomet (your chief) began
 To mix them in the Alcoran;
 Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,
 And bended elbows on the cushion;
 Stole from the beggars all your tones, 1105
 And gifted mortifying groans;

PART III.—CANTO II.

251

Had lights where better eyes were blind,
 As pigs are said to see the wind ;
 Fill'd Bedlam with predestination,
 And Knightsbridge with illumination ; 1110
 Made children, with your tones to run for 't,
 As bad as Bloody-bones, or Lunstord ;
 While women, great with child, miscarry'd,
 For being to malignants marry'd :
 Transform'd all wives to Daililahs, 1115
 Whose husbands were not for the cause ;
 And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,
 Because they came not out to battle ;
 Made tailors' 'prentices turn heroes,
 For fear of being transform'd to Meroz ; 1120
 And rather forfeit their indentures,
 Than not espouse the saints' adventures :
 Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,
 And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus ;
 Enchant the king's and church's lands 1125
 T' obey and follow your commands ;
 And settle on a new freehold,
 As Marcly-Hill had done of old :
 Could turn the Covenant, and translate
 The gospel into spoons and plate ; 1130
 Expound upon all merchants' cashes,
 And open th' intricate places ?
 Could catechise a money-box,
 And prove all pouches orthodox ;
 Until the cause became a Damon, 1135
 And Pythias the wicked Mammon :
 And yet, in spite of all your charms,
 To conjure legion up in arms.
 And raise more devils in the rout
 Than e'er y' were able to cast out, 1140
 Y' have been reduc'd, and by those fools
 Bred up (you say) in your own schools ;
 Who, though but gifted at your feet,
 Have made it plain, they have more wit ;
 By whom y' have been so oft trepann'd, 1145
 And held forth out of all command,
 Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,
 And out-reveal'd at carryings-on ;

Of all your dispensations worm'd ;
 Out-providenc'd, and out-reform'd ; 1150
 Ejected out of church and state,
 And all things, but the people's hate ;
 And spirited out of th' enjoyments
 Of precious, edifying employments,
 By those who lodg'd their gifts and graces, 1155
 Like better bowlers, in your places :
 All which you bore with resolution,
 Charg'd on th' accompt of persecution ;
 And though most righteously oppress'd,
 Against your wills, still acquiesc'd ; 1160
 And never humm'd and hah'd sedition,
 Nor snuffled treason, nor misprision :
 That is, because you never durst ;
 For had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,
 Alas ! you were no longer able 1165
 To raise your posse of the rabble :
 One single red-coat sentinel
 Out-charm'd the magic of the spell ;
 And, with his squirt-fire, could disperse
 Whole troops with chapter rais'd and verse :
 We knew too well these tricks of yours, 1171
 To leave it ever in your powers ;
 Or trust or safeties, or undoings,
 To your disposing of out-goings ;
 Or to your ordering providence, 1175
 One farthing's worth of consequence.
 For had you pow'r to undermine,
 Or wit to carry a design,
 Or correspondence to trepan,
 Inveigle, or betray one man, 1180
 There's nothing else that intervenes,
 And bars your zeal to use the means ;
 And therefore, wondrous like, no doubt,
 To bring in kings, or keep them out :
 Brave undertakers to restore, 1185
 That could not keep yourselves in pow'r ;
 T' advance the int'rests of the crown,
 That wanted wit to keep your own !
 'Tis true, you have (for I'd be loth
 To wrong ye) done your parts in both, 1190

PART III.—CANTO II.

253

To keep him out, and bring him in,
 As grace is introduc'd by sin ;
 For 'twas your zealous want of sense,
 And sanctify'd impertinence,
 Your carrying business in a huddle, 1195
 That forc'd our rulers to new-model ;
 Oblig'd the state to tack about,
 And turn you, root and branch, all out :
 To reformado, one and all,
 T' your great croysado-general : 1200
 Your greedy slav'ring to devour,
 Before 'twas in your clutches, pow'r,
 That sprung the game you were to set,
 Before y' had time to draw the net ;
 Your spite to see the church's lands 1205
 Divided into other hands,
 And all your sacrilegious ventures
 Laid out in tickets and debentures ;
 Your envy to be sprinkled down,
 By under-churches in the town ; 1210
 And no course us'd to stop their mouths,
 Nor th' Independents' spreading growths :
 All which consider'd, 'tis more true
 None bring him in so much as you ;
 Who have prevail'd beyond their plots, 1215
 Their midnight juntos, and seal'd knots ;
 That thrive more by your zealous piques,
 Than all their own rash politics.
 And you this way may claim a share
 In carrying (as you brag) th' affair ; 1220
 Else frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews
 From Pharaoh and his brick-kilns loose,
 And flies and mange, that set them free
 From task-masters and slavery,
 Were likelier to do the feat, 1225
 In any indiff'rent man's conceit :
 For who e'er heard of restoration
 Until your thorough reformation ?
 That is, the king's and church's lands
 Were sequester'd int' other hands : 1230

1200. General Fairfax, who was soon laid aside after he had done some of their drudgery for them.

For only then, and not before,
 Your eyes were open'd to restore ;
 And when the work was carrying on,
 Who cross'd it, but yourselves alone ?
 As by a world of hints appears, 1235
 All plain and extant as your ears.

But first, o' th' first : The Isle of Wight
 Will rise up, if you should deny 't ;
 Where Henderson, and th' other masses,
 Were sent to cap texts, and put cases ; 1240
 'To pass for deep and learned scholars,
 Although but paltry Ob and Sollers :
 As if th' unseasonable fools
 Had been a coursing in the schools ;
 Until th' had prov'd the devil author 1245
 O' th' Covenant, and the Cause his daughter :
 For when they charg'd him with the guilt
 Of all the blood that had been spilt,
 They did not mean he wrought th' effusion,
 In person, like Sir Pride, or Hughson, 1250
 But only those who first begun
 The quarrel were by him set on ;
 And who could those be but the saints,
 Those reformation termagants ?

But ere this pass'd, the wise debate 1255
 Spent so much time, it grew too late ;
 For Oliver had gotten ground,
 T' inclose him with his warriors round ;
 Had brought his Providence about,
 And turn'd th' untimely sophists out. 1260

Nor had the Uxbridge bus'ness less
 Of nonsense in 't, or sottishness,
 When from a scoundrel holderforth,
 The scum as well as son o' th' earth,
 Your mighty senators took law ; 1265
 At his command, were forc'd t' withdraw,
 And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation
 To doctrine, use, and application.

1241. Two ridiculous scribblers, that were often peering the world with nonsense.

1250. The one a brewer, the other a shoemaker, and both colonels in the rebels' army.

PART III.—CANTO II,

255

So when the Scots, your constant cronies,
Th' espousers of your cause and moneys, 1270
Who had so often, in your aid,
So many ways been soundly paid,
Came in at last for better ends,
To prove themselves your trusty friends,
You basely left them, and the church 1275
They train'd you up to, in the lurch,
And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians
To fall before, as true Philistines.
This shews what utensils y' have been,
To bring the king's concerns in ; 1280
Which is so far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you ;
And if he take you into trust,
Will find you most exactly just,
Such as will punctually repay 1285
With double interest, and betray.

Not that I think those pantomimes,
Who vary action with the times,
Are less ingonious in their art,
Than those who dully act one part ; 1290
Or those who turn from side to side,
More guilty than the wind and tide.
All countries are a wise man's home,
And so are governments to some,
Who change them for the same intrigues 1295
That statesmen use in breaking leagues :
While others, in old faiths and troths,
Look odd as out-of-fashion'd clothes ;
And nastier in an old opinion,
Than those who never shift their linen. 1300

For true and faithful's sure to lose,
Which way soever the game goes ;
And whether parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in :
While pow'r usurp'd, like stol'n delight, 1305
Is more bewitching than the right ;
And when the times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the halter.

And so may we, if w' have but sense
To use the necessary means ;

And not your usual stratagems
 On one another, lights and dreams :
 To stand on terms as positive,
 As if we did not take, but give :
 Set up the Covenant on crutches,]
 'Gainst those who have us in their clutches
 And dream of pulling churches down,
 Before w' are sure to prop our own :
 Your constant method of proceeding,
 Without the carnal means of heeding ; 1
 Who 'twixt your inward sense and outward
 Are worse, than if y' had none, accounted.
 I grant, all courses are in vain,
 Unless we can get in again ;
 The only way that's left us now ; 1
 But all the difficulty's how.
 'Tis true, w' have money, th' only pow'r
 That all mankind falls down before ;
 Money, that, like the swords of kings,
 Is the last reason of all things ; 1
 And therefore need not doubt our play
 Has all advantages that way ;
 As long as men have faith to sell,
 And meet with those that can pay well ;
 Whose half-starv'd pride, and avarice, 1
 One church and state will not suffice
 T' expose to sale, beside the wages
 Of storing plagues to after-ages.
 Nor is our money less our own,
 'Than 'twas before we laid it down, 1
 For 'twill return, and turn t' account,
 If we are brought in play upon 't ;
 Or but, by casting knaves, get in,
 What pow'r can hinder us to win ?
 We know the arts we us'd before, 1
 In peace and war, and something more ;
 And by th' unfortunate events,
 Can mend our next experiments :
 For when w' are taken into trust,
 How easy are the wisest choust, 1
 Who see but th' outsides of our feats,
 And not their secret springs and weights ;

PART III.—CANTO II.

257

And while they're busy at their ease,
Can carry what designs we please?
How easy is 't to serve for agents, 1355
To prosecute our old engagements?
To keep the good old cause on foot,
And present pow'r from taking root;
Inflame them both with false alarms
Of plots and parties taking arms; 1300
To keep the nation's wounds too wide
From healing up of side to side;
Profess the passionat'st concerns
For both their interests by turns;
The only way to improve our own, 1365
By dealing faithfully with none
(As bowls run true, by being made
On purpose false, and to be sway'd :)
For if we should be true to either,
'Twould turn us out of both together; 1370
And therefore have no other means
To stand upon our own defence,
But keeping up our ancient party
In vigour, confident and hearty;
To reconcile our late dissenters, 1375
Our brethren, though by other venters :
Unite them and their different maggots,
As long and short sticks are in fagots,
And make them join again as close
As when they first began t' espouse; 1380
Erect them into separate
New Jewish tribes, in church and state;
To join in marriage and commerce,
And only among themselves converse;
And all that are not of their mind, 1385
Make enemies to all mankind :
Take all religions in, and stickle
From conclave down to conventicle;
Agreeing still, or disagreeing,
According to the light in being. 1390
Sometimes for liberty of conscience,
And spiritual mis-rule, in one sense;
But in another quite contrary,
As dispensations chance to vary;

And stand for, as the times will bear it, 1395
 All contradictions of the spirit ;
 Protect their emissaries empower'd
 To preach sedition and the word ;
 And when they're hamper'd by the laws,
 Release the lab'ers for the cause 1400
 And turn the persecution back
 On those that made the first attack ;
 To keep them equally in awe,
 From breaking or maintaining law ;
 And when they have their fits too soon, 1405
 Before the full-tides of the moon,
 Put off their zeal t' a fitter season
 For sowing faction in and treason :
 And keep them hooded, and their churches,
 Like hawks from baiting on their perches, 1410
 That, when the blessed time shall come
 Of quitting Babylon and Rome,
 They may be ready to restore
 Their own fifth monarchy once more.
 Meanwhile be better arm'd to fence 1415
 Against revolts of Providence,
 By watching narrowly, and snapping
 All blind sides of it, as they happen :
 For if success should make us saints,
 Our ruin turn'd us miscreants : 1420
 A scandal that would fall too hard
 Upon a few, and unprepar'd.
 These are the courses we must run,
 Spite of our hearts. or be undone ;
 And not to stand on terms and freaks, 1425
 Before we have secur'd our necks :
 But do our work, as out of sight,
 As stars by day, and suns by night ;
 All license of the people own,
 In opposition to the crown ; 1430
 And for the crown as fiercely side,
 The head and body to divide ;
 The end of all we first design'd,
 And all that yet remains behind :
 Be sure to spare no public rapine, 1435
 On all emergencies that happen ;

PART III.—CANTO II.

259

'tis as easy to supplant
 th'ority as men in want ;
 some of us, in trusts, have made
 e one hand with the other trade ; 1440
 in'd vastly by their joint endeavour,
 e right a thief, the left receiver ;
 d what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,
 e other, by as sly, retail'd.
 : gain has wonderful effects 1445
 improve the factory of sects ;
 e rule of faith in all professions,
 d great Diana of the Ephesians ;
 ience turning of religion 's made
 e means to turn and wind a trade : 1450
 d though some change it for the worse,
 ey put themselves into a course ;
 f draw in store of customers,
 thrive the better in commerce :
 : all religions flock together, 1455
 e tame and wild fowl of a feather ;
 nab the itches of their sects,
 jades do one another's necks.
 ice 'tis, hypocrisy as well
 ll serve t' improve a church as zeal : 1460
 persecution or promotion
 equally advance devotion.
 et business, like ill watches, go
 netimes too fast, sometimes too slow ;
 things in order are put out 1465
 easy, ease itself will do't ;
 : when the feat's design'd and meant,
 at miracle can bar th' event ?
 'tis more easy to betray, 1470
 in ruin any other way.
 possible occasions start
 : weightiest matters to divert ;
 struct, perplex, distract, entangle,
 d lay perpetual trains to wrangle.
 : in affairs of less import, 1475
 at neither do us good nor hurt,
 d they receive as little by,
 b-fawn as much, and out-comply ;

And seem as scrupulously just,
 To bait our hooks for greater trust ; 1480
 But still be careful to cry down
 All public actions, though our own :
 The least miscarriage aggravate,
 And charge it all upon the state :
 Express the horrid'st detestation, 1485
 And pity the distracted nation ;
 Tell stories scandalous and false,
 I' th' proper language of cabals,
 Where all a subtle statesman says,
 Is half in words, and half in face, 1490
 (As Spaniards talk in dialogues
 Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs :)
 Intrust it under solemn vows
 Of mum, and silence, and the rose,
 To be retail'd again in whispers, 1495
 For th' easy credulous to disperse.

Thus far the statesman—when a shout,
 Heard at a distance, put him out ;
 And straight another, all aghast,
 Rush'd in with equal fear and haste : 1500
 Who star'd about, as pale as death,
 And, for a while, as out of breath ;
 Till having gather'd up his wits,
 He thus began his tale by fits.

That beastly rabble—that came down 1505
 From all the garrets—in the town,
 And stalls, and shop-boards—in vast swarms,
 With new-chalk'd bills—and rusty arms,
 To cry the cause—up, heretofore,
 And bawl the bishops—out of door, 1510
 Are now drawn up—in greater shoals,
 To roast—and broil us on the coals,
 And all the grandees—of our members
 Are carbonading—on the embers ;
 Knights, citizens, and burgesses— 1515
 Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,
 That serve for characters—and badges
 To represent their personages :

1505. This is an accurate description of the mob's
 burning rumps upon the admission of the secluded mem-
 bers, in contempt of the Rump Parliament.

Each bonfire is a funeral pile,
 In which they roast, and scorch, and broil,
 And ev'ry representative 1521
 Have vow'd to roast and broil alive.
 And 'tis a miracle we are not
 Already sacrific'd incarnate :
 For while we wrangle here, and jar, 1525
 We're grilly'd all at Temple-Bar :
 Come on the sign-post of an ale-house,
 Hang in effigie, on the gallows ;
 Made up of rags, to personate
 Respective officers of state ; 1530
 That henceforth they may stand reputed,
 Describ'd in law, and executed ;
 And while the work is carrying on,
 Be ready listed under Dun,
 That worthy patriot, once the bellows, 1535
 And tinder-box, of all his fellows ;
 The activ'st member of the five,
 As well as the most primitive ;
 Who, for his faithful service then,
 Was chosen for a fifth agen 1540
 For since the state has made a quint
 Of generals, he's listed in't.)
 'Tis his worthy, as the world will say,
 Was paid in specie, his own way ;
 Or, moulded to the life in clouts, 1545
 He have pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,
 He's mounted on a hazle bavin,
 A cropp'd malignant baker gave 'em ;
 And to the largest bonfire riding,
 They've roasted Cook already and Pride in :
 On whom, in equipage and state, 1551
 His scarecrow fellow-members wait,
 And march in order, two and two,
 As at thanksgivings th' us'd to do ;
 Each in a tatter'd talisman, 1555
 Like vermin in effigie slain.

1534. The hangman's name at that time was Dun.

1550. Cook acted as solicitor-general against King Charles the First at his trial, and afterwards received his just reward for the same. Pride, a colonel in the parliament's army.

But (what's more dreadful than the rest)
 'Those rumps are but the tail o' th' beast,
 Set up by Popish engineers,
 As by the crackers plainly appears ; 1560
 For none but Jesuits have a mission
 To preach the faith with ammunition,
 And propagate the church with powder :
 Their founder was a blown-up soldier.
 These spiritual pioneers o' th' whore's, 1565
 That have the charge of all her stores,
 Since first they fail'd in their designs,
 To take in heaven by springing mines,
 And with unanswerable barrels
 Of gunpowder dispute their quarrels, 1570
 Now take a course more practicable,
 By laying trains to fire the rabble,
 And blow us up in th' open streets,
 Disguis'd in rumps, like Sambenites ;
 More like to ruin, and confound, 1575
 Than all the doctrines under ground.

Nor have they chosen rumps amiss
 For symbols of state mysteries ;
 Though some suppose 'twas but to shew
 How much they scorn'd the saints, the few ;
 Who, 'cause they're wasted to the stumps, 1581
 Are represented best by rumps.
 But Jesuits have deeper reaches
 In all their politic far-fetches,
 And from the Coptic priest, Kircherus, 1585
 Found out this mystic way to jeer us.
 For, as th' Egyptians us'd by bees
 T' express their antique Ptolemies,

1564. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the society of the Jesuits, was a gentleman of Biscay, in Spain, and bred a soldier ; was at Pampelune when it was besieged by the French in the year 1521 ; and was so very lame in both feet, by the damage he sustained there, that he was forced to keep his bed.

1585. Athanasius Kircher, a Jesuit, hath wrote largely on the Egyptian mystical learning.

1587. The Egyptians represented their kings (many of whose names were Ptolemy) under the hieroglyphic of a bee, dispensing honey to the good and virtuous, and having a sting for the wicked and dissolute.

PART III.—CANTO II.

263

7 their stings, the swords they wore,
 irth authority and power; 1590
 e these subtle animals
 ll their int'rests in their tails,
 hen they're once impair'd in that,
 nish'd their well-order'd state;
 hought all governments were best 1595
 roglyphic rumps exprest.
 as in bodies natural,
 ump's the fundament of all,
 a commonwealth, or realm,
 overnment is call'd the helm; 1600
 which, like vessels under sail,
 e turn'd and winded by the tail;
 il, which birds and fishes steer
 courses with through sea and air;
 om the rudder of the rump is 1605
 me thing with the stern and compass.
 ews how perfectly the rump
 ommonwealth in nature jump.
 a fly, that goes to bed,
 with his tail above his head, 1610
 his mongrel state of ours,
 bble are the supreme powers;
 ore'd us on their backs, to shew us
 sh trick at last, and throw us.
 learned rabbins of the Jews 1615
 there's a bone, which they call luez,
 ump of man, of such a virtue,
 ce in nature can do hurt to:
 erefore at the last great day,
 other members shall, they say, 1620
 out of this, as from a seed
 ts of vegetals proceed;
 whence the learned sons of art
 rum justly style that part:
 what can better represent 1625
 this rump bone, the Parliament,
 after several rude ejections,
 s prodigious resurrections,
 ew reversions of nine lives,
 up, and like a cat revives? 1630

But now, alas ! they're all expir'd
 And th' House, as well as members, fir'd ;
 Consum'd in kennels by the rout,
 With which they other fires put out :
 Condemn'd t' ungoverning distress, 1635
 And paltry private wretchedness ;
 Worse than the devil, to privation,
 Beyond all hopes of restoration ;
 And parted, like the body and soul,
 From all dominion and control. 1640
 We, who could lately with a look
 Enact, establish, or revoke ;
 Whose arbitrary nods gave law,
 And frowns kept multitudes in awe ;
 Before the bluster of whose huff, 1645
 All hats, as in a storm, flew off ;
 Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,
 Down to the footman and valet ;
 Had more bent knees than chapel-mats,
 And prayers than the crowns of hats ; 1650
 Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,
 For ruin's just as low as high ;
 Which might be suffer'd, were it all
 The horror that attends our fall :
 For some of us have scores more large 1655
 Than heads and quarters can discharge ;
 And others, who, by restless scraping,
 With public frauds, and private rapine,
 Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,
 Would gladly lay down all at last ; 1660
 And to be but undone, entail
 Their vessels on perpetual jail ;
 And bless the dev'l to let them farms
 Of forfeit souls on no worse terms.
 This said, a near and louder shout 1665
 Put all th' assembly to the rout,
 Who now began t' out-run their fear,
 As horses do from whom they bear ;
 But crowded on with so much haste,
 Until th' had block'd the passage fast, 1670
 And barricado'd it with haunches
 Of outward men, and bulks, and paunches,

PART III.—CANTO III. 935

'hat with their shoulders strove to squeeze,
 and rather save a crippl'd piece
 Of all their crush'd and broken members, 1675
 'han have them grilled on the embers ;
 till pressing on with heavy packs
 Of one another on their backs,
 'he vanguard could no longer bear
 'he charges of the forlorn rear, 1680
 but, borne down headlong by the rout,
 Were trampled sorely under foot :
 'et nothing prov'd so formidable
 As the horrid cookery of the rabble ;
 and fear, that keeps all feeling out, 1685
 As lesser pains are by the gout,
 believ'd 'em with a fresh supply
 Of rallied force enough to fly,
 and beat a Tuscan running horse,
 Whose jockey-rider is all spurs. 1690

CANTO III.

'The Knight and Squire's prodigious flight
 To quit th' enchanted bow'r by night.
 He plods to turn his amorous suit
 T' a plea in law, and prosecute :
 Repairs to counsel, to advise
 'Bout managing the enterprise ;
 But first resolves to try by letter,
 And one more fair address, to get her.

Who would believe what strange bugbears
 Rankind creates itself, of fears
 'hat spring like fern, that insect weed,
 equivocally, without seed ;
 and have no possible foundation, 5
 ut merely in th' imagination ;
 and yet can do more dreadful feats
 'han hags, with all their imps and teats ;
 like more bewitch and haunt themselves
 'han all their nurseries of elves ? 10

8. Alluding to the vulgar opinion, that witches have
 their imps, or familiar spirits, that are employed in their
 abominable practices, and suck private teats they have
 about them

For fear does nothing at home & which
 The more it threatens which is which
 Says is countenance of never.

To show and change appearances:

As Rostom's virtuous

15

Can not will salt and heat will dance:

And when they dance not but dance.

Have more than once sprung to my feet:

That dance to in the salt not virtuous.

And his movements will repetitions:

20

And when they are danced not.

Dance the dance of the dance.

Do dance and dance, dance.

To the dance of the dance not the dance.

The dance of the dance dance.

25

And the dance of the dance.

For the dance of the dance.

Will the dance of the dance.

And when they are out of the dance of the dance.

Will the dance of the dance of the dance:

30

Of the dance of the dance.

And when they are out of the dance of the dance.

This Hudibras has proved too true,

When by the dance of the dance.

And danced with the dance of the dance.

35

From Master Legate's regiment.

Was by a dance of the dance.

Robert and danced with a dance:

When nothing but himself and fear.

Was both the dance and the dance:

40

As by the dance of the dance.

It follows in the dance of the dance.

Dignified in all the dance of the dance.

We left our champion on his flight.

At blindman's ball to grope his way.

45

In equal fear of night and day:

15. The Rostomians were a sect that appeared in Germany in the beginning of the 17th age. They are also called the enlightened, immortal, and invincible. They are a very extraordinary sort of men and had many wild and extravagant opinions.

30. He used to preach, as if they might expect legions to drop down from heaven, for the propagation of the good old cause.

PART. III.—CANTO III.

267

ook his dark and desp'rate course,
 sw no better than his horse ;
 y an unknown devil led
 ew as little whither) fled. 50
 ver was in greater need,
 as capacity, of speed ;
 ed, both in man and beast,
 and run away his best ;
 p the enemy, and fear, 55
 equal falling on his rear.
 ough with kicks and bangs he ply'd
 rther and the nearer side
 amen ride with all their force,
 ig as if they row'd the horse, 60
 hen the hackney sails most swift,
 e they lag, or run adrift,)
 ough he posted e'er so fast,
 r was greater than his haste :
 r, though fleeter than the wind, 65
 as 'tis always left behind.
 hen the morn began t' appear,
 ight t' another scene his fear,
 and his new officious shade,
 ame so timely to his aid, 70
 rc'd him from the foe t' escape,
 urn'd itself to Ralpho's shape ;
 in person, garb, and pitch,
 hard t' interpret which was which.
 Ralpho had no sooner told 75
 ady all he had t' unfold,
 e convey'd him out of sight,
 ertain th' approaching Knight ;
 while he gave himself diversion,
 ommodate his beast and person, 80
 ut his beard into a posture
 t advantage to accost her,
 dered the anti-masquerade
 is reception) aforesaid :
 hen the ceremony was done, 85
 ghts put out, and furies gone,
 ludibras, among the rest,
 y'd away, as Ralpho guess'd,

The wretched caitiff, all alone
 (As he believ'd) began to moan, 90
 And tell his story to himself,
 The Knight mistook him for an elf;
 And did so still, till he began
 To scruple at Ralph's outward man;
 And thought, because they oft agreed 95
 T' appear in one another's stead,
 And act the saint's and devil's part
 With undistinguishable art,
 They might have done so now, perhaps,
 And put on one another's shapes: 100
 And therefore, to resolve the doubt,
 He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,
 What art? My Squire, or that bold sprite
 That took his place and shape to-night?
 Some busy, independent pug, 105
 Retainer to his synagogue?
 Alas! quoth he, I'm none of those,
 Your bosom friends, as you suppose;
 But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire, 109
 Wh' has dragg'd your Donship out o' th' mire,
 And from the enchantments of a widow,
 Wh' had turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you;
 And, though a prisoner of war,
 Have brought you safe where you now are;
 Which you would gratefully repay 115
 Your constant Presbyterian way.
 That's stranger (quoth the Knight) and
 Who gave thee notice of my danger? [stranger;
 Quoth he, Th' infernal conjurer
 Pursued and took me prisoner; 120
 And knowing you were hereabout,
 Brought me along to find you out;
 Where I in hugger-mugger hid,
 Have noted all they said or did:
 And though they lay to him the pageant, 125
 I did not see him, nor his agent;
 Who play'd their sorceries out of sight;
 T' avoid a fiercer second fight.
 But didst thou see no devils then?
 Not one (quoth he) but carnal men, 130

A little worse than fiends in hell,
 And that she-devil Jezebel,
 That laugh'd and tee-he'd with derision,
 To see them take your deposition.

What then (quoth Hudibras) was he 135
 That play'd the dev'l to examine me?

A rallying weaver in the town,
 That did it in a parson's gown,
 Whom all the parish take for gifted;
 But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it: 140

In which you told them all your feats,
 Your conscientious frauds and cheats;
 Deny'd your whipping, and confest
 The naked truth of all the rest,
 More plainly than the rev'rend writer, 145
 That to our churches veil'd his mitre;
 All which they took in black and white,
 And cudgell'd me to under-write.

What made thee, when they all were gone,
 And none but thou and I alone, 150
 To act the devil, and forbear
 To rid me of my hellish fear?

Quoth he, I knew your constant rate
 And frame of sp'rit too obstinate
 To be by me prevail'd upon 155
 With any motives of my own;

And therefore strove to counterfeit
 The dev'l awhile to nick your wit;
 The dev'l, that is your constant crony,
 That only can prevail upon ye; 160
 Else we might still have been disputing,
 And they with weighty drubs confuting.

The Knight, who now began to find
 Th' had left the enemy behind,
 And saw no farther harm remain, 165
 But feeble weariness and pain,
 Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,
 Th' had gain'd th' advantage of the day;
 And, by declining of the road,
 They had, by chance, their rear made good; 170

145. A most reverend prelate, A. B. of Y. who sided
 with the disaffected party

He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,
 That parting's want to rent and tear,
 And give the desperat'st attack
 To danger still behind its back :
 For having paus'd to recollect, 175
 And on his past success reflect,
 T' examine and consider why,
 And whence, and how, they came to fly,
 And when no devil had appear'd,
 What else, it could be said, he fear'd ; 180
 It put him in so fierce a rage,
 He once resolv'd to re-engage ;
 Toss'd like a foot-ball back again,
 With shame and vengeance, and disdain.
 Quoth he, It was thy cowardice 185
 That made me from this leaguer rise :
 And when I'd half reduc'd the place,
 To quit it infamously base :
 Was better cover'd by the new-
 Arriv'd detachment than I knew ; 190
 To slight my new acquests, and run
 Victoriously from battles won ;
 And reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
 To sell them cheaper than they cost ;
 To make me put myself to flight, 195
 And conqu'ring run away by night ;
 To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
 Durst never have presum'd to do ;
 To mount me in the dark, by force,
 Upon the bare ridge of my horse ; 200
 Expos'd in querpo to their rage,
 Without my arms and equipage ;
 Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,
 I might th' unequal fight renew ;
 And, to preserve thy outward man, 205
 Assum'd my place, and led the van.
 All this quoth Ralph, I did, 'tis true,
 Not to preserve myself. but you ;
 You, who were damn'd to baser drubs
 Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs ? 210
 To mount two-wheel'd caroches, worse
 Than managing a wooden horse ;

PART III.—CANTO III. 271

Dragg'd out through straiter holes by th' ears,
 Eras'd or coup'd for perjurers ;
 Who, though th' attempt had prov'd in vain,
 Had had no reason to complain : 216
 But since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome
 To blame the hand that paid your ransom,
 And rescu'd your obnoxious bones
 From unavoidable battoons. 220
 The enemy was reforc'd,
 And we disabled, and unhors'd,
 Disarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,
 And no way left but hasty flight,
 Which, though as desp'rate in th' attempt, 225
 Has giv'n you freedom to condemn 't.
 But were our bones in fit condition
 To reinforce the expedition,
 'Tis now unseasonable, and vain,
 To think of falling on again. 230
 No martial project to surprise
 Can ever be attempted twice ;
 Nor can design serve afterwards,
 As gamesters tear their losing-cards.
 Beside our bangs of man and beast 235
 Are fit for nothing now but rest,
 And for a while will not be able
 To rally and prove serviceable ;
 And therefore I, with reason, chose
 This stratagem t' amuse our foes ; 240
 To make an honourable retreat,
 And wave a total sure defeat :
 For those that fly may fight again,
 Which he can never do that's slain.
 Hence timely running 's no mean part 245
 Of conduct in the martial art ;
 By which some glorious feats achieve,
 As citizens by breaking thrive ;
 And cannons conquer armies, while
 They seem to draw off and recoil ; 250
 Is held the gallant'st course, and bravest,
 To great exploits, as well as safest ;
 That spares th' expense of time and pains,
 And dangerous beating out of brains ;

And in the end prevails as certain 255
 As those that never trust to fortune ;
 But make their fear do execution
 Beyond the stoutest resolution ;
 As earthquakes kill without a blow,
 And, only trembling, overthrow. 260
 If th' ancients crown'd their bravest men,
 That only sav'd a citizen,
 What victory could e'er be won,
 If ev'ry one would save but one?
 Or fight endanger'd to be lost, 265
 Where all resolve to save the most ?
 By this means when a battle's won,
 The war 's as far from being done ;
 For those that save themselves, and fly,
 Go halves, at least, i' th' victory ; 270
 And sometimes, when the loss is small,
 And danger great, they challenge all ;
 Print new additions to their feats,
 And emendations in Gazettes ;
 And when, for furious haste to run, 275
 They durst not stay to fire a gun,
 Have done 't with bonfires, at home
 Made squibs and crackers overcome ;
 'To set the rabble on a flame.
 And keep their governors from blame ; 280
 Disperse the news the pulpit tells,
 Confirm'd with fire-works and with bells ;
 And though reduc'd to that extreme,
 They have been forc'd to sing Te Deum ;
 Yet, wth religious blasphemy, 285
 By flattering Heaven with a lie,
 And for their beating giving thanks,
 Th' have rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks ;
 For those who run from th' enemy,
 Engage them equally to fly ; 290
 And when the fight becomes a chase,
 Those win the day that win the race ;
 And that which would not pass in fights,
 Has done the feat with easy flights ;

261. The Romans highly honoured, and nobly re-
 warded, those persons that were instrumental in the
 preservation of the lives of their citizens, either in battle
 otherwise.

PART III.—CANTO III. 273

Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign 295
 With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign :
 Restor'd the fainting high and mighty
 With Brandy-wine and aqua-vitæ ;
 And made 'em stoutly overcome
 With Bacrack, Hoccamore, and Mum ; 300
 Whom th' uncontroll'd decrees of fate
 To victory necessitate ;
 With which, although they run or burn,
 They unavoidably return :
 Or else their sultan populaces 305
 Still strangle all their routed Bassas.
 Quoth Hudibras, I understand
 What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,
 And who those were that run away,
 And yet gave out th' had won the day ; 310
 Although the rabble sous'd them for 't,
 O'er head and ears, in mud and dirt.
 'Tis true, our modern way of war
 Is grown more politic by far,
 But not so resolute and bold, 315
 Nor ty'd to honour, as the old.
 For now they laugh at giving battle,
 Unless it be to herds of cattle ;
 Or fighting convoys of provision,
 The whole design o' th' expedition ; 320
 And not with downright blows to rout
 The enemy, but eat them out :
 As fighting, in all beasts of prey,
 And eating, are perform'd one way,
 To give defiance to their teeth, 325
 And fight their stubborn guts to death ;
 And those achieve the high'st renown,
 That bring the others stomachs down.
 There's now no fear of wounds, nor maiming ;
 All dangers are reduc'd to famine ; 330
 And feats of arms, to plot, design,
 Surprise, and stratagem, and mine ;

305 The author compares the arbitrary actings of the
 ungovernable mob to the Sultan or Grand Signior, who
 very seldom fails to sacrifice any of his chief comman-
 ders, called Bassas, if they prove unsuccessful in battle.

But have no need nor use of courage,
 Unless it be for glory or forage :
 For if they fight, 'tis but by chance, 335
 When one side vent'ring to advance,
 And come uncivilly too near,
 Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' rear ;
 And forc'd, with terrible resistance ;
 To keep hereafter at a distance ; 340
 To pick out ground t' encamp upon,
 Where store of largest rivers run,
 That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,
 To part th' engagements of their warriors ;
 Were both from side to side may skip, 345
 And only encounter at bo-peep :
 For men are found the stouter-hearted,
 The certainer th' are to be parted,
 And therefore post themselves in bogs,
 As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs, 350
 And made their mortal enemy,
 The water-rat, their strict ally.
 For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold,
 But who bears hunger best, and cold ;
 And he's approv'd the most deserving, 355
 Who longest can hold out at starving ;
 And he that routs most pigs and cows,
 The formidablest man of prowess.
 So th' emperor Caligula,
 That triumph'd o'er the British Sea, 360
 Took crabs and oysters prisoners,
 And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers ;
 Engag'd his legions in fierce bustles
 With periwinkles, prawns, and muscles ;
 And led his troops with furious gallops, 365
 To charge whole regiments of scallops ;
 Not like their ancient way of war,
 To wait on his triumphal car ;
 But, when he went to dine or sup,
 More bravely eat his captives up : 370
 And left all war, by his example,
 Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.

250. Homer wrote a poem of the war between the mice and the frogs.

PART III.—CANTO III.

275

Quoth Ralph, By all that you have said,
 And twice as much that I could add,
 'Tis plain you cannot now do worse 375
 Than take this out-of-fashion'd course,
 To hope, by stratagem to woo her,
 Or waging battle to subdue her :
 Though some have done it in romances,
 And bang'd them into amorous fancies ; 380
 As those who won the Amazons,
 By wanton drubbing of their bones ;
 And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride,
 By courting of her back and side.
 But since those times and feats are over, 385
 They are not for a modern lover,
 When mistresses are too cross-grain'd
 By such addresses to be gain'd ;
 And if they were, would have it out
 With many another kind of bout. 390
 Therefore I hold no course s' infeasible,
 As this of force, to win the Jezebel ;
 To storm her heart, by th' antic charms
 Of ladies errant, force of arms ;
 But rather strive by law to win her, 395
 And try the title you have in her.
 Your case is clear ; you have her word,
 And me to witness the accord ;
 Besides two more of her retinue
 To testify what pass'd between you ; 400
 More probable, and like to hold,
 Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold ;
 For which so many that renounc'd
 Their plighted contracts have been trounc'd ;
 And bills upon record been found, 405
 That forc'd the ladies to compound ;
 And that, unless I miss the matter,
 Is all the bus'ness you look after.
 Besides, encounters at the bar
 Are braver now than those in war, 410
 In which the law does execution
 With less disorder and confusion ;

383. A story in Tasso, an Italian poet, of a hero that gained his mistress by conquering her party.

Has more of honour in 't, some ^{hol}
 Not like the new way, but the ^{old}
 When those the pen had drawn ^{toge}
 Decided quarrels with a feather,
 And winged arrows kill'd as dead,
 And more than bullets now of lead.
 So all their combats now, as then,
 Are manag'd chiefly by the pen ;
 That does the feat with braver vigour,
 In words at length, as well as figures :
 Is judge of all the world performs
 In voluntary feats of arms ;
 And whatsoe'er 's achiev'd in fight,
 Determines which is wrong or right ;
 For whether you prevail, or lose,
 All must be try'd there in the close :
 And therefore 'tis not wise to shun
 What you must trust to ere y' have do
 The law, that settles all you do,
 And marries where you did but woo ;
 That makes the most perfidious lover
 A lady, that's as false, recover ;
 And if it judge upon your side,
 Will soon extend her for your bride,
 And put her person, goods, or lands,
 Or which you like best, int' your hands.
 For law 's the wisdom of all ages,
 And manag'd by the ablest sages ;
 Who, though their bus'ness at the bar
 Be but a kind of civil war,
 In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeon
 Than e'er the Grecians did and Trojan
 They never manage the contest
 T' impair their public interest,
 Or by their controversies lessen
 The dignity of their profession :
 Not like us brethren who divide
 Our commonwealth, the cause, and side
 And though w' are all as near of kindred
 As th' outward man is to the inward,
 We agree in nothing but to wrangle
 About the slightest fingle-fangle ;

PART III.—CANTO III. 277

While lawyers have more sober sense 455
 Than t' argue at their own expense,
 But make their best advantages
 Of others' quarrels, like the Swiss ;
 And out of foreign controversies,
 By aiding both sides fill their purses ; 460
 But have no int'rest in the cause
 For which th' engage, and wage the laws ;
 Nor farther prospect than their pay,
 Whether they lose or win the day :
 And though they abounded in all ages, 466
 With sundry learned clerks and sages,
 Though all their business be dispute,
 Which way they canvass ev'ry suit,
 Th' have no disputes about their art,
 Nor in polemics controvert ; 470
 While all professions else are found
 With nothing but disputes t' abound ;
 Divines of all sorts, and physicians,
 Philosophers, mathematicians,
 The Galenist and Paracelsian, 475
 Condeinn the way each other deals in ;
 Anatomists dissect and mangle,
 'To cut themselves out work to wrangle ;
 Astrologers dispute their dreams,
 That in their sleeps they talk of schemes ; 480
 And heralds stickle who got who,
 So many hundred years ago.

But lawyers are too wise a nation
 T' expose their trade to disputation,
 Or make the busy rabble judges 485
 Of all their secret piques and grudges ;
 In which whoever wins the day,
 The whole profession 's sure to pay.
 Beside, no mountebanks, nor cheats,
 Dare undertake to do their feats ; 490
 When in all other sciences
 They swarm, like insects, and increase.

For what bigot durst ever draw,
 By inward light, a deed in law ?
 Or could hold forth, by revelation, 495
 An answer to a declaration ?

For those that meddle with their tools
 Will cut their fingers, if they 're fools :
 And if you follow their advice,
 In bills, and answers, and replies,
 They 'll write a love-letter in chancery,
 Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,
 And soon reduce her to b' your wife,
 Or make her weary of her life.

The Knight, who us'd with tricks and shi
 To edify by Ralpho's gifts,
 But in appearance cry'd him down,
 To make them better seem his own
 (All plagiaries' constant course
 Of sinking, when they took a purse)
 Resolv'd to follow his advice,
 But kept it from him by disguise ;
 And, after stubborn contradiction,
 To counterfeit his own conviction,
 And by transition fall upon
 The resolution as his own.

Quoth he, This gambol thou advisest
 Is of all others the unwisest ;
 For if I think by law to gain her,
 There 's nothing sillier or vainer.
 'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
 Where nothing 's certain but th' expense ;
 To act against myself, and traverse
 My suit and title to her favours ;
 And if she should (which Heav'n forbid)
 O'erthrow me, as the fiddler did,
 What after-course have I to take,
 'Gainst losing all I have at stake ?
 He that with injury is griev'd,
 And goes to law to be reliev'd,
 Is sillier than a sottish chouse,
 Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,
 Applies himself to cunning men,
 To help him to his goods agen ;
 When all he can expect to gain
 Is but to squander more in vain :
 And yet I have no other way
 But is as difficult to play :

PART III.—CANTO III.

279

For to reduce her by main force
Is now in vain : by fair means, worse ; 540
But worst of all to give her over,
Till she 's as desp'rate to recover :
For bad games are thrown up too soon,
Until th' are never to be won.
But since I have no other course 545
But is as bad t' attempt, or worse,
He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still ;
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For reasons to himself best known : 550
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
For Sidrophel resolves to sue ;
Whom I must answer, or begin
Inevitably first with him ;
For I've receiv'd advertisement, 555
By times enough, of his intent ;
And knowing he that first complains
Th' advantage of the business gains ;
For courts of justice understand
The plaintiff to be eldest hand ; 560
Who what he pleases may aver,
The other nothing till he swear ;
Is freely admitted to all grace,
And lawful favour, by his place ;
And for his bringing custom in, 565
Has all advantages to win :
I, who resolve to oversee
No lucky opportunity,
Will go to counsel, to advise
Which way t' encounter, or surprise ; 570
And, after long consideration,
Have found out one to fit th' occasion,
Most apt for what I have to do,
As counsellor and justice too.
And truly so, no doubt, he was, 575
A lawyer fit for such a case.
An old dull sot, who told the clock
For many years at Bridewell-dock,

577. Prideaux, a justice of peace, a very pragmatical busy person in those times, and a mercenary and cruel

At Westminster, and Hick's-Hall,
 And Hiccius Doctius play'd in all ; 580
 Where in all governments and times,
 H' had been both friend and foe to crimes,
 And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
 By hind'ring justice, or maintaining ;
 To many a whore gave privilege, 585
 And whipp'd, for want of quarterage ;
 Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent,
 For b'ing behind a fortnight's rent ;
 And many a trusty pimp and crony
 To Puddle-dock, for want of money ; 590
 Engag'd the constable to seize
 All those that would not break the peace,
 Nor give him back his own foul words,
 Though sometimes commoners or lords,
 And kept 'em prisoners of course, 595
 For being sober at ill hours ;
 That in the morning he might free
 Or bind 'em over for his fee :
 Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,
 For leave to practise in their ways ; 600
 Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share
 With th' headborough and scavenger ;
 And made the dirt i' th' streets compound
 For taking up the public ground ;
 The kennel, and the king's highway, 605
 For being unmolested, pay ;
 Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,
 And cage, to those that gave him most ;
 Impos'd a tax on bakers' ears,
 And for false weights on chandelers ; 610
 Made victuallers and vintners fine
 For arbitrary ale and wine ;
 But was a kind and constant friend
 To all that regularly offend ;
 As residentiary bawds, 615
 And brokers that receive stol'n goods ;

magistrate, infamous for the following methods of getting money among many others.

589. There was a jail for puny offenders.

599. He extorted money from those that kept shows,

PART III.—CANTO III.

261

heat in lawful mysteries,
 ay church duties and his fees ;
 as implacable, and awkward,
 that interlop'd and hawker'd. 620
 his brave man the Knight repairs
 unsel in his law-affairs ;
 und him mounted in his pew,
 ooks and money plac'd for show,
 est-eggs, to make clients lay, 625
 r his false opinion pay :
 om the Knight, with comely grace,
 'his hat to put his case ;
 he as proudly entertain'd
 other courteously strain'd ; 630
 assure him 'twas not that
 k'd for, bid him put on 's hat.
 th he, There is one Sidrophel,
 I have cudgell'd—Very well.
 ow he brags t' have beaten me— 635
 and better still, quoth he.
 ws to stick me to a wall.
 er he meets me—Best of all.
 ie, the knave has taken 's oath
 robb'd him—Well done, in troth. 640
 h' has confess'd he stole my cloak,
 ck'd my fob, and what he took ;
 was the cause that made me bang him,
 ke my goods again—Marry, hang him.
 hether I should before-hand, 645
 he robb'd me?—I understand.
 g my action of conversion
 ver for my goods?—Ah, whoreson !
 s better to indite,
 ing him to his trial?—Right. 650
 t what he designs to do,
 ear for th' state against him?—True.
 ther he that is defendant
 case has the better end on 't ;
 utting in a new cross-bill, 655
 averse th' action?—Better still.
 here's a lady too—Aye, marry.
 easily prov'd accessory ;

A widow, who, by solemn vows
 Contracted to me, for my spouse, 680
 Combin'd with him to break her word,
 And has abetted all—Good Lord !
 Suborn'd th' aforesaid Sidrophel
 To tamper with the dev'l of hell ;
 Who put m' into a horrid fear, 685
 Fear of my life—Make that appear.
 Made an assault with fiends and men
 Upon my body—Good agen.
 And kept me in a deadly fright,
 And false imprisonment, all night. 690
 Meanwhile they robb'd me, and my horse,
 And stole my saddle—Worse and worse,
 And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
 'T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.

Sir, quoth the lawyer, not to flatter ye, 695
 You have as good and fair a battery
 As heart can wish, and need not shame
 The proudest man alive to claim :
 For if th' have us'd you as you say,
 Marry, quoth I, God give you joy. 690
 I would it were my case, I'd give
 More than I'll say, or you 'll believe.
 I would so trounce her, and her purse,
 I'd make her kneel for better or worse ;
 For matrimony and hanging here 695
 Both go by destiny so clear,
 That you as sure may pick and choose,
 As Cross, I win ; and Pile, you lose ;
 And, if I durst, I would advance
 As much in ready maintenance, 690
 As upon any case I've known ;
 But we that practice dare not own :
 The law severely contrabands
 Our taking bus'ness off men's hands ;
 'Tis common barratry, that bears 695
 Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,
 And crops them till there is not leather
 To stick a pin in left of either ;
 For which some do the summer-sault,
 And o'er the bar, like tumblers vault. 700

u may swear, at any rate,
 not in nature, for the state ;
 all courts of justice here,
 ees is not said to swear,
 ke oath ; that is, in plain terms, 705
 ge whatever he affirms.
 nk you, (quoth the Knight) for that,
 e 'tis to my purpose pat—
 stice, though she 's painted blind,
 e weaker side inclin'd, 710
 harity ; else right and wrong
 never hold it out so long,
 ke blind Fortune, with a sleight
 7 men's interest and right
 Stiles's pocket into Nokes's, 715
 ly as Hocus Pocus ;
 at and loose ; make men obnoxious,
 ear again, like Hiccius Doctius.
 whether you would take her life,
 recover her for your wife, 720
 content with what she has,
 : all other matters pass,
 s'ness to the law 's alone,
 of is all it looks upon ;
 u can want no witnesses 725
 ar to any thing you please,
 ardly get their mere expenses
 labour of their consciences ;
 ng out to hire their ears
 lavit customers, 730
 nsiderable values,
 re for jury-men or talkies,
 gh retain'd in th' hardest matters
 tees and administrators.
 hat, quoth he, let me alone ; 735
 e store of such, and all our own ;
 p and tutor'd by our teachers,
 lest of conscience-stretchers.
 's well, quoth he ; but I should guess,
 ghing all advantages, 740

Nokes, and John a Stiles, are two fellows
 made use of in stating cases of law only.

Your surest way is first to pitch
 On Bongey for a water-witch ;
 And when y' have hang'd the conjun
 Y' have time enough to deal with he
 In th' int'rim, spare for no trepans
 To draw her neck into the bans ;
 Ply her with love-letters and billets,
 And bait 'em well, for quirks and qui
 With trains t' inveigle and surprise
 Her heedless answers and replies :
 And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,
 They'll serve for other by-designs :
 And make an artist understand
 To copy out her seal, or hand ;
 Or find void places in the paper
 To steal in something to entrap her ;
 Till, with her worldly goods and body
 Spite of her heart, she has endow'd y
 Retain all sorts of witnesses,
 That ply i' th' Temple under trees ;
 Or walk the round, with knights o' th
 About the cross-legg'd knights, their l
 Or wait for customers between
 The pillar-rows in Lincoln's Inn ;
 Where vouchers, forgers, common-bai
 And affidavit men, ne'er fail
 T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,
 According to their ears and clothes,
 Their only necessary tools,
 Besides the Gospel and their souls :
 And when y' are furnish'd with all pur
 I shall be ready at your service.

I would not give, quoth Hudibras,
 A straw to understand a case,

742. Bongey was a Franciscan, and lived to
 end of the thirteenth century, a doctor of divi
 ford, and a particular acquaintance of Friar
 In that ignorant age, every thing that seeme
 dinary was reputed magic ; and so both Bacon
 geys went under the imputation of studying the
 Bongey also, publishing a treatise of Natural M
 firmed some well-meaning credulous peop
 opinion ; but it was altogether groundless ;
 was chosen provincial of his order, being
 most excellent parts and piety.

TO HIS LADY.

285

o admirable skill 775
 d manage it at will ;
 d tack, and steer a cause
 weather-gage of laws
 e changes upon cases
 noses upon faces, 780
 e well instructed me
 you've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee.
 practise your advice,
 subtle artifice ;
 tter as you bid ; 785
 after thus he did :
 pump'd up all his wit,
 'd upon it, thus he writ :—

N HISTORICAL EPISTLE OF

IBRAS TO HIS LADY.

once as great as Cæsar,
 luc'd to Nebuchadnezzar ;
 fam'd a conqueror
 degree in war,
 exercise in battle, 5
 'd out to grass with cattle :
 um deny'd access
 arthly happiness,
 om the paradise
 d graces, and fair eyes ; 10
 world and you, I'm sent
 ng banishment,
 e hopes I had t' have won
 b'ing dash'd, will break my own.
 were not so severe 15
 r doom before you hear,
 upon my just defence,
 r' have wrong'd my innocence.
 made a vow to you,
 unperform'd, 'tis true : 20

But not because it is unpaid,
 'Tis violated, though delay'd ;
 Or, if it were, it is no fault,
 So heinous as you 'd have it thought ;
 To undergo the loss of ears,
 Like vulgar hackney perjurers :
 For there 's a difference in the case,
 Between the noble and the base ;
 Who always are observ'd t' have done 't
 Upon as different an account ;
 The one for great and weighty cause,
 To salve in honour ugly flaws ;
 For none are like to do it sooner
 Than those who are nicest of their honour :
 The other for base gain and pay,
 Forswear and perjure by the day ;
 And make th' exposing and retailing
 Their souls and consciences a calling.
 It is no scandal, nor aspersion,
 Upon a great and noble person,
 To say he nat'rally abhorr'd
 Th' old-fashion'd trick to keep his word ;
 Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame
 In meaner men to do the same :
 For to be able to forget,
 Is found more useful to the great,
 Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,
 To make 'em pass for wondrous wise.
 But though the law on perjurers
 Inflicts the forfeiture of ears,
 It is not just that does exempt
 The guilty, and punish th' innocent ;
 To make the ears repair the wrong
 Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue ;
 And when one member is forsworn,
 Another to be cropt or torn.
 And if you should, as you design,
 By course of law recover mine,
 You 're like, if you consider right,
 To gain but little honour by 't.
 For he that for his lady's sake
 Lays down his life or limbs at stake,

TO HIS LADY.

287

so much deserve her favour,
 at pawns his soul to have her
 have acknowledg'd I have done, 65
 h you now disdain to own ;
 ence what you rather ought
 n good service than a fau't.
 oaths are not bound to bear
 ral sense the words infer, 70
 the practice of the age,
 e judg'd how far th' engage ;
 ere the sense by custom 's checkt,
 d void, and of none effect.
 an takes or keeps a vow 75
 as he sees others do ;
 th' oblig'd to be so brittle,
 o yield and bow a little :
 est-temper'd blades are found,
 ey break, to bend quite round, 80
 t oaths are still most tough,
 ough they bow, are breaking proof.
 herefore should they not b' allow'd
 a greater latitude?
 e law of arms approves 85
 to conquest, so should love's ;
 be ty'd to true or false,
 e that justest that prevails :
 can that which is above
 ire, high and mighty love, 90
 its great prerogative
 other power alive?
 ve, that to no crown gives place,
 the subject of a case?
 damental law of nature, 95
 -rul'd by those made after?
 the censure of its cause
 but its own great laws ;
 at 's the world's preservative,
 eps all souls of things alive ; 100
 s the mighty pow'r of fate,
 es mankind a longer date ;
 of nature, that restores
 as time and death devours ;

To whose free gift the world does owe, 105
 Not only earth, but heaven too ;
 For love 's the only trade that 's driven,
 The interest of state in heav'n,
 Which nothing but the soul of man
 Is capable to entertain. 110
 For what can earth produce, but love,
 To represent the joys above?
 Or who but lovers can converse,
 Like angels, by the eye-discourse?
 Address and compliment by vision ; 115
 Make love and court by intuition?
 And burn in amorous flames as fierce
 As those celestial ministers?
 'Then how can any thing offend,
 In order to so great an end? 120
 Or heav'n itself a sin resent,
 That for its own supply was meant?
 'That merits, in a kind mistake,
 A pardon for the offence's sake?
 Or if it did not, but the cause 125
 Were left to th' injury of laws,
 What tyranny can disapprove
 'There should be equity in love?
 For laws that are inanimate,
 And feel no sense of love or hate, 130
 That have no passion of their own,
 Nor pity to be wrought upon,
 Are only proper to inflict
 Revenge on criminals as strict:
 But to have power to forgive, 135
 Is empire and prerogative ;
 And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem
 To grant a pardon than condemn.
 Then since so few do what they ought,
 'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fau't: 140

113. Metaphysicians are of opinion, that angels and souls departed, being divested of all gross matter, understand each other's sentiments by intuition, and consequently maintain a sort of conversation without the organs of speech.

121. In regard children are capable of being inhabitants of heaven, therefore it should not resent it as a crime to supply store of inhabitants for it.

For why should he who made address,
 All humble ways, without success,
 And met with nothing, in return,
 But insolence, affronts, and scorn,
 Not strive by wit to countermine, 145
 And bravely carry his design?
 He who was us'd so unlike a soldier,
 Blown up with philtres of love-powder;
 And after letting blood, and purging,
 Condemn'd to voluntary scourging; 150
 Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,
 And claw'd with goblins in the night;
 Insulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,
 With rude invasion of his beard;
 And when your sex was foully scandall'd, 155
 As foully by the rabble handled;
 Attack'd by despicable foes,
 And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows;
 And, after all, to be debarr'd
 So much as standing on his guard; 160
 When horses, being spurr'd and prick'd,
 Have leave to kick for being kick'd?
 Or why should you, whose mother-wits
 Are furnish'd with all perquisites,
 That with your breeding-teeth begin, 165
 And nursing babies, that lie in,
 B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
 Our cully sex, and we use none?
 We, who have nothing but frail vows
 Against your stratagems t' oppose; 170
 Or oaths more feeble than your own,
 By which we are no less put down?
 You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
 And kill with a retreating eye;
 Retire the more, the more we press, 175
 To draw us into ambushes.
 As pirates all false colours wear
 T' intrap th' unwary mariner,

173. Parthians are the inhabitants of a province in Persia: they are excellent horsemen, and very exquisite at their bows; and it is reported of them, that they generally slew more on their retreat than they did in the engagement.

So women, to surprise us, spread
 The borrow'd flags of white and red ; 180
 Display 'em thicker on their cheeks
 Than their old grandmothers, the Picts ;
 And raise more devils with their looks,
 Than conjurer's less subtle books ;
 Lay trains of amorous intrigues, 185
 In tow'rs, and curls, and periwigs,
 With greater art and cunning rear'd,
 Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard,
 Prepost'rously t' entice and gain
 Those to adore 'em they disdain ; 190
 And only draw 'em in to clog
 With idle names a catalogue.

A lover is, the more he's brave,
 T' his mistress but the more a slave,
 And whatsoever she commands, 195
 Becomes a favour from her hands ;
 Which he 's oblig'd t' obey, and must,
 Whether it be unjust or just.
 Then when he is compell'd by her
 T' adventures he would else forbear, 200
 Who with his honour can withstand,
 Since force is greater than command ?
 And when necessity 's obey'd,
 Nothing can be unjust or bad :
 And therefore when the mighty pow'rs 205
 Of love, our great ally and yours,
 Join'd forces not to be withstood
 By frail enamour'd flesh and blood,
 All I have done, unjust or ill,
 Was in obedience to your will ; 210
 And all the blame that can be due,
 Falls to your cruelty, and you.
 Nor are those scandals I confess,
 Against my will and interest,
 More than is daily done of course 215
 By all men, when they're under force :
 Whence some, upon the rack, confess
 What th' hangman and their prompters please ;

188. One of the assembly of divines, very remarkable for the singularity of his beard.

TO HIS LADY. 291

But are no sooner out of pain,
Than they deny it all again. 220

But when the devil turns confessor,
Truth is a crime he takes no pleasure
To hear, or pardon, like the founder
Of liars, whom they all claim under ;
And therefore when I told him none, 225
I think it was the wiser done.

Nor am I without precedent,
The first that on th' adventure went :
All mankind ever did of course,
And daily does the same, or worse. 230

F'or what romance can shew a lover,
That had a lady to recover,
And did not steer a nearer course,
To fall aboard in his amours?
And what at first was held a crime, 235
Has turn'd to honourable in time.

To what a height did infant Rome,
By ravishing of women, come !

What men upon their spouses seiz'd,
And freely marry'd where they pleas'd, 240
They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,
Nor, in the mind they were in, dy'd ;

Nor took the pains t' address and sue,
Nor play'd the masquerade to woo :
Disdain'd to stay for friends' consents, 245
Nor juggled about settlements ;

Did need no licence, nor no priest,
Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist ;
Nor lawyers, to join land and money
In th' holy state of matrimony, 250
Before they settled hands and hearts,
Till alimony or death them parts :

237. When Romulus had built Rome, he made it an asylum, or place of refuge, for all malefactors, and others obnoxious to the laws, to retire to, by which means it soon came to be very populous ; but when he began to consider, that, without propagation, it would soon be destitute of inhabitants, he invented several fine shows, and invited the young Sabine women, then neighbours to them ; and when they had them secure, they ravished them ; from whence proceeded so numerous an offspring.

252. Alimony is an allowance that the law gives the woman for her separate maintenance upon living from

Nor would endure to stay *until*
 Th' had got the very bride's *good*
 But took a wise and shorter *course*
 To win the ladies, downright *force*
 And justly made 'em pris'ners *then,*
 As they have, often since, us *men,*
 With acting plays, and dancing *jigs,*
 The luckiest of all love's *intrigues;*
 And when they had them at the *ir ple*
 Then talk'd of love and flames at *leist*
 For after matrimony's over,
 He that holds out but half a lover,
 Deserves for ev'ry minute more
 Than half a year of love before;
 For which the dames, in contemplation
 Of that best way of application,
 Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were *know*
 By suit or treaty to be won;
 And such as all posterity
 Could never equal, nor come *nigh.*

For women first were made for men,
 Not men for them.—It follows, then,
 That men have right to ev'ry one,
 And they no freedom of their own:
 And therefore men have pow'r to choose,
 But they no charter to refuse.
 Hence 'tis apparent that, what course
 Soe'er we take to your amours,
 Though by the indirectest way,
 'Tis no injustice, nor foul play;
 And that you ought to take that course,
 As we take you, for better or worse;
 And gratefully submit to those
 Who you, before another, chose.
 For why should ev'ry savage beast
 Exceed his great lord's interest?
 Have freer pow'r than he in grace,
 And nature, o'er the creature has?
 Because the laws he since has made
 Have cut off all the pow'r he had;

her husband. That and death are reckoned the
 separations in a married state.

TO HIS LADY.

293

Retrench'd the absolute dominion
 That nature gave him over women ;
 When all his pow'r will not extend 295
 One law of nature to suspend ;
 And but to offer to repeal
 The smallest clause, is to rebel.
 This, if men rightly understood
 Their privilege, they would make good ; 300
 And not, like sots, permit their wives
 T' encroach on their prerogatives ;
 For which sin they deserve to be
 Kept as they are, in slavery :
 And this some precious gifted teachers, 305
 Unrev'rently reputed leachers,
 And disobey'd in making love,
 Have vow'd to all the world to prove,
 And make ye suffer, as you ought,
 For that uncharitable fau't. 310
 But I forget myself, and rove
 Beyond th' instructions of my love.
 Forgive me (Fair) and only blame
 Th' extravagancy of my flame,
 Since 'tis too much at once to shew 315
 Excess of love and temper too.
 All I have said that 's bad and true,
 Was never meant to aim at you,
 Who have so sov'reign a control
 O'er that poor slave of yours, my soul, 320
 That, rather than to forfeit you,
 Has ventur'd loss of heaven too ;
 Both with an equal pow'r possess,
 To render all that serve you blest ;
 But none like him, who's destin'd either 325
 To have or lose you both together ;
 And if you 'll but this fault release
 (For so it must be, since you please)
 I 'll pay down all that vow, and more,
 Which you commanded, and I swore, 330
 And expiate upon my skin
 Th' arrears in full of all my sin :
 For 'tis but just that I should pay
 Th' accruing penance for delay ;

Which shall be done, until it move
Your equal pity and your love.

The Knight perusing this Epistle,
Believ'd h' had brought her to his whistle,
And read it like a jocund lover,
With great applause, t' himself, twice over ;
Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit
And humble distance, to his wit ;
And dated it with wondrous art,
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart ;
Then seal'd it with his coat of love, :
A smoking fagot—and above,
Upon a scroll—I burn, and weep ;
And near it—For her Ladyship,
Of all her sex most excellent,
These to her gentle hands present : :
Then gave it to his faithful Squire,
With lessons how t' observe and eye her.

She first consider'd which was better,
To send it back, or burn the letter :
But guessing that it might import, :
Though nothing else, at least her sport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a smile and leering flout ;
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what she design'd. :

THE LADY'S ANSWER

TO

THE KNIGHT.

THAT you 're a beast, and turn'd to gram,
Is no strange news, nor ever was,
At least to me, who once, you know,
Did from the pound replevin you,
When both your sword and spurs were won
In combat by an Amazon :

TO THE KNIGHT.

295

That sword, that did (like Fate) determine
 Th' inevitable death of vermin,
 And never dealt its furious blows,
 But cut the throats of pigs and cows, 10
 By Trulla was, in single fight,
 Disarm'd and wrested from its Knight;
 Your heels degraded of your spurs,
 And in the stocks close prisoners;
 Where still they'd lain, in base restraint, 15
 If I, in pity of your complaint,
 Had not, on honourable conditions,
 Releas'd 'em from the worst of prisons;
 And what return that favour met
 You cannot (though you would) forget; 20
 When, being free, you strove t' evade
 The oaths you had in prison made;
 Forswore yourself, and first deny'd it,
 But after own'd and justify'd it;
 And when y' had falsely broke one vow, 25
 Absolv'd yourself by breaking two:
 For while you sneakingly submit,
 And beg for pardon at our feet,
 Discourag'd by your guilty fears,
 To hope for quarter for your ears, 30
 And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
 You claim us boldly as your due;
 Declare that treachery and force,
 To deal with us, is th' only course;
 We have no title nor pretence 35
 To body, soul, or conscience;
 But ought to fall to that man's share
 That claims us for his proper ware.
 These are the motives which, t' induce
 Or fright us into love, you use; 40
 A pretty new way of gallanting,
 Between soliciting and ranting;
 Like sturdy beggars, that entreat
 For charity at once, and threat!
 But since you undertake to prove 45
 Your own propriety in love,
 As if we were but lawful prize
 In war between two enemies,

Or forfeitures, which ev'ry lover,
That would but sue for, might recover,
It is not hard to understand
The myst'ry of this bold demand,
That cannot at our persons aim,
But something capable of claim.

'Tis not those paltry counterfeit
French stones, which in our eyes you set,
But our right diamonds, that inspire
And set your am'rous hearts on fire :
Nor can those false St. Martin's beads,
Which on our lips you lay for reds,
And make us wear, like Indian dames,
Add fuel to your scorching flames,
But those true rubies of the rock,
Which in our cabinets we lock.

'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth,
That you are so transported with ;
But those we wear about our necks,
Produce those amorous effects.
Nor is 't those threads of gold, our hair,
The periwigs you make us wear ;
But those bright guineas in our chests,
That light the wild-fire in your breasts.
These love-tricks I 've been vers'd in so,
That all their sly intrigues I know,
And can unriddle, by their tones,
Their mystic cabals and jargons ;
Can tell what passions, by their sounds,
Pine for the beauties of my grounds ;
What raptures fond and amorous
O' th' charms and graces of my house ;
What ecstasy and scorching flame
Burns for my money in my name ;
What from th' unnatural desire
To beasts and cattle takes its fire ;
What tender sigh, and trickling tear,
Longs for a thousand pounds a year ;
And languishing transports are fond
Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond.

These are th' attracts which most men fit
Enamour'd, at first sight, withal ;

TO THE KNIGHT.

297

To these th' address with serenades,
 And court with balls and masquerades ;
 And yet, for all the yearning pain
 Y' have suffer'd for their loves in vain,
 I fear they 'll prove so nice and coy 95
 To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy,
 That all your oaths and labour lost,
 They'll ne'er turn ladies of the post.
 This is not meant to disapprove
 Your judgment in your choice of love ; 100
 Which is so wise the greatest part
 Of mankind study 't as an art ;
 For love should, like a deodand,
 Still fall to th' owner of the land ;
 And where there 's substance for its ground, 105
 Cannot but be more firm and sound
 Than that which has the slightest basis
 Of airy virtue, wit, and graces ;
 Which is of such thin subtlety,
 It steels and creeps in at the eye, 110
 And, as it can't endure to stay,
 Steals out again as nice a way.

But love, that its extraction owns
 From solid gold and precious stones,
 Must, like its shining parents, prove 115
 As solid, and as glorious love.
 Hence 'tis you have no way t' express
 Our charms and graces but by these :
 For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
 Which beauty invades and conquers with, 120
 But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
 With which a philter love commands ?

This is the way all parents prove,
 In managing their children's love,
 That force 'em t' intermarry and wed, 125
 As if th' were burying of the dead ;
 Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,
 To join in wedlock all they have,
 And, when the settlement 's in force,
 Take all the rest for better or worse : 130
 For money has a power above
 The stars and fate to manage love,

298 THE LADY'S ANSWER

Whose arrows, learned poets hold,
That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.
And though some say the parents' claims
To make love in their children's names,
Who many times at once provide
The nurse, the husband, and the bride,
Feel darts and charms, attracts and flames,
And woo and contract in their names,
And, as they christen, use to marry 'em,
And, like their gossips, answer for 'em;
Is not to give in matrimony,
But sell and prostitute for money;
'Tis better than their own betrothing,
Who often do 't for worse than nothing;
And when th' are at their own dispose,
With greater disadvantage choose.
All this is right; but for the course
You take to do 't, by fraud or force,
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
As told, 'tis never to be done,
No more than setters can betray,
That tell what tricks they are to play.
Marriage, at best, is but a vow,
Which all men either break or bow:
Then what will those forbear to do,
Who perjure when they do but woo?
Such as before-hand swear and lie,
For earnest to their treachery,
And, rather than a crime confess,
With greater strive to make it less?
Like thieves, who, after sentence past,
Maintain their innocence to the last;
And when their crimes were made appear
As plain as witnesses can swear,
Yet, when the wretches come to die,
Will take upon their death a lie.

133. The poets feign Cupid to have two sorts of rows; the one tipped with gold, and the other with lead. The golden always inspire and inflame love in the persons he wounds with them; but, on the contrary, the leaden create the utmost aversion and hatred. In the first of these he shot Apollo, and with the other Daphne, according to Ovid.

TO THE KNIGHT. 299

Nor are the virtues you confess'd
T' your ghostly father, as you guess'd, 170
So slight as to be justify'd
By being as shamefully deny'd;
As if you thought your word would pass
Point-blank, on both sides of a case;
Or credit were not to be lost 175
B' a brave Knight-Errant of the Post,
That eats perfidiously his word,
And swears his ears through a two-inch board;
Can own the same thing, and disown,
And perjure booty, pro and con; 180
Can make the Gospel serve his turn,
And help him out, to be forsworn;
When 'tis laid hands upon, and kist,
To be betray'd and sold, like Christ.
These are the virtues in whose name 185
A right to all the world you claim,
And boldly challenge a dominion,
In grace and nature, o'er all women;
Of whom no less will satisfy
Than all the sex your tyranny. 190
Although you 'll find it a hard province,
With all your crafty frauds and covins,
To govern such a num'rous crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you;
For if you all were Solomons, 195
And wise and great as he was once,
You 'll find they 're able to subdue
(As they did him) and baffle you.
And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own temptation done, 200
That with your ignorance invite,
And teach us how to use the slight;
For when we find y' are still more taken
With false attracts of our own making,
Swear that 's a rose, and that a stone, 205
Like sots, to us that laid it on,
And what we did but slightly prime,
Most ignorantly dash in rhyme,
You force us, in our own defences,
To copy beams and influences; 210

To lay perfections on the *graces*,
 And draw attracts upon our *face*
 And, in compliance to your *wit*,
 Your own false jewels count *erfeit*
 For by the practice of those *arts*
 We gain a greater share of *hearts*;
 And those deserve in reason *most*;
 That greatest pains and study *cost*;
 For great perfections are, like *heaven*;
 Too rich a present to be given.
 Nor are these master-strokes of *beauty*
 To be perform'd without hard duty,
 Which, when they're nobly done and w
 The simple natural excel.

How fair and sweet the planted rose
 Beyond the wild in hedges grows!
 For without art the noblest seeds
 Of flow'rs degen'rate into weeds.

How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground
 And polish'd looks a diamond!

Though Paradise were e'er so fair,
 It was not kept so without care.

The whole world, without art and dress,
 Would be but one great wilderness;

And mankind but a savage herd,
 For all that nature has conferr'd:

This does but rough-hew, and design;
 Leaves art to polish and refine.

Though women first were made for men,
 Yet men were made for them agen;

For when (outwitted by his wife)
 Man first turn'd tenant but for life,

If women had not interven'd,
 How soon had mankind had an end!

And that it is in being yet,
 To us alone you are in debt.

And where 's your liberty of choice,
 And our unnatural no voice?

Since all the privilege you boast,
 And falsely usurp'd, or vainly lost,

Is now our right; to whose creation
 You owe your happy restoration;

230

235

240

245

250

TO THE KNIGHT.

301

And if we had not weighty cause
 To not appear, in making laws,
 We could, in spite of all your tricks, 255
 And shallow, formal politics,
 Force you our managements t' obey,
 As we to yours (in show) give way.
 Hence 'tis that, while you vainly strive
 T' advance your high prerogative, 260
 You basely, after all your braves,
 Submit, and own yourselves our slaves ;
 And 'cause we do not make it known,
 Nor publicly our int'rest own,
 Like sots, suppose we have no shares 265
 In ord'ring you and your affairs,
 When all your empire and command
 You have from us at second hand ;
 As if a pilot, that appears
 To sit still only while he steers, 270
 And does not make a noise and stir,
 Like ev'ry common mariner,
 Knew nothing of the card, nor star,
 And did not guide the man-of-war ;
 Nor we, because we don't appear 275
 In councils, do not govern there ;
 While, like the mighty Prester John,
 Whose person none dares look upon,
 But is preserv'd in close disguise,
 From being made cheap to vulgar eyes, 280
 W' enjoy as large a pow'r unseen,
 To govern him, as he does men ;
 And in the right of our Pope Joan,
 Make emp'rors at our feet fall down :
 Or Joan de Pucel's braver name, 285
 Our right to arms and conduct claim ;

377. Prester John, an absolute prince, emperor of Abyssinia or Ethiopia. One of them is reported to have had seventy kings for his vassals, and so superb and arrogant, that none durst look upon him without his permission.

285. Joan of Arc, called also the Pucelle, or Maid of Orleans. She was born at the town of Damremi, on the Meuse, daughter of James de Arc, and Isabella Romee ; and was bred up a shepherdess in the country. At the age of eighteen or twenty she pretended to an express commission from God to go to the relief of Orleans. then be-

Who, though a spinster, yet was able
To serve France for a Grand Constable

We make and execute all laws.

Can judge the judges and the cause;
Prescribe all rules of right and wrong
To th' long robe, and the longer tongue,
'Gainst which the world has no defence,
But our more pow'ful eloquence.

We manage things of greatest weight
In all the world's affairs of state;
Are ministers of war and peace.

That sway all nations how we please.

We rule all churches and their flocks,
Heretical and orthodox;

And are the heavenly vehicles
O' th' spirits in all conventicles.

By us is all commerce and trade

Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd;

For nothing can go off so well,

Nor bears that price, as what we sell.

We rule in ev'ry public meeting,

And make men do what we judge fitting:

Are magistrates in all great towns,

Where men do nothing but wear gowns.

We make the man-of-war strike sail,

And to our braver conduct veil,

And, when h' has chas'd his enemies,

Submit to us upon his knees.

Dennis, and almost reduced to the last extremity, went to the coronation of Charles the Seventh, who was almost ruined. She knew that prince in the of his nobles, though meanly habited. The doctors and members of parliament openly declare there was something supernatural in her conduct. sent for a sword, which lay in the tomb of a knight, was behind the great altar of the church of St. Katharine de Forbois, upon the blade of which the cross and the de-luces were engraven, which put the king in a great surprise, in regard none besides himself knew Upon this he sent her with the command of some with which she relieved Orleans, and drove the English from it, defeated Talbot at the battle of Patte d'Oie, covered Champagne. At last she was unfortunately taken prisoner in a sally at Champagne in 1430 tried for a witch or sorceress, condemned, and burnt in Rouen market-place in May, 1430.

TO THE KNIGHT. 303

Is there an officer of state 315

Untimely rais'd, or magistrate,
That 's haughty and imperious?

He 's but a journeyman to us,
That, as he gives us cause to do 't,
Can keep him in, or turn him out. 320

We are your guardians, that increase
Or waste your fortunes how we please;
And as you humour us can deal
In all your matters, ill or well.

'Tis we that can dispose, alone, 325

Whether your heirs shall be your own,
To whose integrity you must,

In spite of all your caution, trust;
And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,
Can fit you with what heirs we please; 330

And force you t' own 'em, though begotten
By French valets, or Irish footmen.

Nor can the rigoroursest course
Prevail, unless to make us worse;
Who still, the harsher we are us'd, 335

Are farther off from b'ing reduc'd,
And scorn t' abate, for any ills,

The least punctilios of our wills.
Force does but whet our wits t' apply
Arts, born with us for remedy; 340

Which all your politics, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat;
For when y' have try'd all sorts of ways,
What fools d' we make of you in plays!

While all the favours we afford, 345

Are but to girt you with the sword,
To fight our battles in our steads,
And have your brains beat out o' your heads;

Encounter, in despite of nature,
And fight at once with fire and water, 350

With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,
Our pride and vanity t' appease;

Kill one another, and cut throats,
For our good graces, and best thoughts;
To do your exercise for honour, 355

And have your brains beat out the sooner;

Be our solicitors and agents,
And stand for us in all engagements
And these are all the mighty powers
You vainly boast to cry down ours
And what in real value's wanting,
Supply with vapouring and ranting
Because yourselves are terrify'd,
And stoop to one another's pride,
Believe we have as little wit
To be out-hector'd, and submit :
By your example, lose that right
In treaties which we gain'd in fight
And, terrify'd into an awe,
Pass on ourselves a Salique law ;
Or, as some nations use, give place
And truckle to your mighty race ;
Let men usurp th' unjust dominion
As if they were the better women.

378. The Salique law is a law in France
is enacted that no female shall inherit the

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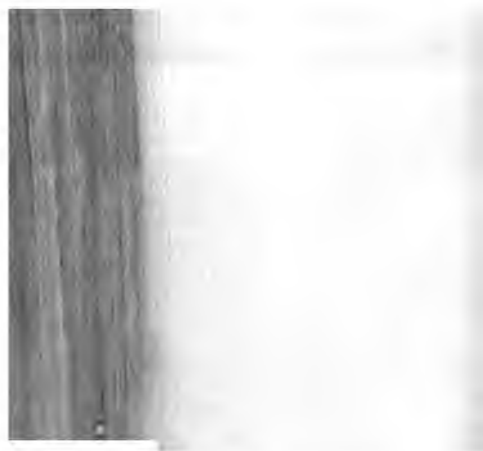
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